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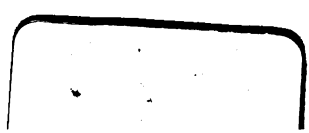

CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOLUME II.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.
VIRGIL.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOLUME II.

Singula *loca*
Exquirítque auditque virûm monumenta *prisca*
Hor.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K. J. M. P.

SECOND EDITION.

WITH THE ARTICLES CLASSED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER UNDER THEIR SEPARATE HEADS.

VOLUME II.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

TO

VOLUME II.

POETRY. *(Continued.)*

Art.		Page
62	Gascoigne's Works, 1587	1
63	Whitney's Emblems, 1586	8
64	Munday's Mirror of Mutability, 1579	10
65	Yates's Castell of Courtesie, 1582	ib.
66	Greepe's Exploits of Sir Francis Drake, 1587	14
67	George Peele's Farewell, 1589	15
68	A Skeltonical Salutation, 1589	18
69	Fragment of Wilmot's Tragedy of Gismonde of Salerne, 1568	20
70	Epitaph on Richard Price, Esq. 1586	28
71	Spencer's Shepherd's Calender, 1581	29
72	R. Robinson's Solace of Sion, 1587, 1590, 1594	30
73	Mar-Martin, 1589, &c.	31
74	Wyrley's Lord Chandos, 1592	40
75	Sydney's Arcadia and Poems, 1590	43
76	Griffith's Epitaph of Sir Henry Sidney, &c. 1591	49
77	Complaints of the World's Vanity, 1591	58
78	Lamentation of Troy for Hector, 1594	59
79	Percy's Sonnets to Cælia, 1594	61
80	Zepheria—Poems—1594	63

Art.		Page
81	Robert Southwell's Poems, 1595	64
	——— St. Peter's Complaint, 1620	65
	——— Mæoniæ, 1595	71
	——— Marie Magdalen's Teares, 1609.	72
	——— ——— Triumphs over Death, 1596.	73
	——— ——— Short Rules of Good Life	75
82	Barnes's Divine Centurie of Sonnets, 1595	78
83	Old Madrigals, 1590, &c.	86
84	——— 1604, &c.	100
85	Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598	123
86	Skialetheia, 1598	125
87	Copley's Wit's Fits and Fancies, 1595	126
88	The Serpent of Devision, 1590	134
89	Marlow's Ovid's Elegies, 1598	136
90	Lodge's Fig for Momus, 1595	145
91	H. Lok's Ecclesiastes, 1597	ib.
92	Markham's Devoreux, 1597	151
93	Silkworms and their Flies, by T. M. 1599	152
94	Linche's Fountain of Ancient Fiction, 1599	154
95	Drayton's Ideas Mirror, 1594	160
96	——— Poems	161
97	Chr. Middleton's Legend of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, 1600	162
98	Verstegan's Odes, 1601	165
99	E. W.'s Thameseidos, 1600	168
100	Album, seu Nigrum Amicorum, 1600	169
101	Rowland's Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vein, 1600	170
102	The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ, 1601	172
103	Answere to a Romish Rime, 1602	173
104	Breton's Divine Poem, 1601	177
105	——— Soul's Immortal Crown, 1605	183
106	R. Chester's Love's Martyr, 1601	185
107	T. Scott's Foure Paradoxes, 1602	186
108	——— Phylomythie, 1622	195
109	J. H. R.'s Historie of Lysimachus and Varrona, 1604	201
110	Pricket's Souldier's Wish, 1603	203
111	——— Time' Anotomie, 1606	ib.

Art.		Page
112	Fletcher's Epitaph for Queen Elizabeth, 1603	204
113	Johnson's Anglorum Lacrymæ, 1603	ib.
114	Newton's Atropoion Delion, 1603	ib.
115	J. L.'s Elegie upon the Death of Q. Elizabeth, 1603	ib.
116	The Poore's Lamentation, 1603	ib.
117	Threno-Thriambeuticon, 1603	205
118	Lady D. Primrose's Chaine of Pearle, 1603	ib.
119	Bishop Bridges's Version of the New Testament in Latin Hexameters, 1604	ib.
120	Herbert's Prophesie of Cadwallader, 1604	214
121	Warner's Albion's England, 1602	ib.
122	John Davies's Microcosmos, 1603	215
123	——— Muse's Sacrifice, 1612	218
124	——— Scourge for Paper Persecutors, 1625	220
125	——— Select Second Husband, 1616	223
126	T. Andrews's Unmasking of a Feminine Machiavell, 1604	225
127	Hynd's Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606	227
128	The Minde's Melodie, 1605	231
129	J. Weever's History of Christ in minimo	232
130	H. Perrot's Epigrams, 1608	ib.
131	——— Mouse Trap, 1606	234
132	——— The More the Merrier, 1608	ib.
133	——— Springes for Woodcocks, 1613	235
134	Murray's Cælia, 1611	ib.
135	R. Greene's Ciceronis Amor, 1611	240
136	——— Arcadia or Menaphon, 1616	245
137	——— Never too late	272
138	——— List of his Works	288
139	G. Wither's Shepheard's Hunting, 1615	300
140	——— Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1613, &c.	309
141	——— Satyre to the King, 1615	322
142	——— Translation of Nemesius's Nature of Man, 1636	324
143	——— Britain's Remembrancer, 1628	326
144	——— Halelujah, 1641	336
145	——— Opobalsamum Anglicanum, 1646	341

Art.		Page
146	G. Wither's Amygdala Britannica, 1647	349
147	——— Carmen Expostulatorium, 1647	354
148	Life of Sir William Wallace, 1611	355
149	J. Vicar's Mischief's Mysterie, 1617	356
150	T. Sampson's Fortune's Fashion, 1613	359
151	T. Freeman's Rub and a great Cast, 1614	361
152	Goddard's Satyricall Dialogue	369
153	——— Neaste of Waspes, 1615	370
154	——— Mastif Whelp	ib.
155	Gamage's Linsi-Woolsie, 1613	ib.
156	Sir Thomas Overbury's Wife, 1614	372
157	The Husband, 1614	375
158	Brathwaite's Good Wife, 1619	377
159	P. Hanway's Happy Husband, 1619	379
160	Aylet's Wife not ready made, 1653	ib.
161	Shirley's Eccho or Unfortunate Lovers, 1618	381
162	——— Poems, 1646	ib.
163	A. Newman's Pleasure's Vision, 1619	387
164	Park's Curtaine Drawer of the World, 1612	390
165	Justa Funebria Thomæ Bodleii, 1613	391
166	Purfoot's Life and Death of Hector, 1614	393
167	Chapman's Homer, 1614	398
168	Hutton's Follie's Anatomie, 1619	406
169	Ashmore's Odes of Horace, 1621	411
170	Harington's Epigrams, 1625	415
171	Sandys' First Five Books of Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1621, 1640	421
172	Quarles's Argalus and Parthenia, 1621	426
173	Slatyer's History of Great Britaine, 1621	428
174	Peyton's Glass of Time, 1623	436
175	Leonard Digges's Gerardo, 1622	437
176	W. Lisle's Faire Æthiopian, 1631	448

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

POETRY.

ART. LXII. "*The pleasauntest workes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre: Newlye compyled into one volume, that is, to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steel-glasse, the complaint of Phylomene, the storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London, imprinted by Abel Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore-street, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grub-streete. 4to. 1587. B. L.**

As it is the purpose of this work not only to give an account of curious and neglected volumes, but to elucidate the history of the authors, and to correct the errors of preceding biographers, the communicator of this article conceives that his time cannot be more advantageously employed than in adding to the meagre details, and rectifying (in some degree) the erroneous accounts of this once celebrated poet.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was born (according to Tanner)† of an ancient and noble family in Essex, and,

* My copy was given by Bishop Warburton to the late Thomas Warton.

† Vide Tanneri Bibliotheca, p. 310; but his account is so closely

as I learn from himself, received the rudiments of his education under a clergyman by the name of Nevinson, and thence removed to Cambridge. My reason for concluding that he never studied at Oxford shall be given in a note.* How long he remained at the University no where appears, but he afterwards entered at Gray's Inn for the purpose of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and

copied from Antony Wood that it is scarcely necessary to refer but to Atheræ Oxon. Vol. I. 189. Ed. 1720. He calls himself "Esquire by birth, and soldier by profession." By the bye his being born in Essex may be questioned: in the address prefixed to the "Hermit's Tale," he says he "stale his Englishe in Westmerland."

* The following lines from his "Satyre of the Steel-glass" will be sufficient ground on which to found this opinion: he there directs the Priests to

> Pray for the nurses of our noble Realme,
> I meane the worthy universities,
> And Cantabridge shall have the dignitie,
> Whereof I was unworthy member once.
>
> Sig. H. j.

Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "the Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought,

Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England. Returning to his native country, Gascoigne betook himself once more to Gray's Inn, where it may reasonably be conjectured he continued but a short time; for in 1575 we find him retired to "his poore-house" at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems; having previously finished "the complaint of Phylomene" (begun as early as 1562) and written a satire called the Steele Glass. In the summer of this year he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in her progress, and supplied part of the entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, and at Woodstock.

Here the source of my information, his own writings, necessarily fails me, as the poet probably died soon after, in all probability at Walthamstow. In an address to the Queen, prefixed to "the Hermit's Tale" dated 1st Jan. 1576 (a MS in the British Museum) he complains of his infirmities; and as no-

thing appeared from his fertile pen, subsequent to 1576, we may reasonably conclude that he soon after terminated his existence.*

For the general merits of Gascoigne's poetry the reader is referred to the last edition of Philips's

* It may here be necessary to answer for the variations from Wood's account. In no part of his works, which abound with accounts of himself, does it appear that Gascoigne "travelled in Holland," according to the acceptation generally received; it is true he was in Holland, but it was in his military capacity: that "he went from thence into France to visit the fashions of the Royal Court there, where he fell in love with a Scottish dame," is a ludicrous mistake of honest Antony's, originating, most probably, in a superficial examination of our author's works, among which is a Sonnet "wrote unto a Scottish Dame whome he chose for his mistresse in the French Court;" which, upon minuter inspection, he would have perceived was written in an assumed character: indeed in "The Hermit's Tale"* he thinks it necessary to apologize for his French *as being learned in Holland.* His return into England appears above to have proceeded from other causes than "a weariness of those vanities, and of his travels in other countries."

It is to be regretted and admired that Tanner, having Whetstone's life of Geo. Gascoigne, if it was our Gascoigne," gave no account from it. That the voluminous author of Promos and Cassandra (who has also a copy of verses prefixed to Gascoigne's works) should execute such an undertaking is highly probable, but whether it related to this or to another must now remain a matter of bare conjecture. The tract not being among the Bishop's books in the Bodleian Library has probably "perished mid the wreck of things that were."†

I have in vain searched the registers of Stamford (which are unusually perfect) for the name of George Gascoigne.

---

* Printed in the 1st Vol. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, where the Editor's industry has forsook him, and where he has compiled a life of Gascoigne, in which the errors of Wood's account are heightened.

† This has since been recovered, and reprinted in Chalmers's Poets, and by Mr. Fry of Bristol. *Editor*, 1815.

Theatrum Poetarum, p. 94 (White 1800) and as specimens may be found in Headley, Ellis, Cooper, &c. they will be the less necessary in this place: one short poem which has not hitherto obtained the honour of selection may, however, tend to relieve the tædium of an extended narrative;

Cantantes, licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus.

At the end of a close walk in the author's garden were written these lines in rime.

If any flower that here is grown,
Or any herb may ease your pain,
Take, and account it as your own,
But recompence the like again:
For some and some is honest play,
And so my wife taught me to say.

If here to walk you take delight,
Why come and welcome when you will;
If I bid you sup here this night,
Bid me another time, and still
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

Thus if you sup or dine with me,
If here you walk, or sit at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your mind to please;
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

It were endless to remark on every part of this multifarious volume,* but it may be observed that,

* In the list of Gascoigne's works Wood enumerates a "discourse of the adventures of Mr. F. J. (Freeman Jones) about 1572."

to the list of his writings in the "Biographia Dramatica" should be added "the device of a Mask for the Rt. Hon. Visct. Montacute, pronounced on account of the marriage of his sonne and heire, to the daughter of Sir W. Dormer; and the marriage of the son and heire of Sir W. Dormer, to the daughter of Lord Montacute."

By this time it may be thought that I have written sufficient on the subject; and but that such was my opinion it was my intention to have observed that to this edition (as to that of 1575) are prefixed three several Epistles, from the second of which the following passage is worth transcribing: it will be necessary first to observe that some of Gascoigne's works, "the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi," more particularly, had been supposed to reflect on particular individuals, and in ridicule of those "who being indeed starke staring blind would yet seem to see far into a milstone," he adds, "I will forbear to recite examples by anie mine own doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the arraignment and divorce of a lover," (being written in a jest) have been mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithense between M. Churchyard and Camel, were by a blockheaded reader, construed to be indeed a quarrel between two neighbours; one of whom having a camel in keeping, and the other having charge of the churchyard, it was supposed they had grown to debate, because the camel came into the church-

This is no other than the first edition of "the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi!" Risum teneatis.

yard. Laugh not, lustie yonkers at this; since the pleasant dittie of the noble Earl Surrie beginning thus, *In winter's just return*, was also construed to be made indeed by a shepheard. What should I stand much in rehersal how the L. Vaux his dittie beginning thus, *I loth that I did love*, was thought by some to be made upon his death-ded; and that the *Soulknil* of Mr. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sickness."

These trifling memoranda, as reflecting the opinions of our forefathers, are yet worth preserving, and do well as notes to the poems they refer to. "Let us cast nothing away," says Pandarus, "for we know not the use we may have for it."

O. G. G.

ART. LXIII. *A Choice of Emblemes, and other Devises, for the moste parte gathered out of sundrie writers, Englished and moralized. And divers newly devised by Geffrey Whitney, &c. &c. Imprinted at Leyden in the house of Christopher Plantyn, by Francis Raphelengius*, 1586.* *4to. pp.* 320, *exclusive of Dedication, &c.*

I HAVE every reason to suppose, that this most curious work is of the *greatest rarity*, which may be accounted for, in some degree, by its having been printed abroad, and it is very rarely (from what cause I am unable to conjecture) that a perfect copy is to be met with in this country. I refer the reader

* In a dedication of one of the plates Whitney addresses himself, "Ad doctiss. V. D. Franciscum Raphelengium in obsidione Antwerpiana periclitantem."

to Herbert's Ames' "General History of Printing," page 1695, for some account of it; in addition to which I beg to observe, that many of the wood cuts, with which each page is adorned, display considerable ingenuity in design, and great excellence in point of execution. It appears that WHITNEY was a native of Cheshire (which I do not find noticed elsewhere) from one of the plates representing a phenix at page 177, being dedicated "to my countrimen of the Namptwiche in Cheshire."* In the lines underneath he observes,

"Althoughe I knowe that aucthors witnes true,
What here I write, bothe of the oulde, and newe,
Which when I wayd, the newe, and eke the oulde,
I thought uppon your towne destroyed with fire:
And did in minde, the newe Namptwiche behoulde,†
A spectacle for anie man's desire:
Whose buildings brave, where cinders weare but late,
Did represente (me thought) the Phœnix fate.
And as the oulde, was manie hundreth yeares,
A towne of fame, before it felt that crosse:
Even so, (I hope) this Wiche, that nowe appeares,
A Phœnix age shall laste, and knowe no losse."

As specimens of the author's style and versification, I subjoin the two following "Emblemes."

* The principal part of the plates are dedicated to Cheshire and Lancashire gentlemen.

† There are two instances upon record of this town suffering by fire, the first in the year 1438, and the second (to which no doubt the poet alludes) in 1583, when it was nearly consumed; but, from a collection made by Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, and increased by Queen Elizabeth, it was rebuilt, considerably improved, and beautified.

" Mihi pondera, luxus.

" When Autumne ripes the frutefull fieldes of graine,
And Ceres doth in all her pompe appeare,
The heavie eare doth breake the stalke in twaine,
Wherebie we see this by experience cleare:
Hir owne excesse, did cause her proper spoile,
And made her corne, to rotte uppon the soile.

Soe worldlie wealthe, and great aboundance, marres
That sharpenes of our sences, and our wittes,
And, oftentimes, our understanding barres,
And dulles the same, with manie carefull fittes:
Then since extesse procures our spoile and paine,
The meane preferre, before immoderate gaine." p. 23.

" Latet anguis in herbâ.

" Of flattringe speeche, with sugred wordes beware,
Suspect the harte, whose face doth fawne and smile;
With trusting theise, the worlde is clog'd with care,
And fewe there bee can scape theise vipers vile:
With pleasinge speeche they promise, and protest,
When hatefull hartes lie hidd within their brest.

The faithfull wight, dothe neede no collours brave;
But those that truste, in time his truthe shall trie,
Where fawning mates can not their credit save,
Without a cloake, to flatter, faine, and lye:
No foe so fell, nor yet soe harde to scape,
As is the foe, that fawnes with friendlie shape." p. 24.

J. H. M.

ART. LXIV. *The Mirror of Mutability, or principall part of the Mirror for Magistrates, describing the fall of divers famous princes and other memorable personages. Selected out of the sacred*

Scriptures, by Antony Munday; and dedicated to the Earle of Oxenford. Imprinted by J. Alde. 1579. 4*to.*

THIS work is divided into two books, and contains the Complaints of King Nabuchodonozer, Herod, Pharaoh, David, Dives, Judas, Jonas, Absalon, Triphon, Achab, Jephthah, Sampson, Solomon, Ammon, Adonia, Ptolomye, Jesabel, and Zedekiah; whose vices are characterised under the heads of Pride, Envy, Wrath, Lechery, Gluttony, Avarice, Sloth, Beautie, Crueltie, Wickedness, Rashness, Magnanimitie, Sapience, Incontinency, Voluptuousness, Vainglory, Vanitie, and Wilfulness. Each poem has a prose induction by the author.

ART. LXV. *The Castell of Courtesie, whereunto is adjoyned The Holde of Humilitie; with the Chariot of Chastitie thereunto annexed. Also a Dialogue betweene Age and Youth; and other matters herein conteined. By James Yates, Servingman.* 1582.

Reade, but not deride,
Accuse not without cause:
Such hastie doome accordeth not
With reason, nor her lawes.

London. Imprinted by John Wolfe, dwelling in Distaffe Lane, neere unto the signe of the Castle. 4*to.*

A second title after fol. 8, runs thus:

The Hould of Humilitie: adjoined to the Castle of

Courtesie. Compiled by James Yates, Serving-man.

Captious conceipts
good reader doe dismiss:
And, friendly weigh
the willing minde of his,
Which more doth write
for pleasure then for praise
Whose worthlesse workes
are simplie pend alwaies.

London. Imprinted (as above.)

A third title near the middle of the book runs thus:

The Chariot of Chastitie, drawne to publication by dutiful Desire, GoodWill, and Commendation. Also a Dialogue betweene Diana and Venus. With Ditties devised at sundrie idle times, for recreation sake: set downe in such wise as insueth by James Yates. London. Imprinted (as above) 1582.

Herbert discovered from the stationers' register that such a book as this was licensed to John Wolfe, in 1581;* but he had not seen it. The solitary copy now before me is imperfect; and appears to have been preserved from utter demolition by Mr. T. Martin† of Palgrave, the Suffolk antiquary, and to have descended from the curious collection of Major Pearson to the select library of Mr. Steevens, in whose sale-catalogue it will be found briefly designated at No. 1134. As the author was an uneducated

* Typogr. Antiq. p. 1186.

† Hearne calls him "honest Tom Martin," in Peter de Langtoft.

menial, little probably was ever known, and still less can now be discovered concerning him. That he was a Suffolk man is presumable from his addressing verses to a person who visited Ipswich, and from writing an epitaph on a Mrs. Pooly of Badley. The different divisions of his book are inscribed to his approved good master and mistress Henry Reynowls, Esq. and his wife Elizabeth Reynowls, to whom he adds acrostical verses, which afford no better proofs of his poetical taste than the alliterative titles to his labours. The following lines however are creditable to his moral sentiment, and have been divested of their ancient orthography, that they may be read with greater pleasure.

"*Verses on Friendship.*

Under the cope and glittering hue of heaven
Are all the joys allotted by decree;
Yet is their none that may compared be
Unto a friend that never is uneven:
But doth remain all one in constancy.

But for such friends as are but friends in sight,
They do deceive; incertain is their trust;
They prove untrue, they moulder as the dust:
But ah! a friend that stands in friendly right,
He is a friend, as needs confess I must.

Now if one find a faithful friend indeed,
Then keep him still, as jewel that is rare;
Be sure of this, to have on him a care;
For why? he will remain a friend at need,
As trial tells, and truth doth well declare."

Mr. Steevens had placed a particular mark, for a very obvious reason, before a copy of "Verses writ-

ten at the departure of the writer's friende *Will S.* when hee went to dwell at London:" but he, doubtless, found from the context that this passage could not be metamorphosed into "Warwickshire Will."

T. P.

ART. LXVI. *The true and perfecte Newes of the woorthy and valiaunt exployles, performed and doone by that valiant knight Syr Fraucis Drake: not only at Sancto Domingo and Carthagena, but also nowe at Cales and uppon the coast of Spayne.* 1587. *Printed at London by J. Charlewood for T. Hackett.* Colophon: *Finis quoth Thomas Greepe.*

GREEPE, in his epistle dedicatory to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, speaks of himself as a rude countryman, brought up many years in husbandry; and therefore possessing more knowledge in culturing of land than in describing the conquest of countries. A plain narration adapted to the vulgar sort of people, was what he designed, and this he evidently accomplished. The following is his matter-of-fact report of the English squadron.

"The Bonaventure, a shyp royall,
Cheefe admirall then of the fleete
Sir Frauncis Drake chiefe-generall,
As by deserte, he was most meete.
Most worthy captaynes of hand and hart,
In thys boon voyage then tooke hys part.

The Primrose next, vice-admirall
Appointed by theyr best devise,

Captayne Frobisher vise-generall,
A valiant captayne, ware and wise.
Captayne Carelell they did ordayne
Liefetenant-generall on the mayne.

The Ayde, a royall shyppe and hotte,
The Gallien wyll convict her foes,
The Sea-Dragon she spares no shott,
The Talbot barkes where-ere she goes;
The Whyte Lyon her foes will smart,
And all the rest wyll take her part.

At Plimmouth they remayned a space,
Till all their ships were furnished;
Then government, good fame, and grace,
Throughout the realme is published:
Their sayles displaide, the seas t' atchive,
September, anno eighty-five."

A short letter is subjoined from Sir F. Drake, to his very good friend, Mr. John Fox, preacher of the Word of God: Dated "from aboord her Majesties good ship the Elizabeth Bonaventure."

ART. LXVII. *A Farewell. Entituled to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our English forces, Sir John Norris and Syr Francis Drake, Knights; and all theyr brave and resolute followers. Whereunto is annexed a Tale of Troy. Doone by George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde. At London. Printed by J. C. and are to be solde by Willm. Wright, at his shop adjoyning to S. Mildred's church in the Poultrie. Anno* 1589. *4to. pp.* 21.

NOTICES of this author and his works are to be found in Wood and Tanner, in the Biographia Dramatica, Biographia Literaria, Bibliographia Poetica, and in the republication of Philips's Theatrum Poetarum.

The performances of PEELE are all rare, and as this is believed to be particularly so, that portion of it which appertains to our English heroes, Drake and Norris, has been transcribed as a specimen of the blank verse of that period, not written for the stage; and as a creditable proof of Peele's poetic talent.

"Have done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves.
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell: bid stately Troynovant adieu;
Where pleasant Thames, from Isis' silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge,* the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built;
Change love for arms; girt to your blades, my boys!
Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let god Mars's concert make you mirth;
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,
The angry sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely coursers neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home;
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard, well advanc'd,
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet's Poo, and mighty Tamberlain,

* London.

King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley, and the rest,
Adieu!—To arms, to arms, to glorious arms,
With noble Norris and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety;
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea; where ever Phœbus' eye,
Th' eternal lamp of heaven lends us light:
By golden Tagus or the western Inde,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
The wealthy ocean main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides' pillar branching forth
Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down.
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
And cleanse Augeus' stalls in Italy.
To arms, my fellow-soldiers! sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend:
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
Sail on:—pursue your honours to your graves.
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate Virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honourable arms!
Hoist sails; weigh anchors up; plow up the seas,
With flying keels; plow up the land with swords.
In God's name venture on: and let me say
To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,
Striving with Neptune's hills—"You bear (quoth he)

Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune in your ships."
You follow them, whose swords successful are:
You follow Drake by sea, the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful Dragon, terror to your foes:
Victorious in his return from Inde:
In all his high attempts unvanquished.
You follow noble Norris, whose renown
Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
Spreads by the gates of Europe, to the courts
Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.
You fight for Christ, and England's peerless Queen,
Elizabeth, the wonder of the world!
Over whose throne the enemies of God
Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves.
O ten times treble happy men, that fight
Under the cross of Christ and England's queen;
And follow such as Drake and Norris are.
All honours do this cause accompany;
All glory on these endless honours waits.
These honours and this glory shall he send,
Whose honour and whose glory you defend."

T. P.

ART. LXVIII. *A Skeltonical Salutation*
Or condigne gratulation,
And just vexation
Of the Spanish nation;
That in a bravado,
Spent many a Crusado,
In setting forthe an Armado
England to invado.

Imprinted at London for Toby Cooke. 1589. 4to.

Such is the title to this national pasquinade, in commemoration of the failure of Spain by her invincible naval armament. The iteration of metre is all that approaches in it to the style of Skelton; as the commencement may serve to shew.

"O King of Spaine!
Is it not a paine
To thy heart and braine,
And every vaine,
To see thy traine
For to sustaine,
Withouten gaine,
The world's disdaine;
Which despise
As toies and lies,
With shoutes and cries,
Thy enterprise;
As fitter for pies
And butter-flies
Then men so wise?
O waspish King!
Where's now thy sting,
Thy dart, or sling,
Or strong bow-string,
That should us wring,
And under bring;
Who every way
Thee vexe and pay,
And beare the sway
By night and day,
To thy dismay,
In battle array,
And every fray?

O pufte with pride!
What foolish guide
Made thee provide
To over-ride
This land so wide,
From side to side;
And then untride
Away to slide,
And not to abide;
But all in a ring
Away to fling?" &c.

T. P.

ART. LXIX. *Fragment of the tragedy of Gismonde of Salerne, written* 1568. *MS.*

ROBERT WILMOT in 1592 published the tragedy of Tancred and Gismunda, the joint production of himself, and four other students, members of the Society of the Inner Temple. In the dedication, addressed to the students, he says, "I am now bold to present Gismund to your sights, and unto your's only, for therefore have I conjured her by the love that hath been these *twenty-four years* betwixt us, that she wax not so proud of her fresh painting, to straggle in her plumes abroad, but to contain herself within the walls of your house; so am I sure she shall be safe from the tragedian tyrants of our time, who are not ashamed to affirm that there can no amorous poem favour of any sharpness of wit, unless it be seasoned with scurrilous words." It was therefore written as early as 1568, and probably, about that period, presented by the gentlemen before Q. Eliza-

'beth. Wilmot printed it as "newly revived and polished according to the decorum of these days." Otherwise from the following fragment, undoubtedly a portion of the original play, it appears to have been written in alternate rhime. The Epilogue was new modelled, and the first sonnet seems hitherto unknown. [*See Dodsley—Collection of Old Plays, by Reed, Vol. II. p.* 154.

"But in thie brest if eny sparke remaine
Of thie dere love. If euer yet I coulde
So moche of the deserve, or at the least,
If with my last desire I may obtaine
This at thie handes, give me this one request,
And lett me not spend my last breath in vaine,
My lief desire I not, which neither is
In the to geave, nor in myself to save,
Allthowghe I wolde. Nor yet I aske not this
As mercie for myne Erle in ought to crave;
Whom I so well do knowe howe thow hast slaine.
No, no, father! thie hard and crwell wronge
With pacience, as I may, I will sustaine
In woefull lief, which nowe shall not be longe;
But this one suite father if vnto me
Thow graunte, thowghe I cannot the same requite
Th' immortall godde shall render vnto the
This due rewarde, and largely guardon it,
That, since it pleasde the not thus secretly,
I might enioye my love, his cores and myne
Maye natheles together graved be,
And in one tombe our bodies both to shrine
With which this small request eke do I praie,
That on the same, graven in brass, thow place

This woefull epitaphe which I shall saye,
That all lovers may rewe this moornefull case.
Loe here within one tombe, where harbour twaine
Gismonda Quene, and Countie Pallurine;
She loved him, he for her love was slaine,
For whoes revenge eke lyes she here in shrine.

Gismonda dieth.

Tancred. O me, alas! nowe doe the crwell paines
Of cursed death my dere daughter bereave;
Alas, whie bide I here? the sight constraines
Me, woefull man, this woefull place to leave.

Scœna 3d.

Tancred cometh out of Gismond's chamber.

Tancred. O dolorous happe, rufull and all of woe!
Alas, I, caitif wretche! what resteth me?
Shall I nowe live that with these eyes did soe
Beholde my daughter die; what shall I see
Her death before my face, that was my lyf,
And I to live that was her lives decaie;
Shall not this hande reache to this harte the knyf,
That maye bereve both sight and lief awaye;
And in the shadowes darke to seke her ghoste
And wander there with her; shall not, alas,
This speedie death be wrought, sith I have loste
My dearest joie of all, what, shall I pas
My latter daies in paine, and spende myne age
In teares and plainte, shall I now leade my lief
And solitare, as doth the birde in cage;
And feede my woefull yeres with waillfull grief.
No, no, so will I not my daies prolonge,
To seke to live one hower, sith she is gone;
This brest so can not bende to suche a wronge,
That she shulde die and I to live alone.

No; this will I, she shall have her request
And in moste royall sorte her funerall
Will I performe. Within one tombe shall rest
Her Erle and she, her epitaphe with all
Grawde thereon shalbe. This will I doe;
And when these eyes svme aged teares have shedd,
The tombe my self then will I creepe into,
And with my blood all bayne their bodies dedd;
This harte there will I perce, and reave this brest
The irksome lyf, and wreake my wrathfull yre
Vpon my self; she shall have her request,
And I by death will purchase my desire.

Fiuis."

"*Epilogus*,

"If nowe perhapps ye either looke to see
Th' vnhappie lovers, or the crwell sire,
Here to be buried, as fittes their degree,
Or as the dying lady did require;
Or as the ruthfull kinge, in deepe dispeire,
Behight of late (who nowe himself hath slaine,)
Or if perchaunce ye stande in dowtfull feare,
Sith madd Megera is not returnde againe;
Least wandring in the world she so bestowe
The snakes that crall about her furious face,
As they maye raise newe ruthes, new kinde of woe,
Both so; and there, and suche as you percase
Wold be full loth, so great, so neare to see;
I am come forthe to do you all to wete
Throughe grief wherein the lorde of Salerne be;
The buriall pompe is not prepared yet,
And for the furie, you shall vnderstand,
That neither doth the litle greatest god
Finde suche rebelling here in britaigne lande

Against his royall power, as asketh rodd
Of ruth, from hell to wreake his names decaie,
Nor Pluto hereth English ghostes complaine,
Or dames disteyned lives. Therefore you maye
Be free from feare, sufficeth to maintaine
The vertues which we honour in you all;
So as our britaigne ghostes, when life is past,
Maie praise in heaven, not plaine in Pluto's hall
Our dames, but holde them vertuous and chast,
Worthie to live where fuerie neuer came,
Where love can see and heres no dedly bowe:
Whoes lives th' eternall trompe of glorious fame,
With joiefull sownde, to honest eares shall blowe.

Finis

The Tragedie of Gismonde of Salerne."

"*A Sonett of the Quenes Maides.*

"They which tofore thought that the heavens throne
Is placed above the skies, and there do faine
The godds and all the heavenly powers do rayne,
They erre, and but deceave them selfs alone;
Heaven (vnles you thinke moe be than one)
Is here in erthe, and by the pleasant side
Of famous Thames, at Greenwitch corte doth bide;
And as for other heaven is there none;
There are the goddesses we honor soe:
There Pallas sittes; there shineth Venus face;
Bright bewtie there possesseth all the place,
Vertue and honor there to live and growe:
There raigneth she suche heaven that doth deserve,
Worthie whom so faire goddesses shuld serve."

"*An other to the same.*

"Flowers of prime, perles cowched in gold,
Sonne of our daie, that gladdeneth the hart
Of them that shall your shining beames behold,
Salve of eche sore, recure of every smart;
In whom vertue and bewtie striveth see
That neither yeldes: loe, here for you againe
Gismond's vnluckie love, her fawte, her woe,
And death at last, her phere and father slayne
Throughe her mishapp, thoughe ye could not see,
Yet reade and rue their woefull destinie.
So Jove, as your hye vertues doen deserve,
Give you suche pheres, as may your vertues serve
With like vertues; and blissfull Venus sende
Vnto your happie love, an happie ende."

"*An other to the same.*

"Gismonde, that whilom livde her fathers joie,
And died his death, now dead doth (as she maye)
By vs praie you to pitie her anoye;
And to reacquite the same, doth humbly pray
Jove shelde your vertuous loves from like decaye.
The Faithfull Erle, beside the like request,
Doth with those wealfull wights, whom ye embrace,
The constant truth that livde within his brest,
His hartie love, not his vnhappie case,
To fall to suche as standen in your grace,
The Kinge praies pardon of his crwell hest,
And for amends desyreth it may suffice
That with his blood he teacheth nowe the rest
Of fonde fathers, that they in kinder wise
Intreat the jewells, where their comfort lyes.
And we there messengers beseche you all
On their behalfes, to pitie all their smartes,

And on our owne (alethoughe the worthe be small)
We praie you to accept our simple hartes,
Ayowde to serve, with praier and with praise,
Your honours, as unhable other waies."

"*The Argument.*

"Tancred, Kinge of Naples, and Prince of Salerne, gave his only doughter Gismonde (whom he most derely loved) in mariage to a forein Prince, after whoes dethe she retorned home to her father, which having felt great grief of her absence, while her husband lived, (so immesurably he did esteeme her) determined never to suffer any second mariage to take her from him. She on the other side, waxing wearie of that her father's purpose, bent her minde to the secrett love of the Counte Pallurine, to whom, (he being likewise enflamed with love of her) by a letter subtilly enclosed in a cloven cane, she gave to vnterstand a convenient waie for their desired meeting, throughe an olde forgotten vawte, one mouth whereof opened directly vnder her chamber floore. Into this vawte when she was one day descended for the conveyance of her lover, her father in the mene season (whoes only joie was in his daughter) came to her chamber, not finding her there; and supposing her to have bene walked abrode for her disporte, he sate him downe at her bedde feete, and covered his hedd with the cortine, mynding to abide and rest there till her retorne. She nothing knowing of this her father's vnseasonable comynge, brought vp her lover out of the cave into her chamber. There her father espiyng their secrett love, and he not espied of them, was vpon

the sight striken with marveilous grief, but either for that the sodein despite had amased him and taken from him all vse of speche, or for that he reserved himself to more convenient revenge, he then spake nothing, but noted their retorne into the vawte and departed secretly. After great bewailing his vnhapp, and charging his doughter with all, he comaunded the Erle to be attached, emprisoned, strangled, debowelled, and his harte in a cuppe of golde to be presented to Gismonde: she filled vp the cupp, wherein the harte was brought, with her teares, and with certen poisonous water by her distilled for that purpos, and dranke vp this deadly drinke. Which her father heering, came to late to comfort his dying doughter: who for her last request besought of him, her lover and herself within one tomb to be buried together, for perpetuall memory of their faithfull love; which request he graunted, adding to the buriall himself slaine with his owne hande, to the reproche of his owne, and terrour of others crweltie.

Cupide,	God of Love,
Tancréd,	King of Naples, Prince of Salern.
Gismonde,	King Tancred's doughter.
Lucrece,	King Tancrede's sister.
Guishart,	The Counte Pallurine.
Claudia,	Woman of Gis. privie chamber.
Julio,	Capitaine of the garde.
Mægera,	Furie of hell.
Chorus,	Four Gentlemen of Salerne."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LXX. *An Epitaph vpon the Death of Richard Price, Esquier (the second sonne of Sir John Price, Knight, deceased) which Richard left this life the fifth day of Januarie*, 1586.

" My sorrow doth suppresse my memorie,
My griefe eke grieues my hart, and all my powers,
My teares do pierce my paper thorowlie,
My Muse me failes, my wo my wit deuoures,
So as amasd I sit deuoid of might,
In verse, or prose, my meaning to indight.

Of princely iewels, precious are the price,
Of gold the gaine who wisheth not to haue,
Of house and land, and all by land that rise,
Of all for life, who seeketh not to saue;
But when I weigh the depth of mine intent,
A Price to prayse, I cannot but lament.

A Price for gentle bloud, of price he was,
A Price well taught in youth to liue in age,
A Price so fraught with vertues that surpasse;
A Price though yong in yeeres, in wisedom sage:
A precious Price, as Wales did euer yeeld,
A Price of peace in towne, yet fierce in field.

His vertues rare, his wisedom so profound,
His learned skill, his curtesie so seene,
His bountie great in house did so abound,
His travell such for countrey, and for Queene,
Made him beloued, and for his friendship fast,
So famously, as euermore shall last.

He liued no doubt with well contented mind,
He lieued upright, just both in word and deed,

He liued a subject true, as man may find,
He liued to God a child of Abraham's seed:
He liued to die, content to leaue each frend,
He died to liue in ioy, that shall not end.

His wofull wife may chiefly waill his want,
His seruants next haue greatest cause to grieue,
His country then (sith such as he be scant)
His friends each one may sorrow whilest they liue:
Among the which a greater losse had none,
Then I my selfe that causlesse do not mone.

Oh God graunt us thy grace, and daily aide,
Oh God put feare and loue into our hart,
Oh God to sinne make us full sore afraid,
O God thy loue from us do not diuart:
Thou that from us our peerelesse Price hast reft,
Be our defence that heere behind are left.

R. D."

Imprinted at London by John Charlewood.

The above epitaph is printed in black letter, on a broadside, with a mourning border, and incidental wood cut of a tomb, &c. above the printer's name. It was the only material article added by Mr. Reed to his copy of Herbert, and the gentleman who purchased that work, at the sale of his books, obligingly transmitted a copy to me for the purpose of being inserted in the CENSURA.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LXXI. *The Shepherd's Calender. Containing twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelve Months, entitutled to the noble and vertuous Gen-*

tleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalrie, M. Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison the younger, dwelling in Paternoster Row, at the sign of the Anker, and are there to be sold.* 1581.

Comprized in 112 folios, every month embellished with an emblematic wooden cut, suitable to the subject treated on.

Art. LXXII. *The Solace of Sion and Joy of Jerusalem, or Consolation of God's Church in the latter age: redeemed by the preaching of the Gospell vniuersallie. Beeing a godly and learned exposition of the lxxxvij Psalme, of the princely prophet Dauid. Written in Latine by the Reuerend Doctor Vrbanus, Regius Pastor of Christe's Church at Zella in Saxonie,* 1536. *Translated into English first by Richard Robinson, Cittizen of London and printed Anno* 1587 *and Anno* 1590.

Joel ii. verse 32.

"But whosoeuer shall call vpon the name of the Lorde shall be saued. For in Mount Syon and in Ierusalem shall be deliuerance as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

Lastly, *Printed by Richard Iones,* 1594. *Small 8vo. 39 leaves.*

Back of title the royal arms in a garter, eight lines of Latin poetry, and the city arms upon a shield, within a square. Dedicated "To the Honourable

* See Herb. II. 1160, who says printed by J. Windet. *Editor.*

Sir Cutbert Buckle, Vintner, Knight, Lord Mayor of London this yeere 1594, and to the Right Worshipfull his brethren the Aldermen; with M. Paule Banning, and M. Peter Houghton, now Sherifes of the same, long life, health, and prosperity temporall, with solace and ioy in Christ Iesus eternall." Concluding "at London, in S. Bride's parish, this 17 of 1594. Your Honor's and Worship's humble orator, Richard Robinson." J. H.

ART. LXXIII. *Mar-Martin; or Marre-Martin's medling, in a manner misliked.*

Martin's vaine prose, Marre Martin doth mislike,
Reason (forsooth) for Martin seekes debate:
Marre-Martin will not so: yet doth his patience strike:
Last verse, first prose, conclude in one selfe hate;
Both maintain strife, vnfitting England's state.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow ioynd with Browne,
Shew zeale; yet strive to pull Religion downe.

Printed with Authoritie. 4to. *b. l. no date. Three leaves.*

A long account of the Mar-Martin tracts pro and con, may be found in Herbert; this being of the neuter cast is scarcely noticed; I have transcribed the whole. It was published about 1589, and is now reckoned scarce.

"*Marre Mar-Martin.*

"I know not why a fruitles rime, in print,
May not as well with modestie be touched
As fruitles prose; since neither hath his stint,
And either's doings cannot be avouched.

Then if both rime and prose impugne the troth,
How like you him, likes neither of them both.

Our prelates, Martin saith, want skill and reason:
Our Martinists, Mar-Martin termeth asses;
The one, another doth accuse of treason,
He passes best that by the gallowes passes.
Traitor, no traitor, here's such traitors striving,
That Romish traitors now are set a thriving.

While England falles a Martining and a marring,
Religion feares an utter overthrowe,
Whilst we at home among our selves are jarring,
Those seedes take roote which forraign seedes men sow.
If this be true, as true it is for certen,
Wo worth Martin Mar-prelate and Mar-Marten.

On Whitson-even last, at night,
I, dreaming, sawe a pretie sight;
Three monsters in a halter tide,
And one before, who seemde their guide.
The formost lookt and lookt againe,
As if he had not all his traine;
With that I askt that gaping man
His name? 'My name (said he) is Lucian.
This is a Jesuite, quoth he,
These Martin and Mar-martin be:
I seeke but now for Machyvell,
And then we would be gone to hell.'

Two bookes upon a table lay,
For which two yonkers went to play:
They tript a dye and thus did make,
Who threw the most, should both bookes take.
He that had Martin, flang the furst;
An asse* that was, which was the worst.

* A very feeble attempt at wit, or pun, on the word *ace*.

Mar-Martin's master in the hast
Hop'd then to hit a better cast:
And yet as cunning as he was,
He could not fling above an asse.*
Together by the eares they go,
Which of the asses gets the throw,

The first upon his asse would stand,
He wonne it by the elder hand.
'Tush, quoth the second, thats no matter,
Mine was an asse, though mine the latter;'
And turning backe he spake to mee,
Who all this while this sport did see;
'Is't not a wonder, say of love,
That none of us should fling above?'
'No, sir, quoth I, it were a wonder
If either of you had flung under.'

What sonnes? What fathers? Sonnes and fathers fighting
Alas, our welfare, and alas our helth!
What motes? What beames? And both displaid in writing,
Alas, the church! Alas, the common welth!
What, at this tyme? What under such a Quene?
Alas, that still our frute should be so greene.

What wanton calves? What lost our former love?
Alas, our pride! Alas, our mutabilitie!
What, Christ at oddes? What serpents near a dove?
Alas our rage; alas, our inhumilitie:
What, bitter taunts? What, lyes in stead of preaching?
Alas, our heate; alas, our neede of teaching.

Beare, gracious Queene, Europa's matchless mirror:
Beare, noble lords, renowned counsell-givers:
Beare, clergie men, for you must spie the error:

* A very feeble attempt at wit, or pun, on the word *ace*.

Beare, common people, common light beleevers:
Bear joyntly one another's weaknesse so,
That though we wither, yet the church may grow.

If all be true that lawyers say,
The second blowe doth make the fray:
Mar-Martin's fault can be no lesse
Than Martin's was, which brake the peace.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow, Browne,
All helpe to pull religion downe.

FINIS."

Mar-Martine.

I know not why a trueth in rime set out
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As shamelesse lies in prose-books cast about
Marpriests, & prelates, and subvert whole states.
For where truth builds, and lying overthroes,
One truth in rime, is worth ten lies in prose.

This farrago of rimes appears to be the performance of more than one writer. There are eighteen pieces, of various length, from the galling couplet to the string of desultory stanzas, and equally dissimilar in point of measure.* They are printed on four leaves, in folio, without date or name of printer. The first page is occupied with the above lines as a title, and which general title is considered sufficient for the whole; the only division between the respective pieces being a black line. The following is the second piece; it is the longest and the lightest.

*Herbert says it "consists of different epitaphs, or satirical verses, of various metres." It has only *one* epitaph at the end.

"England was wont by auncient rites,
To stand and so endure:
But now new faulkeners make men birds,
And call vs to the lure.
The painted lure the hauke deceaues,
Men find no grapes on painted leaues.

This catching sport will scratching make,
The quarrell heere will grow
Twixt hauke and faulkener at the last;
Each one will make a showe;
I flew, I caught, the hauke may say,
The faulkener what? I'le haue the praie.

The cleargie man like sillie hauke
Hath flowen at lai-man's lore;
And nowe perceaues that flying still
Yet flie he may the more;
If ought be caught by flight of thine,
The lai-man saith all must be mine.

I swoopt at fair'st bothe church and lande
To lay to cleargie vse;
But lai-man laies, lai-man so calde,
And vowes to lay abuse;
O greedie dirt thy craft I see,
Be hauke and faulkener both for me.

Is this thy sigh, thy hand devout,
Turn'd vp with white of eie?
Thy gape, thy groue, to cosen him
That sits in heauen so high?
O greedy dirt, O hellish hart,
Thy cunning coven will make thee smart.

Poore John and Ioane are eaten vp,
The country cleane forlorne,

Men turn'd to sheepe, let *pecus* fight,
Men cannot long be borne;
O blessed Prince, looke wel to this,
'Twill shorten soone our countrie's blisse.

Abbots were fat & friers frimme,
The whoresons lov'de their ease;
Yet standing house by them was kept,
Which did the poore man please;
Now much of theirs to them is gone,
Who having much yet spend they none.

They fly to wood like breeding hauke,
And leaue old neighbour's loue,
They pearch themselues in syluane lodge,
And soare in th' aire aboue;
There magpy teacheth them to chat,
And cookow soone doth hit them pat.

When winter comes our Eues lacke heate,
And cast off Adam olde;
And then hot sprites must needs be had,
To put in heat to colde;
To townes they goe, within a while,
Looke home old Adam. Marke this wile.

The holy whore no fellow hath,
The Pruritane is shee;
That midst her praiers sends her eie,
The purest man to see;
The purer man, the better grace,
The clearest hue the cherefulst face.

Sprite moues her first to wish him wel,
And discipline decaied
Doth make her seeke so far from wood,
To haue God's word obaied;

I'le tel you plaine, the matter is fresh,
They gin in sprite, but end in flesh.

A displing rod must needs be had;
Good Martins say not so;
This displing rod, will make you nod,
And cause your heads to grow:
Get home, keepe house, ware tounes so pure:
Their zeale is hot, they'le plaie you sure.

When home you come, ioine faith & loue,
Let priest his portion haue,
Let neighbours field be as it was,
Cast off your garments braue;
Loue God and gospel as you ought,
And let that goe, that was il sought.

Must churches doune to maintaine pride
And make your sailes to swel?
Few mighty subiects fit a state,
A few doe verie wel.
Crack me this nut, thou gentle blood,
Whose father was but Robin-hood.

Shall prince say no, and pearlesse men
Detest this wrangling broode;
Who neither prince nor peere will knowe
In this their traiterous moode?
And do they liue, and liue they stil
Their poisoned cup of gal to fil?

Martin's farewel, and let's be friends,
And thanke God for his word,
And prince and peers, and peace and al,
And skaping forraine sword;
Yet no man's sword could strike so sore
As Martin's would. I'le say no more."

This is succeeded by six ten-line stanzas of a strange epithetical compound of garbled sentences, with a studied phraseology, in part imitating the Scotish language. A few lines will suffice.

"Thou caytif kerne, vncouth thou art, vnkist thou eke sal bee,
For aiming thus in coverture at prelatis hie in gree.
Thy spell is borrell, spokis bin blunt, thy sconce rude rusticall,
But to the heefor fell and fierce short hornis done eft befall.—St. 1.

Quhat zeale were thilke that kingis gwerdons, whae are iclad in clay,
Quhilk they bequeathit to the kirke as monuments for aie,
Should be so robd and ransackit, contrair to their behests,
To make new vpstart Jacks Lor-Danes, with coin to cram their chests?
That they whaes fathers were bot kernis, knauis, pesants, clownis & booris,
Moght perke as paddocks, ligg in soft, & swath their paramoris.—St. 3.
Thilke men of elde that han from God the sprite of prophecie,
Quhilk thou dost reke, did not as thou, spekes scoffes and ribaudrie.
Weil lettred clarkis endite thair warkes (quoth Horace) slow & geasoun,
But thou can wise forth buike by buike at euery spurt & seasoun.
For men of litrature t' endite so fast, them doth not sitte,
Enaunter in them, as in thee, thail pen outrun thair witt;
The shaftis of foolis are soone shotte out, bot fro the merke they stray,
So art thou glibbe to gybe and taunte, but rouest all the way.
Quhen thou hast parbrackt out thy gorge, & shot out all thy arrowes,
See that thou hold thy clacke, & hang thy quiver on the gallowes."
St. 5.

The epigrams have more abuse than wit.

"New-fangled bores I thought to terme the birdes of Martin's nets,
But that I see in getting boies, like men they doe their best.

The veriest knaves cheefe Pruritans, and Martinists are found;
And why? they saie where sin was great, there grace will most abound."

The merit or demerit of controversial publications is seldom a matter worth inquiry; their ephemerical purpose served, they are generally destroyed and forgotten. In the present instance, tracts that once created an universal ferment in this kingdom, now only occur among the rarest preservations of chance, and the most industrious research will not gratify the collector with obtaining possession of the whole pro and con. Literary curiosities they must remain while the history of the press forms a prominent feature in that of our country; but of their origin the following lines give such an indifferent description, as to leave that scarcity unregretted by general readers.

" If any mervaile at the man, and doe desire to see,
The stile and phrase of Martin's booke, come learn it here of me.

Holde my cloke boy, chill haue a vliag at Martin, O the boore,
And if his horse play like him well, of such he shall haue store.
He thus bumfeges his bousing mates, and who is Martin's mate?
O that the steale counters were knoune, chood catch them by the pate,
Th' vasauorie snaffes first iesting booke, though clownish, knauish was,
But keeping still one stile, he prooues a sodden headed asse.
Beare with his ingramnesse awhile, his seasoned wainscot face,
That brought that godly cobler Cliffe,* for to disproue his grace.

But, O, that godly cobler Cliffe, as honest an olde lad,
As Martin (O the libeller) of hangbyes ever had:
If I berime thy worshipnes, as thou beliest thy betters,
For railing see which of vs two shall be the greatest getters.
But if in flinging at such states, thy noddle be no slower;
Thy brother hangman will thee make, be pulde three asses lower.
Then mend these manners Martin, or in spite of Martin's nose,
My rithme shall be as dogrell, as vnlearned is thy prose.

* See Herbert, p. 1687.

These tinker termes, and barber's iestes first Tarleton on the stage,
Then Martin in his bookes of lies, hath put in euery page:
The common sort of simple swads, I can there state but pitie,
That will vouch safe, or deygne to laugh at libelles so vnwittie.
Let Martin thinke some pen as badde, some head to be as knavish,
Some tongue to be as glibbe as his, some rayling all as lavish;
And be content, if not because we know not where to find thee,
We hope to se thee where deserts of treason haue assign'd thee."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LXXIV. *Lord Chandos. The glorious life and honourable death of Sir John Chandos, Lord of St. Salviour, le Viscount, great Seneschall of Poyctow, high Constable of Acquitaine, Knight of the honourable order of the Garter, elected by the first founder King Edward the third at his institution thereof.*—4to. 1592.

THE title of this poem is subjoined to a scarce book, entitled "*The true use of Armorie*,* showed by historie, and plainly proved by example: the necessitie thereof also discovered: with the manner of differings in ancient time, the lawfulness of honorable funerals and moniments: with other matters of antiquitie, incident to the advauncing of banners, ensignes, and markes of noblenesse and chevalrie. By William Wyrley. Imprinted at London by J. Jackson, for Gabriell Cawood, 1592." 4to.

The above poem of Lord Chandos begins at p. 29, and ends at p. 108—then follows another poem en-

* This treatise was republished by Dugdale under the title of "*The antient usage of bearing arms.*" *Duod.* It is a sensible and instructive little book.

titled "Capitall de Buz. The Honourable life and languishing death of Sir John de Gralhy Capitall de Buz, one of the Knights elected by the first founder of the Garter into that noble order, and sometime one of the principall Governors of Guyen, ancestor to the French King that now is." This poem consists of fifty pages.

A very short specimen of the first poem will satisfy my readers.

STANZA 1.

Let none rejoice too much in fortune's state,
Reading the story of my tragic death,
But watchful be t' attend some turning fate
Which like wild whirlwind all our doings sway 'th.
For as grave Senec', in wise morals, saith,
No mortal man with Gods gain favor might
Of warrantize, to see next morning's light.

STANZA 10.

When first that worthy golden book began,
"*For Magistrates*" bright "*Mirror*"* clear indeed,
Through which eternal praise the authors wan,
Strait I believ'd as truly as my creed,
My hard mishap so happily would speed,
As that some one of those rare learned men,
My bliss and bale would have vouchsaf'd to pen.

STANZA 374.

Sweet gentle Knight, he said,† fair peerless flower,
Of Mars his train, good valiant champion stout,
What wicked wight to forge bad gleave had power,
Whereby bright lamp of life was stricken out?

* The Mirror for Magistrates, 1559.
† One who bewaileth his fate.

Black coaly smith, when first thou went'st about
This tool to forge, I would thou hadst been mad,
Dan Vulcan's luck, or worse mischance hadst had.

STANZA 375.

Brave England never had a braver knight,
Puissant France hath felt no fiercer foe;
Fairer condition'd never living wight;
More courtesies no earthly man did know;
More finer wit, more judgments none did show
In his attempts: more honours none had gain'd
By high exploits than those thou hast attain'd!

STANZA 376.

From out our bunch our orient's pearl is gone,
From treasure ours our rarest jewel lost,
From ivory ours stol'n is our whitest bone,
Reft from our wealth rich thing of greatest cost;
Of all our pillars fall'n is most surest post;
Good Chandos slain, I say no more but this,
Best English Knights thy presence much will miss.

STANZA 388.

What glorious praise deserves that worthy wight,
Whose arm'd body as bulwark 'gainst the foe,
Despising life in throngs of foes doth fight
For country's cause, and sweetest sweet bestow?
Though bodies die, wide do their praises grow,
Seld' well-got honour suffer'd is to die,
But memorized lives perpetually.

STANZA 396.

Ah! throughfare full of baleful miseries,
Hard passage cover'd with sharp threat'ning rocks,
Vile toilsome life subject to destinies,
Mad fools on stage whom flouting fortune mocks,

Poor silly sheep to slaughter led by flocks;
Drunk peevish men, whom safety's thought confound,
Dreaming they never shall consume in ground.

STANZA 397, AND LAST.

As silent night brings quiet pause at last
To painful travels of forepassed day,
So closing death doth rest to labours cast;
Making of our toilful work a stay;
Thoughts, griefs, sad cares are bandon then away;
In pomp and glory though brave days we spend;
Yet happy none, until be known his end.

FINIS.

WILLIAM WYRLEY.

ART. LXXV. *Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, first published* 1590.*

I HAVE been favoured with the following among many other literary obligations in the progress of this work, by the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, whose very learned and laborious volume, "The Progress of Maritime Discovery," containing a vast fund of interesting information which was before almost inaccessible, must in spite of the attacks of ill-directed talent, gradually win its way to its merited fame.†

* The first edition was in 4to. for W. Ponsonby, 1590.
Second ——— fol. Do. ——— 1593.
Third ——— fol. Do. ——— 1598.
Again ——— fol. Edinburgh ——— 1599.

† It is no slight honour to have awakened all the fancy of Bowles, and to have given occasion to his very beautiful and touching poem on the same subject.

Perhaps there may be many, who will think, that the Arcadia is a book too common to justify its occupation of much room in these pages. But I do not profess totally to confine myself to rare books. There are many old volumes of frequent occurrence, to which it may yet be desirable to call the public attention. And is this work at present much examined beyond its title? As the manners of chivalry have been forgotten, it would be vain to deny, that this romance is become unconquerably tedious. But for those, who study the progress of the English language, the Arcadia is a treasure, which ought to be frequently investigated. If, as a poet, Sydney does not exhibit that rare genius, which could rise above the faults of his age, he yet discovers most brilliant attainments, which, when we consider his active habits, his various other qualifications, and his very short life, entitle him to *permanent* celebrity among the most favoured in the Temple of Fame. I insert with pleasure therefore the following specimens, with the hope of recalling the public notice to a character, which I have always contemplated with admiration; though I cannot at present find room for all the extracts, which Mr. Clarke has, at the expense of much pains, had the goodness to select for my use from the numerous pages of the Arcadia.

Dec. 3, 1806.

The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the ninth time published, with a twofold supplement of a defect in the third book: the one by Sir W. A. Knight;*

* Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, a poet.

the other, by Mr. Ja. Johnstoun Scoto-Brit. Dedicated to K. James, and now annexed to this work, for the reader's benefit. Whereunto is also added a sixth book, by R. B. of Lincolnes Inne, Esq. London. Printed for J. Waterson and R. Young, 1638. *Folio. Pages* 624, *with the short Supplement.*

The dedication to this interesting work has been deservedly much admired.

"To my dear Lady and Sister, the Countesse of Pembroke.

"Here now have you (most deare, and most worthy to bee most deare Ladie) this idle worke of mine; which I feare (like the spider's web) will be thought fitter to be swept away, than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes were wont to doe to the babes they would not foster) I could well finde in my heart to cast out in some desart of forgetfulness this childe, which I am loth to father. But you desired me to doe it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done only for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your selfe, or to such friends, who will weigh errours in the ballance of good will, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it selfe it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare selfe can best witnesse the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by

sheets sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In summe a young head, not so well staid as I would it were, (and shall bee when God will) having many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not beene in some way delivered, would have growne a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in, than they gat out. But his chiefe safety shall be, the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the livery of your name; which (if much good will doe not deceive me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a great offender. This say I, because I know the vertue so; and this say I, because it may be ever so, or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgement will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuffe, than as in a haberdasher's shop, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most most heartily prayes, you may long live to be a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

"Your loving brother,

"PHILIP SIDNEY."

Mr. Hayley thus speaks of this dedication in the Life of Cowper. "If we turn to an early season of our epistolary language, we may observe, that the Letter of Sir Philip Sidney to his Sister, Lady Pembroke, (prefixed as a dedication to his Arcadia) is distinguished by tender elegance, and graceful affection."

The poetry in this work has not been sufficiently

known, or admired, as the following extracts will prove.

The Madrigall that was sung by Basilius.

"Why dost thou haste away,
O Titan faire, the giver of the day?
Is it to carry newes
To westerne wights, what starres in east appeare?
Or doest thou thinke that here
Is left a sunne, whose beams thy place may use?
Yet stay and well peruse
What be her gifts, that make her equal thee;
Bend all thy light to see
In earthly clothes inclos'd a heav'nly spark:
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.
No, no, thy motions be
Hastened from us with barre of shadow dark,
Because that thou, the author of our sight,
Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with others' light."*

The Song of Basilius, as a fairing of his Contentment.

"Get hence, foule Griefe, the canker of the minde;
Farewell Complaint, the Miser's onely pleasure;
Away vaine Cares, by which few men doe finde
Their sought-for treasure.

Ye helplesse Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,
Teares drowne your selves, for woe (your case is wasted)
Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought
My minde hath tasted.

But thou, sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart;
Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadnesse,
Forefelt Desire, begin to savour part
Of comming gladnesse.

* P. 368. Lib. 3.

Let voice of sighs into cleare musicke run;
Yes, let your teares with gazing now be mended,
Instead of thought true Pleasure be begun,
And never ended."*

The foregoing selection from Sir P. Sidney's poetry in the Arcadia, may best be concluded with the following passage from the close of his Defence of Poesie.

"But if (fie of such a but,) you be borne so neere the dul-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot heare the planet-like musick of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itselfe up to look to the skies of poetry, or rather by a certaine rusticall disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then though I will not wish unto you the asses eares of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

I. S. C.

Additions to ARCADIA, erroneously ascribed to *Robert Baron.*

The Editor is much obliged by the hint of H. G. who having in his possession "*The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the eighth time published with some*

* P. 379.

additions. With the Supplement of a Defect in the third part of this History, by Sir W. A. Knight. Whereunto is now added a sixth Book, by R. B. of Lincolne's Inn, Esq. London, Printed for Simon Waterson, and R. Young, Anno 1633. *Folio. With an engraved title-page,* and finding on the authority of Chetwood, in the British Theatre, 1750, that R. B. was ROBERT BARON, supposes the age assigned to that poet (see Baron's Poems, *postea*) is erroneous; but this Correspondent is not aware, that the authority of Chetwood is of very little value; and R. B. of Lincoln's Inn, could never be Robert Baron of Gray's Inn.

ART. LXXVI. *A very godly Letter made by the right honourable Sir Henry Sidney, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Lord Deputie of Ireland, and Lord President of Wales; now xxv yeeres past; vnto Phillip Sidney his sonne, then of tender yeeres, at schoole in the towne of Shrowesbury, with one M. Astone. Most necessarie for all yoong gentlemen, to be carried in memorie: with an excellent Epitaph of the life and death of the said Lord President: both which being put in print, at the humble request of one William Gruffith of Coredaney, in the countie of Angles, sometime Clarke of his Kitchen. Printed at London by T. Dawson,* 1591. *small* 8vo. *one sheet.*

THIS very pious, sensible, and affectionate letter from Sir Henry Sidney to his celebrated son Philip, when a boy, will be found with some slight variations

in Vol. I. of the *Sidney papers* published by Collins: but the present tract contains "a postscript by my lady Sidney, written in the skirts of my Lord President's letter, to her sayd sonne Philip," not reprinted in that collection. The Epitaph, which extends to nine pages, I have not seen elsewhere; nor does the name of GRIFFITH occur as a verse-maker of the sixteenth century in Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica. To some readers therefore the following memorial may be acceptable for its rarity; and to others on account of the distinguished personage whom it records. If the poetry be not of the highest order, the vocation of the author must plead his excuse.

The Epitaph of the worthie Knight Sir Henrie Sidney, Lord President of Wales.

"How fraile and fickle stands the state
of mortall creatures here,
The late eclips of Sidney's sonne
doth make it plaine appeere;

Whose pearles praise triumphant fame
oft caus'd to scale the skies,
And standes for sundry rare exploits
a mirrour to men's eies;

Till gastfull death, with dismaile dart,
procur'd through envie's spight,
Untwin'd his twist, brake of his threed,
and dim'd his splendent light.

Oh why should man be puft with pride,
or beare a loftie sayle?
Sith death doth in a moment make
the hawtest courage quayle.

No state so strong, no fort so firme,
no bulwarke halfe so sound;
But soone is topsie turvie turn'd,
and tottring dasht to ground.

Let Sidney's fall a mirrour bee,
in whom alone did rest
All gallant gifts, that ever lodged
in mortall creature's brest.

If predecessours matchlesse praise,
or auncients spotlesse race,
May to successors credite bring,
then Sidney bare the base:

For he of puisant Princes three
did lineally descend;
And princelike, in most pompous sort,
did make his finall end.

But auncients praise nought profits us;
we must ourselfes so frame,
As our owne actions may procure
our credite or defame.

Admit this true, yet Sidney's praise
perforce must pearse the skie;
For his owne actions every where
extolls his fame on hie.

God Mercurie with Mars was mixt
the moment he was borne;
And both with Sol and Jove conjoyn'd
this Sidney to adorne.

A Tullie's tongue, a Scipio's hart,
a courteous, constant mind,
A deepe foresight, and judgement sound,
to Sidney they assigned.

And with such vertues rare him dect,
that Pallas flatly spake,
Had she not sprung from Jova's raigne,
for sire she would him take.

Him Prudens pruned, him Temperance taught,
him Justice did advaunce,
Him Fortitude for martial feates
most highly did enhaunce.

A type to true nobilitie,
a staffe to honour's stay,
A courtier brave, a soldier stout,
a counsailor of great sway.

For courage Alexander's mate,
Ulisses' for fine witte,
For courteous nature Trojans peere,
for counsell Cato fitte.

A zealous Mima,* a Nestor grave,
a Regulus of great trust;
A constant Scevola Sidney was,
an Aramanthus † just.

He restlesse ranne in Arates tilt
his pilgrime race so right,
That fortune's force had never force
to force his faith to slight.

His bowe was God, his shaft was zeale,
his string was meaning true,
And vertue was the ayming white
whereat his dart he threwe.

n peace and warre, at home, abroad,
in countrey and in court,
His glitt'ring beames so brightly blazed,
as passed envie's hurt.

* Qu.? Mimas. † *Forsan* Rhadamanthus.

Such hope his youthfull yeeres did yeeld
of future's vertuous light,
That in king Edward sixt his raigne
he dubbed was a knight.

And, being scarse twise twelve yeeres old
his credite did so launce,
That as ambassadour he was sent
unto the king of Fraunce.

And in our late queene Marie's time,
emong the Irish crewe,
He treasurer and chiefe-justice was,
their furie to subdue.

Where he lord-deputie thrise bare rule,
and eight whole yeeres remain'd;
And six and twentie yeeres of Wales
stoode president unstain'd.

In both which seats of government
he was so just and right,
As both may happles wish to match
with such a peerles knight.

For money hourelie hudling in,
and fines fast following still,
Whereby, if he had thurst for wealth,
he might have had his fill:

But he by nature was so franke,
and pondred so his charge,
As by no purchase, fraude, nor force,
he would his lands enlarge.

But, with his old demaines well pleas'd,
he all the rest applide
To benefit her Highness' state,
as dutie had him tide.

The castle that in Dublin standes,
and Ludlowe's castle brave,
Are patterns plaine how with his wealth
he did himselfe behave.

For both neere tottring, like to fall,
so gorgeously he deckt,
That both are famous every where
for every rare respect.

Let envie therefore glut her gorge
upon our Sidney's life,
Let Zoylus with reprochfull termes
unsheath his carping knife;

Let grislie spite with poysned throte
not spare to speake her worst,
Let rancor rage, let furies fret,
let hatred's belly burst:

Let hedious death, with all his force,
doo what it can to spot
His rare exploits, and from fame's rule
his famous facts to blot:

Yet books shall ever blaze his prayse:
but if all books should quayle,
His monuments to sound abroad
his fame will never fayle:

But if those fade, whiles men do live,
whiles wood and stones remaine,
Whiles time beares rule, and time being past,
whiles endlesse blisse doth raigne,

From east to west, from north to south,
his stainless fame shall flee;
And from the pole Antarticke fast
to Artick pole shall hie.

Dame Nature fram'd him for the nonst,*
in such a curious frame,
As skill, nor art, nor wisedome's lore,
should imitate the same.

Revengement none he deem'd so great
as spare when he might spill:
Full oft he staide, when he might strike,
and sav'd when he might kill.

Disdainfull pride, contentious jarres,
a quenchlesse prowling mind,
A double tongue, or fleeting faith,
in him no place could find.

And, to be briefe, might vertues rare
preserv'd our Sidney's life;
His corpse had never felt the brunt
of Atropos his knife.

But what is past, is past all hope;
nothing more sure than death:
Scipio, Cirus, Cæsar, stout,
have been depriv'd of breath.

Now hath her Highness lost a peere,
the court, a courtier brave;
Now hath the countrey lost a guide,
the realme, a counsailor grave.

Shall Caldea weepe for Moses' want?
shall Creete for Minos waile?
Shall Thebes for Tremegistus sobbe?
shall Troy for Priam quaile?

Hath Athens lost a Solon sage,
and Greece a Nestor wise?
And shall they both their patrons losse
lament in ruthfull guise?

* i. e. nonce, des.

And shall not we of Cambrie coast
salt brinish teares distill;
And for our Sidney's late deceasse,
toull forth our dolefull knill?

Yes, doubtless yes; both yong and old,
rich, poore, both weake and strong,
Both great and small, of Sidney's death
soundes foorth their mornefull song.

And would with trubling hrilling teares
their Phenix death lament;
But that from cinders his they hope
an other will be sent:

Who both in forme, in shape in shew,
in grace, in faith, and fame;
In pompe, in power in gifts and glee,
will raise his father's name.

And therefore Death was foule deceiv'd,
and mist his purpose quite;
In seeking to suppresse his name,
by darking of his light.

For as the man, whom Jason strake
in bosome with his knife,
Brake his enpostume, and for death
did lengthen long his life;

So Mors, in minde through envie's hate
to darken Sidney's name,
Hath now, by vomiting of his spite,
enlarged much his fame.

And as Calisto, to a beare
being turn'd through Immo's* spight,

* *Alias* Juno's.

Was plac'd by Jove in azurde skies
to be a starre most bright;

So Sidney's corps, by death subdued,
and rest of vitall breath,
In sprite doth peerce the cristall clowdes,
and live to conquere death;

And, Virbius-like, again revives,
like fame abroad doth reepe;
His noble offspring in each point
their father's course doo keepe.

Our Sidney therefore he is safe,
though death thy force were shawne,
Thou nought of his, save bones, retainst,
his sp'rit to skies is flowne.

As much of him as smelt of earth,
so much in earth he left;
The rest, ordained to endlesse blisse,
Jehova to him reft.

Hence, therefore, Death! go shake thine eares,
and triumph in thy trash;
Thy power, thy force, thy shaft, thy dart,
our Sidney downe doth dash:

And if thou hast none other meane
to plague whom thou dost spight,
Then, Death, let Sidney's happy lot
upon our shoulders light.

Make us remaine where Sidney raignes;
for that a life well led
Importes and happie blissful state,
when as the corps is dead.

Our Sidney therefore, living well,
most vertuous, just and pure;

No doubt but that in heaven's blisse
he hath his seat most sure.

Which state God graunt to all the imps,
that beares our Sidney's name!
And whiles that in this vale they dwell,
they gaine no lesser fame.

WILLIAM GRUFFITH."

The postscript of Lady Sidney is omitted here, as it will be found under the article of Mary Countess of Pembroke, in the forth-coming edition of Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors.

T. P.

ART. LXXVII. *Complaints, containing sundrie small poemes of the World's Vanitie, whereof the next page maketh mention. By Ed. Sp. London: Imprinted for William Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Bishop's Head*, 1591, *4to. 92 leaves.*

HERBERT'S copy wanted the title. A full account of the work may be found in Mr. Todd's edition of Spenser, 1805. This place gives an opportunity of noticing T. Warton's lines, "sent to Mr. Upton, on his edition of the Fairie Queene," on account of the different shapes in which they were printed. That edition appears to have been first published in 1758; but the following variation of the same lines was inserted in the London Magazine for May 1755.

"*Verses written in a blank leaf of Mr. T. Warton's Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

"As oft on Camus rushy turf reclin'd,
I joy'd to trace old Spenser's mystic page;

And fed with fancy's feast my musing mind,
A feast that could delight Eliza's age;

Much would I grieve, that o'er a page so pure,
All-envying time had cast his dim disguise;
As April show'rs, by gloomy fits, obscure
The noon-tide radiance of the smiling skies.

Lo! Warton came—from every fretted tale
To clear the rust that canker'd all around;
His skilful hand unlocks each fairy vale,
And opes each flow'ry forest's magic bound.

Thus never knight advent'rous dar'd invade,
Of Busyrane th' impervious castle drear;
Till Britomart* each secret bow'r display'd,
And burst the mighty spell with golden spear.

Th' heroic maid with haughty step explor'd
Each room array'd in glorious imag'ry,
And thro' th' enchanted chamber richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by.

At this (where'er by pearl-pav'd fount, I ween,
They rove at large amid the myrtle rows;)
Reviving Una lifts her princely mien,
And Florimel's fair wreath more freshly glows.

At this, long drooping in forlorn despair,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes,
Pleas'd that her page, by Warton's classic care,
Its native charm, and genuine grace resumes."†

ART. LXXVIII. *The Lamentation of Troy for the death of Hector. Whereunto is annexed an*

* F. Q. Book iii. Canto 2, St. 25.

† In truth, these lines seem to have been addressed by Warton to *himself*, and afterwards, for modesty's sake, applied to *Upton!*

Olde Woman's Tale in hir solitarie cell. Omne gerendum leve est. London, printed by Peter Short for William Mattes, 1594, *4to. 32 leaves.*

THIS volume is inscribed to Sir Peregrine Bertie, Knt. Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who distinguished himself at the battle of Zutphen in 1586, and is styled by this poet (I. O.) the "only Hector of Albion, and therefore most worthy to protect Hector." The principal poem is written somewhat after the plan of those in the "Mirror for Magistrates;" at which the author seems to glance sarcastically in the following stanza:

Sweet sacred Muses! you whose gentle eares
Are wont to listen to the humble praier
Of plaining poets, and to lend your teares
From your faire eies unto a woe-displayer;
Now rest yourselves: your ayde I not implore,
For in my selfe I find aboundant store.

In a prologue to this poem, he makes Troy's Ghost declare—

Yet had she rather Spencer would have told them;
For him she calde, that he would helpe t' unfold them.

And in the poem itself he thus apostrophises our great allegorical bard:

O then, good Spencer, th' only Homer living,
Deign for to write with thy fame-quikninge quill:
And though poore Troy due thanks can not be giving
The gods are just, and they that give them will.
Write then, O Spencer, in thy Muse so trim,
That he in thee, and thou maiest live in him!

T. P.

Art. LXXIX. *Sonnets to the fairest Cœlia.*

Parve, nec invideo, sine me liber ibis ad illam,
Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo. Trist. 1.

London. Printed by Adam Islip for W. P. 1594. *4to.*

W. P. for whom these sonnets are said to have been printed, was W. Percy, according to his preface, but whether any relative to the Percies* of Northumberland, and to the venerable Editor of our Poetical Reliques, it may not be very practicable to ascertain. The following is his apologetical address. "To the Reader.

"Courteous reader, whereas I was fullie determined to have concealed my Sonnets, as things privie to my selfe; yet, of courtesie, having lent them to some, they were secretlie committed to the presse, and almost finished, before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore, making (as they say) a *vertue of necessitie*, I did deeme it most convenient to præpose mine epistle, onely to beseech you to account of them as of toyes and amorous devises, and ere long I will impart unto the world another poeme, which shall be more fruitfull and ponderous. In

* Henry 9th Earl of Northumberland, who was imprisoned on account of the Gunpowder Plot, had a brother *William* Percy, whom Anth. Wood records to have been a man of learning and genius, and to have died single at Oxford, 1648. *Coll. Peer. II.* 407. G. Garrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford, 1638, speaks of him as "living obscurely in Oxford, and drinking nothing but ale." *Strafford Letters, II.* 168. Editor.

the meane while, I commit these as a pledge unto your indifferent censures. London, 1594.

W. Percy."

His promised poem never seems to have been produced, nor will the mere poetical reader regret its non-appearance, from the specimen here given, which derives its almost only value from being considered as an unique copy. The sonnets are twenty in number, and these are terminated by a madrigal "to Parthenophil upon his Laya and Parthenophe," which Parthenophil may possibly be Barnabe Barnes,* whose equally rare collection of Sonnets shall be noticed on a future occasion.

The following are not the most contemptible samples of Percy's Sonnettings.

Son. xviii.

" I cannot conquer and be conquered;
Then whole my selfe I yeeld unto thy favor;
Behold my thoughts flote in an ocean battered,
To be cast off, or wafted to thine harbor:
If of the same thou wilt then take acceptance,
Stretch out thy fairest hand as flag of peace;
If not no longer keepe us in attendance,
But all at once thy firie shafts release.
If thus I die, an honest cause of love
Will of my fates the rigor mittigate;
Those gratious eyne, which will a Tartar move,
Will prove my case the lesse unfortunate:

* Barnes signs Parthenophil and Parthenope to a couple of sonnets in dispraise of Nash, printed with Pierce's Supererogation by Gab. Harvey, 1593. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says that Barnes published Parthenophil and Parthenope after 1691.

Altho' my friends may rue my chaunce for ay,
It will be said—he dyde for Cælia."

XX.

" Receave these writs, my sweet and dearest frend,
The livelie patterns of my livelesse bodie,
Where thou shalt find, in hebon pictures pen'd,
How I was meeke, but thou extreamlie blodie,
I'le walke forlorne along the willow shades
Alone, complaining of a ruthlesse dame;
Where ere I passe, the rocks, the hilles, the glades,
In pittious yelles, shall sound her cruell name.
There I will waile the lot which fortune sent me,
And make my mones unto the savage eares;
The remnant of the daies which Nature lent me,
Ile spend them all, conceal'd, in ceaselesse teares.
Since unkind fates permit me not t' enjoy her,
No more (burst eyes!) I mean for to annoy her."

T. P.

ART. LXXX. *Zepheria. Ogni di viene la sera, &c. At London printed by the Widdowe Orwin for N. L. and John Busbie,* 1594. *4to. pp.* 40.

THIS curious amatory poem is divided into forty canzonets, each occupying a page. The author displays a good deal of mythological learning, but from the thirty-seventh canzonet, I should suspect him to have been a student of the law, from his appearing so well versed in legal expressions.

" When last mine eyes dislodged from thy beautie,
Though serv'd with proces of a parent's writ,
A supersedeas countermanding dutie,
Even then I saw upon thy smiles to sit,
* * * *

Thine eyes edict the statute of repeale,
Doth other duties wholly abrogate,
Save such as thee endure in heartie zeale:
Then be it farre from me that I should derogate
From Nature's law unregistred in thee,
So might my love encur a premunire."

J. H. M.

ART. LXXXI. *Robert Southwell.*

MR. ELLIS, speaking of this writer, observes, "that his poems, all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced."

In addition to the Specimens brought forwards by that gentleman, I have been induced to select extracts from the following poem, which from its intrinsic merit, and the scarcity of the work in which it is contained, appears to be well worthy of preservation. It is entitled.

"*Losse in delayes.*

"Shun delayes, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
Creeping snayles have weakest force,
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoist up saile while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seeke not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdome's leisure;
After-wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead,
When he flies, he turnes no more,
And behinde his scalpe is naked.
Workes adjourn'd have many stayes:
Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing:
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place gives best advice.
Out of season out of price.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending:
Happie man that soone doth knocke
Babel's babes against the rocke." J. H. M.

*St. Peter's Complaint newly augmented, with other poems.; with Mary Magdalen's funerall Teares, the Triumphs over Death, and Short Rules of Good Life. London: Printed for W. Barret. 1620. 16mo.** [title imperfect.]

* "Saint Peter's Complaint with other poems." Imp. by J. Wolfe, Lond. 1595. Idem. Imp. by James Roberts for Gab. Cawood. Lon. 1595. Idem. (says Dodd in Church Hist. of England) Lond. and St. Omer's, 1597.† Idem. Imp. by J. R. for G. C. Lond. 1599. Idem. "Newly augmented with other poems. London, printed by H. L. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost." 4to. no date, pp. 77. Idem, newly augmented, &c. Pr. by W. Stainsby for W. Barret.

† Wood's Athenæ Oxon. V. I. 334, has the edition Lond. 1597. "Saint Peter's Complaint, with other poems. Edinburgh printed by Robert Walde-grave, printer to the King's Majestie. Cum Privilegio Regis." 4to. no date. pp. 63.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was of a good family, and born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk. He was sent over young to the University at Douay, where he became alumnus of the English college. At the age of sixteen he was received into the Society of Jesus at Rome; and during his noviceship, having gone through a course of philosophy and divinity with considerable credit, was afterwards made prefect of the studies in the English college there. During that period he applied himself closely to the study of his native language, and "proved no small proficient, as the elegant pieces, both in prose and verse, which he has published, abundantly demonstrate."

In 1584 he came as a missionary into England, and appears to have been well received by those of the Catholic persuasion; particularly Anne Countess of Arundel, with whom he chiefly resided, till "he was betrayed" in July 1592, and apprehended at Uxenden in Middlesex, about seven miles from London. He was "committed to a dungeon in the Tower so noisome and filthy, that when he was brought out at the end of the month, to be examined, his cloaths were quite covered with vermin."

Idem, "with Saint Mary Magdalen's funerall teares, and sundri other selected and devout poemes by the R. Father Robert Southwell, priest of the society of Jesus. Permissû Superiorum. St. Omer's or Doway, 1620." Idem "with the triumphs over Death,‡ and short rules of good Life. Printed for W. Barret and J. Haviland. Lond. 1620. [With an engraved title as "printed by J. Haviland, sould by Robert Allott 1630, 1634.

‡ "Triumphs over Death"—separate. Printed by V. S. for J. Busbie, 1595, 4to.

From this rigorous treatment his father petitioned Elizabeth, praying that "as he was a gentleman, he should be treated as a gentleman;" which application being attended to, a better lodging was assigned him, and leave to be supplied with necessaries and books. Of the last he only required the Bible and works of St. Bernard.

After remaining in prison near three years, and racked ten several times, it is stated "a resolution was taken on a sudden in the council to have him executed." He was accordingly removed from the Tower to Newgate, and tried at the bar of the King's Bench, Westminster, the 20th of February, 1595; when, being condemned, he suffered "on account of his priesthood," the following day at Tyburn. From the unskilfulness of the hangman, in not applying the noose properly, he is supposed to have hung some time before he was strangled.

This account of the author is principally derived from the Memoirs of Missionary Priests and other Catholics that have suffered death in England, by Bishop Challoner. Unfortunately, it is drawn up with such a strong religious bias, that it appears to have been dictated by other views than those of giving a plain unvarnished biographical relation. It is succeeded by a further statement of his trial, from a Latin manuscript kept in the archives of the English College at St. Omer's. Southwell forced that proceeding on, by sending an epistle to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, entreating he "might either be brought upon his trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him." The Treasurer answered, "that if he was in so much

haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire."

At the time of the trial Southwell was interrogated by the judge as to his age, when he replied "that he was about the same age as our Saviour, viz. thirty-three," which places his birth in 1562; but Mr. PARK, (who published a succinct memoir of the author in the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1798,) appears to have met with sufficient authority for fixing his birth in 1560, and also of his being prefect of the English college in 1585, a year after his arrival (as above stated) in England. If such an indecorous answer as the above was given by Southwell, though it betrayed an inordinate priestly vanity, it must be deemed conclusive of his age.

Mr. PARK added to his account an accurate list of the various editions of the author's works, which has been inserted in the notes on the present article.

Southwell, as a writer, was first rescued from unmerited oblivion by Mr. Waldron,* who reprinted several specimens of his poems, some of which have since appeared in the selections of the late Mr. Headley, and of Mr. Ellis.†

* See appendix to the Sad Shepherd, 1783. To the same Editor the public is indebted for a volume called the "Literary Museum," published in 1792; a laudable attempt to reprint scarce and valuable tracts: tho' from want of sufficient encouragement the design ended with a few numbers, which were afterwards sold collectively. The want of the modern aid of wove paper, and the embellishments of the graver, gave little hope of a sale sufficient to answer the immediate demand of the printer.

† The length of this article has precluded some specimens that were selected for insertion.

The volume, from which this article is taken, has five several title-pages; and forms the most extensive collection of Southwell's pieces.

It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable, Richard Earl of Dorset, &c." by the printer, "as the author thereof had long since dedicated some peeces of the whole to sundrie particular branches of that noble stocke and familie (whereof your Lordship is, and long may you be a strong and flourishing arme!) so now my selfe having first collected these dismembred parcels into one body, and published them in an entire edition;"—concluding "at your Lordship's service, W. Baret." Then follows the usual introduction to Saint Peter's Complaint of "The Author to his Loving Cousin;" wherein he says "I have here layd a few coarse threeds together, to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece, wherein it may be seene how well verse and vertue sute together;" and ends, "I send you these few ditties: adde you the tunes, and let the meane, I pray you, be still a part in all your musicke."

"*The Author to the Reader.*

"Deare eye, that doest peruse my Muse's style,
With easie censure deeme of my delight;
Give sobrest count'nance leave sometime to smile,
And gravest wits to take a breathing flight;
Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tyred spirits for mirth must have a time.

The loftie eagle soars not still above,
High flights will force her from the wing to stoope,

And studious thoughts at times men must remove,
Lest by excesse before their time they droope;
In coarser studies 'tis a sweet repose,
With poet's pleasing vaine to temper prose.

Profane conceits and faining fits I flie,
Such lawlesse stuffe doth lawlesse speches fit,
With David verse to vertue I apply,
Whose measure best with measured words doth fit:
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in Vertue's key tunes Nature's string."

Then follows "Rursus ad eundem," in four six-line stanzas. This appears to have been the author's favourite measure, and is used in the following enumerated pieces, except otherwise noticed. "Saint Peter's Complaint," 132 stanzas, mentioned by Mr. Waldron, from some error of his printer, as containing 136 stanzas. "Marie Magdalen's blush," six stanzas. "Marie Magdalen's Complaint at Christ's Death," seven stanzas. "Times go by turnes," four stanzas. "Looke Home," four stanzas. "Fortune's Falshood," ten quatrains. "Scorne not the least," four stanzas. "The Nativitie of Christ," four stanzas. "Christ's Childhood," three stanzas. "A Child my Choice," four four-line stanzas, of which the following is the first.

"Let folly praise that fancie loves;
I praise and love that child,
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose hand no deed defil'd.

I praise him most, I love him best,
All praise and love is his:

While him I love, in him I live,
And cannot live amisse."

"Content and rich," seventeen quatrains. "Love servile lot," nineteen quatrains. "Life is but Losse," seven stanzas. "I dye alive," four four-line stanzas. "What ioy to live," five stanzas. "Life's Death Love's Life," eight quatrains. "At home in Heaven," seven stanzas. "Lewd Love is losse," seven stanzas. "Love's Garden Griefe," in five six-line stanzas beginning,

"Vaine loves avaunt, infamous is your pleasure,
Your joy deceit;
Your jewels, jests, and worthlesse trash your treasure,
Fool's common bait.
Your palace is a prison that allureth
To sweet mishap, and rest that paine procureth."

"From Fortune's reach," four stanzas. "A Fancy turned to a sinner's complaint," thirty-eight quatrains. "David's Peccavi," five stanzas. "Sinne's heavie load," seven stanzas. "Joseph's amazement," fourteen stanzas. "New Prince new pompe," twenty-eight lines. "The Burning Babe," thirty-two lines. "New Heaven, new Warre," eight stanzas.

2. *Maeoniæ; or certain excellent poems and spiritual Hymnes, composed by R. S. London, Printed for W. Barrett.**

* "Maeoniæ; or certaine excellent Poems and Spirituall Hymnes, omitted in the last impression of Peter's Complaint; being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both divine and wittie. All composed by R. S. London, printed by V. Simmes for John Busbie 1595," 4to. pp. 32. "Poems on the Mystery of Christ's Life."

This part contains—"The Virgine Marie's Conception," three stanzas. "Her Nativitie," three stanzas. "Her Spousals," three stanzas. "The Virgin's Salutation," three stanzas. "The Visitation," three stanzas. "His Circumcision," three stanzas. "The Epiphanie," four stanzas. "The Presentation," three stanzas. "The Flight into Egypt," three stanzas. "Christ's bloudy Sweat," two stanzas. "Christ's sleeping friends," seven stanzas. "The Virgin Mary to Christ on the Crosse," twenty-eight quatrains. "An holy Hymne," eight stanzas. "S. Peter's afflicted mind," six quatrains. "S. Peter's remorse," fifteen quatrains. "Man to the wound in Christ's side," seven quatrains. "Upon the image of death," nine stanzas. "A vale of teares," seventy-six lines in alternate rhime. "The prodigall child's soule-wracke," sixty lines, in quatrain rhyme. "Man's civill warre," thirty-two quatrains. "Seek flowers of heaven," twenty-four lines.

3. *Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares. Jeremie, chap. vi. verse 26. Luctum unigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum. London. Printed for W. Barret.* †

"A dedication "to the Worshipfull and vertuous

(Dodd's Church History) Lond. 1595. [Probably says Mr. Park, the same as Mæoniæ.] Idem (Herbert, 1288) Lond. 1596. Idem Lond. by A. L. for W. Leake, 4to. no date.

† Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares, Jeremie, &c. At London, printed for William Leake, dwelling in Paule's Church-yard, at the sign of the Holy Ghost, 1609, 4to. 46 leaves. Idem (Dodd Ch. Hist.) Doway [no date.] Idem. With some alterations to make it read easy, by the Rev. W. Tooke. (Some of Dr. Watt's short poems are annexed.) Lond. 1772.

Gentlewoman, Mistresse D. A." concluding "your loving friend, R. S." and an address "to the reader," wherein the author states "sith the copies flew so fast, and so false abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it seemed a lesse evill to let it fly to common view in the native plume, and with the owne wings, than disguised in a coat of a bastard feather; or case off from the fist of such a corrector, as might hapily have perished the sound, and imped in some sicke and sory feathers of his own fansies; and concludes "let the worke defend itselfe, and every one passe his censure as he seeth cause. Many carps are expected when curious eyes come a-fishing. But the care is already taken, and patience wayteth at the table, ready to take away, when that dish is served in, and to make roome for others to set on the desired fruit.

R: S."

This work is in prose, and extends to 152 pages.

4. *The triumphs over Death; or a consolatorie Epistle, for afflicted minds, in the effects of dying friends. First written for the consolation of one; but now published for the generall good of all: by R. S. London, Printed for W. Barret.**

This work† has the following dedication:

* The Triumphs over Death, or a consolatorie Epistle, for afflicted minds, in the affects of dying friends. First written for the consolation of one but nowe published for the generall good of all, by R. S. the authour of S. Peter's Complaint, and Mæoniæ his other Hymnes. London, printed by Valentine Simmes for John Busbie, and are to be solde at Nicolas Ling's shop, at the West end of Paule's Church, 1596, 4to. nineteen leaves. First ed. by the same printer in 1595 (Herbert, 1289.)

† This Tract has been since reprinted in Archaica, 1814.

"To the Worshipfull M. Richard Sackvile, Edward Sackvile, Cicilie Sackvile,* the hopeful issues of the honorable Gentleman, Maister Robert Sackvile, Esquire.

" Most lines do not the best conceit containe,
Few words, well-coucht, may comprehend much matter;
Then, as to use the first is counted vaine,
So is't praise-worthy to conceit the latter.
The gravest wits that most grave works expect,
The qualitie, not quantitie respect.

The smallest sparke will cast a burning heate:
Base cottages may harbour things of worth:
Then though this volume is nor gay, nor great,
Which under your protection I set forth,
Do not, with coy disdainefull oversight,
Deny to read this well-meant orphan's mite.

And since his father in his infancie
Provided patrons to protect his heire;
But now by death's none-sparing crueltie,
Is turn'd an orphan to the open ayre;
I, his unworthy foster-sire, have darde
To make you patronizer of this warde.

You, glorying issues of that glorious dame,
Whose life is made the subject of death's will:
To you succeeding hopes of mother's fame,
I dedicate this fruit of SOUTHWELL's quill:
He, for your unkle's comfort first it writ,
I for your consolation, print and send you it.

* "And Ann Sackvile," ed. 1596. These were the issue of Robert Sackvil (who succeeded to the Earldom of Dorset in 1608) by Margaret daughter of Thomas Duke of Norfolk and Margaret his second wife, who was daughter of Thomas Lord Audley of Walden.

Then daine in kindnesse to accept the worke,
Which he in kindnesse writ, I send to you;
The which till now clouded, obscure did lurke:
But now opposed to ech readers view,
May yeeld commodious fruite to everie wight,
That feeles his conscience prickt by Parcæ's spight.
But if in ought I have presumptuous bene,
My pardon-craving pen implores your favour;
If any fault in print be past unseene,
To let it passe, the printer is the craver;
So shall he thanke you; and I, by duty bound,
Pray, that in you may all good gifts abound.

S. W."

A prose address of "the Authour to the Reader," with initials "R. S." then "The Triumphs over Death: or a consolatorie epistle for troubled minds, in the affects of dying friends," also in prose: concluding with four six-line stanzas,* having eight Latin lines as a motto; neither title nor signature.

5. *Short Rules of Good Life by R. S. London, printed for W. Barret.*†

* The information contained in the first stanza will apologize for transcribing.

"Of *Howard's* stemme a glorious branch is dead,
Sweet lights eclipsed were at her decease;
In *Buckehurst* line she gracious issue spread,
She hev'n with two, with four did earth increase:
Fame, honor, grace, gave ayre unto her breath,
Rest, glory, joyes, were sequeles of her death."

† "Rules of a Good Life; with a Letter to his Father." (Dodd's Ch. Hist.) St. Omer's and Doway, [no date.] Southwell also wrote "A Consolation for Catholicks imprisoned on account of Religion." (Dodd's Ch. Hist.) Printed at St. Omer's, n. d. "A Supplication to Queen Elizabeth," (Ib.) Lond. 1593. "Two epistles, to be seen

This is inscribed "to my deare affected friend, M. D. S. gentleman," from "your's in firme affection, R. S." Then "to the Christian reader," six quatrains. "A preparative to prayer," four stanzas. "The effects of Prayer," one stanza. "Ensamples of our Saviour," three stanzas. The remainder is in prose, divided under many different heads, upon religious subjects.

Of the above induction poem, subscribed with the initials S. W. little can be said in commendation. Those initials are conjectured by Mr. Waldron, with much consistent reason, to describe the author's name SOUTH-WELL; they are also affixed to the epistle dedicatory and address to the reader, (both certainly by S.) preceding "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Teares," 1609. In the present instance they have been improperly adopted, as the same lines are inserted in the first edition of the Triumphs over Death 1595, and subscribed "your Worship's humbly devoted, John Trussell." Where they are followed by an acrostic on the author's name, and five octave stanzas to the reader with the same signature. The tenor of the lines does not admit a doubt of the mistake—but, to better matter.—In what a beautiful strain of panegyric are these Triumphs! The pen of the master and the gifts of the Muse flow in unison to delineate the character of the deceased Margaret,* and little has the mould of age affected it.

in Didacus Yepes de Persecut. Angl. (Dodd.) [These are translated and inserted in Bishop Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests, &c." Manchester, 1803.] In "Catal Univ. lib. in Bibl. Bodl." Oxon. 1620, is "R. Southwell's Epistle to his Father."

* Margaret I suppose to have been the Lady Margaret Sackvill,

"She was by birth, second to none, but unto the first of the realme; yet she measured only greatnesse by goodness, making nobilitie but the mirror of vertue, as able to shewe things worthie to be seene, as apt to draw many eies to behold it; shee suted her behaviour to her birth, and enobled her birth with her piety; leaving her house more beholding to her for having honoured it with the glorie of her vertues, than she was to it for the titles of her degree; she was high minded in nothing, but in aspiring to perfection, and in the disdaine of vice; in other things covering her greatnes with humilitie among her inferiors, and shewing it with curtesie amongst her peeres: of the carriage of her selfe, and her sober governement may be sufficient testimony, that envy her self was dumbe in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reprove: the clearnes of her Honor I neede not to mention, she having alwaies armed it with such modestie as taught the most untemperate tongues to be silent in her presence; and answered their eyes with scorn and contempt, that did but seeme to make her an aime to passion; yea, and in this behalfe, as almost in all others, shee hath the most honourable and knowen ladies of the land, so common and knowen witnesses, that those that least loved her religion, were in love

daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Note supr. but the peerage referred to does not give the time of her death. Southwell uses the term "your sister," which I consider a Catholic phrase. It is declared to be written "for the consolation of one," and, perhaps, his "*affected* friend M[aster] D. S. Gent." to whom he addressed his Rules of Good Life, but I do not trace a Sackvill whose Christian name has the initial D.

with her demeanour, delivering their opinions in open praises."—The character is too long to conclude; and sufficient has been given to prove those who "least love the religion," still must admire and praise the author, and regret that neither his simple strains in prose, nor his "polished metre," have yet obtained a collected edition of his works for general readers.*

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LXXXII. *A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets.*

"Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit et alter Apollo."

London: Printed by John Windet. 1595. *4to.* 31 *leaves.*

THESE sonnets are inscribed by Barnabe Barnes to his "very good Lorde, Tobie [Matthews]

* This neglect must rather be attributed to religious prepossession than to poetical disregard, since Bolton had said in his Hypercritica, written about 1616, though not printed till 1722: "Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious poems said to be father SOUTHWELL'S; the English whereof as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them." This recommendation of an old English critic, who had been pronounced judicious and sensible by Mr. Warton, was presented to popular notice in the third volume of his Poetic History, 1781. Mr. Waldron followed up this notice with a reprint of three of Southwell's pieces in 1783. These again appeared in 1787, among the select Beauties of our ancient poetry, so ably edited by Mr. Headley, who proposed to collect and republish the better part of Southwell's poesies on account of that "moral charm, which must prejudice most readers of feeling in favour of their author." And lastly, two of those pieces selected by Mr. Waldron, and two others from Mæoniæ, have been printed in the last edition of Mr. Ellis's Specimens. T. P.

Bishop and Comte Palatine of Duresme and Sadberge." B. Barnes, according to Wood,* was the son of Richard B. bishop of Durham, was born in Yorkshire, about 1569, and at the age of seventeen became a student of Brasen Nose College, Oxford, but left the university without a degree. In 1591 he appears to have accompanied a military expedition to France,† under the Earl of Essex, where (if satiric Nash is to be credited) he acquired no laurels as a warrior. After his return he published "Parthenophil and Parthenope;"‡ a most rare collection of sonnets, madrigals, &c. described by Mr. Beloe in his Anecdotes of Literature, II. 77;§ and he took part with Harvey against Nash, by contributing three sonnets‖ to Pierce's Supererogation, 1593.

* Athen. Oxon. I. 350.

† In the dedication to Bp. Matthews, he also speaks of "this last yeere [1594] in his late travailes had through some partes of *France*," as devoted to the daily, and prescribed task of composing his spiritual poems.

‡ This work is inscribed to "M. William Percy, Esq. his dearest friend:" doubtless the same person who published Sonnets to the fairest Cælia, 1594, and closed them with a madrigal to Parthenophil. See p. 61 of the present volume.

§ The unique copy cited by Mr. Beloe, was obtained by the Bishop of Rochester for a mere trifle; and the copy of Barnes's Spiritual Sonnets now before me, which may also be unique, was obtained from a London bookseller's catalogue, about fifteen years ago, for the sum of six *pence*. Such, however, is now the furor of competition at book-sales, that it might be struggled for at six *pounds*.

‖ One of these, addressed to Harvey, has the signature of Barnabe Barnes, and is dated from his "lodging in Holborne, June 1593." Another, signed Parthenophil, is entitled "Nash, or the confuting gentleman:" and a third, signed Parthenope, is superscribed "Har-

This drew upon him, as was to be expected, the contumelious asperity of Harvey's bitter opponent, in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596: where the following sarcasm on the title-page of the present work occurs. "Of late he (Barnabe of the Barnes) hath set foorth another booke, which he entitles no lesse then *A Divine Centurie of Sonets*: and prefixeth for his posie, *Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit et alter Apollo?* As much to say as, 'Why may not my Muse be as great an Apollo, or god of poetrie, as the proudest of them?'" But it comes as farre

vey, or the sweet doctour:" which, from its incidental mention of contemporary writers, I am induced to extract.

"*Sidney*, sweet cignet, pride of Thamesis,
Apollo's laurel, Mars his proud prowesse;
Bodine, register of realmes happinesse,
Which Italye's and Fraunce's wonder is;
Hatcher, with silence whom I may not misse,
Nor *Lewen*, rhetorique's richest noblesse,
Nor *Wilson*, whose discretion did redresse
Our English barbarisme; adjoyne to this
Divinest morall *Spencer*: let these speake
By their sweet letters, which do best unfould
Harvey's deserved prayse; since my Muse weake,
Cannot relate so much as hath bene tould
By these forenam'd: then vaine it were to bring
New feather to his fame's swift-feathered wing."

See *Restituta*, vol. 1.

Nash has the following gibe at this complimentary tribute, in his "Have with you," &c. a pamphlet that seems to have closed the wordy conflict between himself and Gab. Harvey. "Here is another sonet of his [B. Barnes], which he calls, 'Harvey or the sweet doctour,' consisting of Sidney, Bodine, Hatcher, Lewen, Wilson, Spencer, that all their life time have done nothing but conspire to lawd and honour poet Gabriell! Respond. *Miserum est fuisse felicem.* It is a miserable thing for a man to be said to have had friends, and now to have nere a one left."

short, as Paris-Garden Cut * of the heigth of a cammell, or a cock-boate of a carricke. Such another device it is, as the godly ballet of John Carelesse, or the song of Greene Sleeves† moralized." ‡Wood

* *Cut* seems to have been the cant term for a horse: and the Paris-Garden cut was probably a conjuring pony, or possibly Bankes's horse.

† Mr. Steevens has pointed out a ballad of "*Greene Sleeves moralised* to the Scriptures," as licensed to Edw. White in 1580. See Reed's Shaksp. V. 64.

‡ Nash thus proceeds to lampoon, not only the heroism but the honesty of Barnes:—"For his Cavaliership, it is lewder by nine score times than his poetry, since his doughty service in France five years ago: where having followed the campe for a week or two, and seeing there was no care had of keeping the Queene's peace, but a man might have his braines knockt out, and no justice or constable neere hand to send forth precepts, and make hue and crie after the murdrers; without further tarrying or consultation, to the generall he went and told him he did not like of this quarrelling kinde of life and common occupation of murdring, wherein (without any jurie or triall, or giving them so much leave as to saye their praiers) men were run thorough and had their throats cut, both against God's lawes, her Majestie's lawes, and the lawes of all nations. Wherefore he desir'd license to depart; for he stood everie houre in feare and dread of his person, and it was alwaies his praier—'From suddain death good Lord deliver us!' Upon this motion there were divers warlike knights and principall captaines, who rather than they would be bereaved of his pleasant companie, offered to picke out a strong guard amongst them for the safe engarrisoning and better shielding him from perill. Two stept forth and presented themselves as musketiers before him; a third and fourth, as targatiers behinde him; a fifth and sixt vowd to trie it out at the push of the pike, before the malicious foe should invade him. But home he would (nothing could stay him) to finish 'Parthenophil and Parthenope,' and write in praise of Gabriell Harvey! He was wise; he lov'd no blowes.—One of the best articles against Barnes I have overslipt, which is, that he is in print for a braggart, in that universall applauded Latine poem of Master Campion's, where in an epigram entituled *In*

further records of Barnes, that he published "F Books of Offices,"* in 1606, folio; and the Devil's Charter," a tragedy,† in 1607.‡ One Barnabe Barnes (he adds) of the city of Coventry, died about 1644, but whether this was our author, or what relation to him, he could not tell: nor might an examination of the parish-registers in that city enable us to ascertain; since the latter portion of his life may have been shadowed by a similar obscurity to what has long enveloped his literary remains.

With his Century of devout Sonnets it was my better hap to meet, when I first became

> "Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
> Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time."

Barnum, beginning thus, *Morlales decem tela inter Gallica cæsus*, he shewes how he brag'd, when he was in France he slew ten men; when (fearfull cowhaby) he never heard piece shot off, but he fell flat on his face. To this effect it is, though the words somewhat varie.

"What his Souldership is, I cannot judge: but if you have ever a Chaine for him to runne awaye with, as he did with a nobleman's steward's chayne, at his Lord's installing at Windsore, he is for you."

* Wood has not specified whether this was a translation from Cicero *De Officiis*.

† This tragedy, says Mr. Reed, contains the life and death of that most execrable of all human beings, pope Alexander the Sixth; in whose history the author has very closely followed Guicciardini, and seems also to have formed this play in some measure after the model of Pericles Prince of Tyre. For as the author of that piece raises up Gower, an old English bard, to be his interlocutor; so has Barnes revived Guicciardini for the very same purpose. Biogr. Dram. II. 85.

‡ Ritson has noticed some of Barnes's scattered reliques in his Bibliogr. Poetica, p. 125.

They possess a few of the beauties and many of the defects which marked the vernacular poetry of his age, when scholars, courtiers, and soldiers, scribbled "unpremeditated verse." The quatorzains of Barnes however, were not unstudied effusions. They are written with a laborious adherence to the recurring *rima* of the Italian *sonetto;* a custom by many English poets "more honoured in the breach than the observance:" and they are frequently written also with an attention to what Mr. Warton truly considered as a beauty,—the continuance of the sense beyond the termination of the line. But diversified epithets or concrete appellatives are continually substituted for figurative language, and sentences are not unfrequently tortured into a forced construction, which borders on the Della Cruscan subterfuge of attracting by a glitter of words rather than thoughts. I proceed to select a few specimens that are least obnoxious to such censures. The object and tenour of these poetic aspirations cannot be regarded without respectful approval.

SON: XXIII.

"Father of pietie! by this we know
The glories greater of thy gracious love,
Than of desires which carnal fancies move:
For if we praise a mortall shape below,
By flattery their divinities we show,
Comparing them their perfectnesse above:
Their cheekes to roses, their neckes white to dove,
Their eyes to starres from whence all fortunes flow,
Their eyes' effects to the meridian sunne,
Their modest thoughts to the colde virgine moone.—

Oh fooles, fooles ignorant; when this is done,
We know we flatter them:—then Muses, soone
Why turne you not your numbers musicall
To GOD, above man's praise, which ruleth all!"

SON. LXX.

"Unto my spirite lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest,
Where Paradice may me relieve, opprest:
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
Thy praise, my comfort; and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soule distrest,
Thy grace unto my wits;* then shall the sling
Of righteousnesse that monster Sathan kill,
Who with dispaire my deare salvation dared,
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soule: for heaven prepared,
At length I like an angel shall appeare,
In spotlesse white, an angel's crown to weare."

SON. LXXII.

"The sunne of our soule's light thee would I call;
But for our light thou didst the bright sunne make;
Nor reason that thy Majestie should take
Thy chiefest subjects epithetes at all.
Our chief direction's starre celestiall
(But that the starres for our direction's sake
Thou fixed, and canst at thy pleasure shake)
I would thee name. The rocke substantiall
Of our assurance, I would tearme thy name;
But that all rockes by thy commaund were made.

* *Wits* are here used for *powers of mind* or *understanding*.

If King of kings thy majestie became,
Monarch of monarchs, I thee would have said;
But thou gives kingdomes and makes crownes un-
By these I know thy name ineffable!" [stable:

This Centenary of Sonnets is succeeded by a "Hymne to the glorious honour of the most blessed and indivisible Trinitie," which closes thus:

"Vouchsafe, oh you perpetuall highest Powers,
Of equall vertues, yet in number odde,
These simple fruites of my repentant houres;
And, with your grace's showers,
The temper of my feeble wittes renewe,
To prosper, cherish'd with celestiall dewe."

Then "a table to find out any sonnet herein alphabetically," and after a neatly cut device* of the printer, the following colophon:—"London, printed by John Windet, dwelling at Powles Wharfe at the signe of the Crosse Keyes, and are there to be soulde. 1595." The volume is handsomely printed in the Italic letter, with borders round each page.

T. P.

* It may not perhaps be undesirable for Mr. Dibdin to know, that this differs altogether from the device of Windet described by Herbert, p. 1223; and consists of an aged man receiving from the clouds a book in his right hand and a wheat sheaf in his left, encompassed by a motto 'Thou shalt labor for Peace and Plentie:' the latter words being stamped on two labels, rising from the beaks of two birds, within an oval; and allusive to the gifts descending from above.

Art. LXXXIII. *Old Madrigals.*

i *

" Ev'ry singing bird that in the wood rejoyces,
and assist me with your charming voices;
Zephirus come too; and make the leaves and fountains,
Gently to send a whispring sound unto the mountains;
And from thence pleasant Eccho, sweetly replying,
Stay here playing where my Phillis now is lying;
And louely Graces, with wanton satyres come and play,
Dancing and singing, a hornepype or a rundelay.

ij †

This sweet and merry month of May,
While nature wantons in her pryme,
And birds do sing and beasts do play,
For pleasure of the ioyfull time,
I choose the first for holy daie,
And greet Eliza with a ryme;
O beauteous Queene of second Troy,
Take well in worth a simple toy.

* " *Superius. The first sett, of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie but after the affection of the Noate. By Thomas Watson, Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent Madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine, at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Byrd, and are to be sold at the house of the sayd T. Este, being in Aldersgate-street, at the signe of the Black Horse,* 1590. *Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.*" 4to. Has two pieces of Latin poetry prefixed, to Luca Marentio and the Earl of Essex, by Watson. Twenty-eight songs; not in Herbert.

† By Byrd, who set the same words for four and six voices, as " two excellent madrigals."

iij.

When all alone my bony loue was playing,
And I saw Phœbus stand at a gaze staying;
Alas, I fear'd there would be some betraying.

iiij.

How long with vaine complayning;
How long with dreary teares and joyes refraining:
Shall we renewe his dying,
Whose happy soull is flying;
Not in a place of sadness,
But of eternall gladnes; [weeping
Sweet Sydney* liues in heau'n, O! therefore let our
Be turn'd to hymns and songs of plesant greeting.

v.

All yee that joy in wayling,
Come seat your selues a-rowe and weepe beside me;
That while my life is fayling,
The world may see in loue what ill hety'd me;
And after death doe this in my behoue,
Tell Cressed Troyilus is dead for loue.

---

vj.†

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing; Fa la la,
Each with his bonny lasse,
Upon the greeny grasse. Fa la la.

The spring clad all in gladnesse
Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse;

* Sir Philip Sydney died 16th of October 1586.

† "*Canzonets of T. Morley the first booke of ballets to fiue voyces.*" Device, &c. same as Quintus. Herbett, 1619. Contains twenty-one songs.

And to the bagpipes sound,
The nimphs tread out their ground.

Fye then, why sit wee musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing;
Say daintie Nimphs and speake,
Shall wee play barly-breake ?*

vij.

Sing wee and chaunt it,
While loue doth grant it; Fa la la.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth;
Now is best leysure,
To take our pleasure. Fa la la.

All things inuite vs,
Now to delight vs.
Hence care be packing,
No mirth bee lacking;
Let spare no treasure
To liue in pleasure.

viij.

You that wont to my pipes sound,
Daintily to tread the ground,
Jolly shepherds and nymphs sweet! Lirum lirum.

* "A game generally played by young people in a corn-yard. One stack is fixed on as the *dule* or goal; and one person is appointed to catch the rest of the company, who run out from the dule. He does not leave it till they are all out of his sight. Then he sets off to catch them. Any one, who is taken, cannot run out again with his former associates, being accounted a prisoner; but is obliged to assist his captor in pursuing the rest. When all are taken, the game is finished; and he who was first taken is bound to act as catcher in the next game."—*Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of Scottish Language*, 1808.

Here met together
Vnder the weather, [Lirum lirum.
Hand in hand uniting, the lovely god come greet.
Lo triumphing brave comes hee
All in pomp and majesty,
Monarch of the world and king;
Let who so list him,
Dare to resist him,
We, our voice uniting, of his high acts will sing.

viiij.

About the May-pole new with glee and merriment,
While as the bag pipe tooted it,
Thirsis and Cloe fine together footed it; Fa la la.
And to the wanton instrument,
Still they went too and fro, and finely flaunted it,
And then both met again, and thus they chaunted it;
Fa la la.

The shepherds and nimphs them round enclosed had,
Wond'ring with what facility
About they turn'd them in sueh strange agility;
And still when they unlosed had,
With words full of delight they gently kissed them,
And thus sweetly to sing they never missed them.

---

x.*

Fly if thou be flying,
Foe to my heart most wrathfull,
Which more and more grows faithfull;

* "*Musica Transalpina, Cantvs. The seconde booke of Madrigalles, to 5 & 6 voices: translated out of sundrie Italian authors, & newly published by Nicholas Yonge. At London, printed by Thomas Este,* 1597, 4to. Dedicated "to the right worshipfull and true louer of musicke, Syr Henry Lennard, Knight." Contains twenty-four songs Only the *first* book noticed by Herbert, 1017.

Desire pursues the crying,
To tell thee of his torment and of my dying;
But if my heart's desire be not with grief confounded,
I hope by love to see thee caught or wounded.

xj.

Brown is my love, but graceful! and each renowned whiteness
Matcht with thy lovely brown, looseth his brightness.
Fair is my love, but scornfull! yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lillies, and sad flowers well prised.

xij.

The wine that I so dearly got,
Sweetly sipping, mine eyes hath bleared;
And the more I am bar'd the pot,
The more to drink my thirst is steered;
But since thereby my heart is cheered,
Maugre ill luck and spiteful slanders,
Mine eyes shall not be my commanders,
For I maintain, and ever shall,
Better the windows bide the dangers,
Then to spoil both the house and all.

xiij.

So saith my fair and beautiful Licoris, when now and then she talketh
With me of love; love is a sprite that walketh,
That soars and flies, and none alive can hold him,
Nor touch him, nor behold him;
Yet when her eyes she turneth,
I spy where he sojourneth;
In her eyes, there he flies;
But none can touch him,
Till on her lips he couch him;
But none can catch him;
Till from her lips he fetch him.

xiiij.*

Ay mee, can every rumour
Thus start my lady's humour?
Name ye some gallant too her,
Why straight forsooth I woo her;
Then bursts she forth in passion,
You men love but for fashion;
Yet, sure I am that no man
Ever so loved woman:
Yet, alas, love be wary,
For women be contrary!

xx.

Dear pity how, ah how, would'st thou become her?
That best becometh, beauty best attiring!
Shall my desert deserve no favour from her?
But still to waste myself in deep admiring,
Like him that calls to Eccho to relieve him;
Still tells and hears the tale, O tale! that grieves him!

xxj.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting.
When clad in damaske mantells deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet loue harbours,
My eies presents me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

xvij.

I soung sometimes my thoughts' and fancies' pleasure,
Where then I list, or time seru'd best, and leasure,
While Daphne did inuite me
To supper once, and drank to mee to spite mee;

* "*Canzoi, the first set of English Madrigals to* 3, 4, 5, *and* 6 *voices. Newly composed by Iohn Wilbye at London, printed by Thomas Este*, 1598." 4*to.* contains thirty songs, "Tenor" the same.

I smil'd yet still did doubt her,
And drank where she had drank before to flout her.
But, O! while I did eye her,
Mine eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fire.

---

xviij.*

So light is loue in matchles beautie shining,
When she reuisits Cypris' hallowed bowers;
Two feeble doues, harnest in silken twining,
Can draw her chariot midst the Paphian flowers;
Lightnesse to loue, how ill it fittith?
So heauy on my heart she sitteth.

xviiij.

There is a iewell which no Indian mines can buy,
No chymick art can counterfait;
It makes men rich in greatest pouertie;
Makes water wine, turnes wooden cups to gold;
The homely whistle to sweet musick's strain;
Seldome it comes, to few from heauen sent,
That much in little, all in naught, Content.

xx.

Change me, O heauens! into the ruby stone,
That on my loue's fair locks doth hang in gold;
Yet leaue me speech to her to make my moane,
And guie me eies her beauties to behold.
Or if thou wilt not make my flesh a stone,
Make her hard heart seem flesh that now seems none.

* "*Cantvs. The second set of Madrigales to 3, 4, 5, and 6 parts, apt both for Voyals and Voyces. Newly composed by Iohn Wilbye*, 1609. *London, printed by Tho. Este, alias Snodham, for Iohn Browne, and are to be sould at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet.*" 4to. Dedicated to "the most noble and vertuous Lady the Lady Arbella Stuart," contains thirty-four songs.

xxi.

Loue not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face;
Nor for any outward part,
No nor for my constant heart;
For those may faile or turne to ill,
So thou and I shall seuer;
Keepe therefore a true woman's eye,
And loue me still, but know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still,
To dote vpon me euer.

xxij.

Happy, oh happy he, who not affecting
The endlesse toyles attending worldly cares,
With mind repos'd, all discontents reiecting,
In silent peace his way to heauen prepares;
Deeming this life a scene, this world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

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xxiij.*

With angel's face and brightnesse, [tripped,
And orient hew faire Oriana shining, with nimble foote she
O're hills and mountaines, at last in dale she rested;

* "*Cantvs. Madrigales. The triumphes of Oriana; to* 5, *and* 6 *voices: composed by diuers seuerall aucthors. Newly published by Thomas Morley, Batcheler of Musick, and one of the gentlemen of hir Maiesties honorable Chappell,* 1601, *In London printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley. Cum. &c. 4to.*" Dedicated "to the Right Honorable the Lord Charles Howard, Earle of Notingham, Baron of Effingham—" Contains twenty-five songs, the composition of twenty-four several musicians, to commemorate the beauty and virginity of Oriana, *als.* Queen Elizabeth, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

And heauenly things, by course of kind,
Both liue and loue desire to find.

xxviij.

Retire my thoughts vnto your rest againe,
Your proffred seruice may incur disdaine;
The dice is cast, and if the gamsters please,
I'll take my chaunce, and rest myself at ease.

xxx.

Those spots vpon my ladyes face apeering,
The one of black, the other bright carnation,
Are like the mulberries in dainty gardens growing,
Where growes delight and pleasure of each facion;
They grow so high, and warily kept from mee,
Which makes mee sing, aye me, 'twill neuer bee!

---

xxxi.*

To shorten winter's sadnesse,
See where the nimphs with gladnesse, Fa la la.
Disguised all are comming,
Right wantonly a mumming. Fa la la.

xxxij.

Whilst youthfull sports are lasting,
To feasting turn our fasting; Fa la la.
With reuels and with wassals,
Make grief and care our vassals; Fa la la.

* *Cantvs. Ballets and Madrigals to fiue voyces, with one to 6 voyces; newly published by Thomas Weelkes, at London, printed by Thomas Este*, 1598." 4to. Dedicated "to the Right Worshipfull his Maister Edward Darcye, Esquier, Groome of hir Maiestie's Priuie Chamber." Contains twenty-four songs. "Tenor" of same pieces "*In London, printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Barley*, 1608."

For youth it well beseemeth,
That pleasure he esteemeth;
And sullen age is hated,
That mirth would haue abated.

xxxiij.

Sing shepherds after mee,
Our hearts do neuer disagree; Fa la la.
No war can spoile vs of our store,
Our welth is ease, we wish no more;
Black are our lookes, we goe not braue,
A merry heart is all we haue.

xxxiiij.

I loue, and haue my loue regarded,
And sport with sport as well rewarded, Fa la la.
Which makes me laugh when others weep,
And play with loue when others sleep. Fa la la.

---

xxxv.*

Cold winter's ice is fled and gone,
And sommer brages on eu'ry tree;
The red-breast peepes amidst the throng,
Of wood-borne birds that wanton bee;
Each one forgets what they haue beene,
And so doth Phillis, sommer's queene!

xxxvj. *(First part.)*

Why are you ladies staying,
And your lords gone a Maying;

* "*Canto. Madrigals of 5, and 6 parts, apt for the viols and voices. Made and newly published by Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Winchester; Organist, At London printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley*, 1600. 4to. Dedicated "to the trvely noble, vertuous, and honorable, my very good Lord Henry Lord Winsor, Baron of Bradenham." Contains ten songs.

Runne apace and meete them;
And with your garlands greete them;
'Twere pittie they should misse you,
For they will sweetly kisse you!

(Second part.)

Harke, harke, I heare [the dauncing]
And a nimble morris prauncing;
The bagpipe and the morris bells,
That they are not farre hence vs tells;
Come let vs all goe thether,
And daunce like friends together.*

xxxvij.

Lady the birds right fairely,
Are singing euer rarely;
The larke, the thrush, the nightingale,
The make sport cuckow, and the quaile;
These sing of loue, then why sleepe yee?
To loue your sleepe it may not be!

* The bagpipe must be considered as only provincially attached to the Morice-dance. Of its musical estimation in the time of the author there is proof in Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, where the servant, announcing the arrival of Autolicus, says, "If you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you."—The above lines are too modern to appear like an authority, or "the daunce like friends together" might supply an idea of the undescribed characters which appear in Mr. Tollett's window, and also in the Flemish print given by Mr. Douce. Upon this subject I shall take the liberty of noticing a slight recollection, (but which I consider may be depended on), of having heard at a juvenile period, when such trifles make lasting impressions, an old maudlin ditty, containing in one part the following words;

"I am a Morice-dancer,
And have a tongue within my teeth
To give the folks an answer."

xxxviij.* *(First part.)*

Thule, the period of cosmographie
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier;
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry.

(Second part.)

The Andelusian merchant that returnes,
Laden with Cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo burnes,
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes;
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry.

xxxviiij.

A sparow hauke proud did hold in wicked iayle,
Musicke's sweet chorister the nightingale,
To whom with sighes she said, oh set me free,
And in my song, I'll praise no bird but thee;
The hauke replide, I will not loose my dyet,
To let a thousand such enioy their quiet.

xl.

Mars in a furie gainst loue's brightest queene,
Put on his healme and toke him to his launce;
And marching to the mount this warrior was seene,
And there his ensigns did the god aduance;
And by heauen's greatest gates, hee stoutly swore,
Venus should dye, for shee had wrong'd him sore."

J. H.

† "*Canto. Madrigals of six parts, apt.*" &c. (ut sup.) Conclusion of the last, dedicated "to the right noble minded, and most vertuous gentleman, Maister George Brooke, Esquier." Contains ten songs. Neither of Weelkes's publications are noticed by Herbert.

Art. LXXXIV. *Old Madrigals.*

i.*

O stay faire cruell, doe not still torment mee
With frownes, disgraces, and disdainfull deeds,
When euery eye with pittie doth lament mee,
That viewes my face and my misfortune reads;
Oh bee not so hard harted still,
Your glorie's greater for to spare then spill.

ij.

My hope a counsell with my loue, hath long desired to bee,
And maruels much so deere a friend, is not retayn'd by mee;
She doth condemne my foolish hast in passing the estate
Of my whole lyfe into your hands, who nought payes for't but hate;
And not suffic'd with this, she sayes I dyd release the right
Of my enjoyed liberties, vnto your beauteous sight.

iij.

Pittie deere loue my pittie mouing words,
Fetch'd from the depth of griefe and sad lament,
Whose thoughts before they speak, no hope affords,
Sauing that thus you know my discontent.

iiij.

Sweet loue I erre, and doe my error know,
As he that burnes, and nourisheth the fire;
My griefe doth waxe and reason lesse doth grow,
Yet want I power to bridle my desire;

* *Tenor. Madrigales to 3. 4. and 5. parts: apt for Viols and voices. Newly composed by Michaell Este.* 1604. *In London printed by Thomas Este.* Dedicated to Sir Iohn Crofts, Knight, and divided in three portions of eight each for three, four, and five voices.

Content is dead, my ioyes are all distressed;
Aye thus it is to be with loue oppressed.

v.

In vaine my tongue thou begst to ease my care,
In vaine mine eies you gase, or looke for aide,
In vaine my eares you listen after aire,
In vaine my thoughts you thinke what hath beene said;
In vaine my hope when truth is not rewarded;
In vaine my faith serues where 'tis not regarded.

vj. (First part.)

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast is but a dish of paine,
My crop of corne is but a feeld of tares,
And all my good is but vaine hope of gaine:
Vaine hope of gaine and yet I saw no sunne,
And now I liue and now my lyfe is done.

vij. (Second part.)

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead and yet the leaues bee greene;
My youth is gone and yet I am but young,
I saw the world and yet I was not seene.
I was not seene and yet it is not spunne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

viij. (First part.)

Slie theefe, if so you will me beleeue,
It nought or little did mee grieue,
That my true hart you had bereft,
Till that vnkindely you it left;
Leauing you loose, loosing you kill,
That which I may forgoe so ill.

viij. (Second part.)

What thing more cruell can you doe,
Then rob a man and kill him to;

Wherefore of loue I aske this meede;
To bring you where you did this deede;
That there you may for your amisses,
Be dammag'd in a thousand kisses.

x.

Yee restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my ioyes in foulds of endlesse woes,
Tire on my hart, and wound it with your spight,
Since loue and fortune proues my equall foes;
Farewell my hopes! farewell my happie daies!
Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

ij. *

O that the learned poets of this time,
Who in a loue-sicke line so well can speake,
Would not consume good wit in hatefull rime,
But with deepe care some better subiect finde:
For if their musicke please in earthly things,
How would it sound if strung with heauenly strings?

xij. (First.)

I waigh not fortune's frowne nor smile,
I ioy not much on earthly ioyes;
I seeke not state, I reake not still,
I am not fond of fancies toyes;
I am so pleas'd with what I haue,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

xiij. (Second).

I tremble not at noyse of warre,
I quake not at the thunder's cracke,

* *Tenor. The first set of Madrigals and Motiets of 5 parts: apt for Viols and Voyces. Newly composed by Orlando Gibbons, Batcheler of Musicke, and organist of his Maiestie's honourable chappell in Ordinarie. London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, the assigne of W. Barley,* 1612. Dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, Knt. and contains twenty Songs.

I shrinke not at a blazing starre,
I sound not at the news of wracke;
I feare no losse, I hope no gaine,
I enuy none, I none dis-daine.

xiiij. (Third.)

I see ambition neuer pleas'de,
I see some Tantals starue in store,
I see golds-dropsie seldome eas'd,
I see each Midas gape for more;
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Inough's a feast, content is crown'd.

xv. (Fourth.)

I faine not friendship where I hate,
I fawne not on the great for grace,
I prise, I praise a meane estate,
Ne yet too loftie, nor to base.
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content and conscience cleere.

xvj.

Lais now old, that erst attempting lasse,
To goddesse Venus consecrates her glasse;
For shee her selfe hath now no vse of one,
No dimpled cheekes hath shee to gaze vpon;
Shee cannot see her spring-time damaske grace,
Nor dare shee looke vpon her winter face.

xvij.

What is our life? a play of passion,
Our mirth the musicke of diuision;
Our mother's wombes the tyring houses be,
Where we are drest for this short comedy;
[While thereon prying the] spectator is
That sits and markes still who doth act amisse;

Our graues that hide vs from the searching sunne,
Are like drawne curtaynes, when the play is done;
Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
Onely we dye in earnest——that's no iest.

xviij.

Faire is the rose, yet fades with heat or colde,
Sweet are the violets, yet soone grow old;
The lilly's white, yet in one day 'tis done,
So white so sweet was my faire mistris face,
Yet alter'd quite in one short houre's space;
So short liu'd beautie a vaine glosse doth borrow,
Breathing delight to day, but none to morrow.

xviiij. (First.)

Nay let me weepe, though others' teares be spent,
Though all eyes dryed be let mine be wet;
Vnto thy graue i'le pay this yeerely rent,
Thy liuelesse coarse demands of me this debt;
I owe more teares than euer coarse did craue,
I'le pay more teares than ere was payd to graue.

xx. (Second.)

Nere let the sunne with his deceiuing light,
Seeke to make glad these watry eyes of mine;
My sorrow sutes with melancholy night,
I ioy in dole, in languishment I pine;
My deerest friend is set, he was my sun,
With whom my mirth, my ioy, and all is done.

xxj. (Third.)

Yet if that age had frosted ore his head,
Or if his face had furrow'd been with yeeres;
I would not so bemone that he is dead,
I might haue beene more niggard of my teares;
But O the sunne new rose is gone to bed,
And lillies in their spring-time hang their head.

xxij.

Trust not too much faire youth vnto thy feature,
Be not enamor'd of the blushing hew;
Be gamesome whilst thou art a goodly creature,
[Though faire the flowers] in thy garden grew,
Sweet violets are gathered in their spring,
While primit fals withouten pittying.

xxiij.* (First.)

Of ioyes, and pleasing paines, I late went singing;
O ioyes with paines, O paines with ioyes consenting;
And little thought as then of now repenting;
But now think of my then sweet bitter stinging,
All day long, I my hands, alas, goe wringing;
The balefull notes, of which my sad tormenting,
Are ruth, and moone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting,
From hills and dales in my dull eares still ringing.

xxiiij. (Second.)

My throte is sore, my voice is hoarse with shriking,
My rests are sighes deep from the hart root fetched;
My song runnes all on sharps, and with oft striking
Time on my brest, I shrink with hands outstretched;
Thus still I sing and ne'er am linning;
For still the close points to my first beginning.

xxv.

Lady, your words doe spite mee,
Yet your sweet lips so soft kisse & delight mee;
Your deeds my hart surcharg'd with ouerioying
Your taunts my life destroying;
Since both haue force to spill me,
Let kisses sweet [one] kill mee;
Knights fight with swords and launces;
Fight you with smiling glaunces;

* Further selection from Wilbye's Madrigals, 1598.

So like swans of Leander,
My ghost from hence shall wander,
Singing and dying.

xxvj.

Sweet hart, arise why doe you sleepe,
When louers wanton sports doe keepe;
The sunne doth shine, the birdes doe sing,
And May delight and ioy doth bring;
Then ioyne we hands and daunce till night,
'Tis pittie loue should want his right.

xxvij.

Welcome sweet pleasure, my wealth & treasure,
To haste our playing,
There's no delaying, no, no,
This mirth delights mee, when sorrow frights mee;
Then sing we all fal la.
Sorrow content thee, mirth must preuent thee,
Though much thou greeuest,
Thou none releeuest, no, no,
Joy come delight mee, though sorrow spight mee.
Griefe is disdainfull, sottish and painfull,
Then wait on pleasure,
And loose no leisure, no, no,
Hart's ease it lendeth, and comfort sendeth.

xxviij.

Ladie, your eie my loue enforced,
And your proud looke my hart deuorced,
That now I laugh, and now I cry,
And thus I sing, before I die; fa la la.

xxviij.

Now is my Cloris fresh as May,
All clad in greene and flowers gay;

* From Weelkes's Collection, 1608.

Oh might I thinck August were neer,
The haruest ioy might soone appeere; fa la la.
But shee keeps May throughout the yeere;
And August neuer comes the neere;
Yet will I hope though shee be May,
August will come another day; fa la la.

XXX.

Say daintie dames shall we goe play,
And run among the flowers gay; fa, la la
About the vallies, & hie hills,
Which Flora with her glory fils; fa la la?
The gentle hart will soone be won,
To daunce and sport till day be done. Fa la la."

J. H.

Tenor. Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into musicke of fiue parts: whereof, some of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, and heere truely corrected, and th' other being Songs very rare and newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musicke. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queene's Maiestie's Royall Chappell. [Crest of Sir christopher Hatton. Herbert, 1021.] *Printed at London by Thomas Este, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, ouer against the signe of the George.* 4to. n. d. Licensed conditionally, 1587.

At the back of the title are eight "reasons briefely set downe by th' author, to perswade euery one to learne to sing." Dedicated "to the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, Lord Chancellor of England;" wherein it is stated to be the author's

first printed work in English.—"I hoped that, by this occasion, these poore songs of mine might happeley yeeld some sweetness, repose, and recreation vnto your Lordship's mind, after your dayly paines & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common Wealth."

"Benigne reader, (saith the epistle) heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, musicke of sundrie sorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou bee disposed to pray, heere are psalmes. If to bee merrie, heere are sonets. If to lament for thy sins, heere are songs of sadnesse and pietie. If thou delight in musicke of great compasse, heere are diuers songs, which beeing originally made for instruments to expresse the harmony, and one voyce to pronounce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to sing the same. If thou desire songs of smal compasse and fit for the reach of most voyces, heere are most in number of that sort. (Subscribed) the most assured friend to all that loue or learne musicke. William Byrd."*

The first ten pieces are psalmes, some of them selected from the common version; then "followeth the sonets and pastorales." From this division the following pieces are peculiarly interesting to the admirers of the early poets.

1. "I joy not in no earthly blisse,
I force not Cressus welth a straw;
For care I know not what it is,
I feare not Fortune's fatall law.

* For an account of this composer see Hawkins's History of Musick, Vol. III. p. 283.

My minde is such as may not moue
For beautie bright, nor force of loue.

2. I wish but what I haue at will,
I wander not to seeke for more,
I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
In greatest stormes I sit on shore;
And laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
To get what must bee lost againe.

3. I kisse not where I wish to kill,
I faine not loue where most I hate:
I breake no sleepe to winne my will,
I waite not at the mightie's gate;
I scorne no poore, nor feare no rich,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4. The court nor cart I like nor loath,
Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane, betweene them both,
Doth surest sit and feare no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like the quiet minde."

---

1. "My minde to me a kingdome is,*
Such perfect joy therein I find;
That it excels all other blisse,
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most wold haue,
Yet still my minde forbids to craue.

2. No princely port nor welthie store,
No force to winne a victorie,

* Dr. Percy has printed this and the preceding stanzas as one piece in the first volume of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, with "some improvements and an additional stanza."

No wyly wit to salue a sore,
No shape to winne a louing eye:
To none of these I yeld as thrall,
For why my minde despise them all.

3. I see that plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall,
I see that such as are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toyle and keepe with feare,
Such cares my minde can neuer beare.

4. I presse to beare no haughtie sway,
I wish no more then may suffice;
I doe no more then well I may,
Looke, what I want my minde supplies;
Loe thus I triumph like a king,
My minde content with any thing.

5. I laugh not at another's losse,
Nor grudge not at another's gaine:
No wordly waues my minde can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane;
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not lyfe, nor dread mine end.

6. My wealth is health and perfect ease,
And conscience cleere my chief defence;
I neuer seeke by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to giue offence;
Thus doe I liue, thus will I dye,
Would all did so well as I."

---

1. "Wher fancie fond for pleasure pleads,
And reason keeps poore hope in iayle;

Ther time it is to take my beads,
And pray, that beautie may preualle;
Or else dispaire will win the field,
Wher reason, hope, and pleasure yeeld.

2. My eyes presume to iudge this case,
Whose iudgement reason doth disdaine;
But beautie with her wanton face,
Stands to defend, the case is plaine;
And at the barre of sweet delight,
She pleads that fancie must be right.

3. But shame will not haue reason yeeld,
Though griefe do sweare it shall be so;
As though it were a perfect shield,
To blush and feare to tell my woe;
Where silence force will at the last
To wish for wit when hope is past.

4. So farre hath fond desire outrunne
The bond which reason set out first;
That where delight the fray begun,
I would now say, if that I durst,
That in her steed ten thousand woes,
Haue sprong in field where pleasure growes.

5. O that I might declare the rest,
Of all the toeis which fancie turnes:
Like towres of winde within my brest,
Where fire is hid that neuer burnes,
Then should I try one of the twaine,
Either to loue, or to disdaine.

6. But since conceit dares not declare
The strange conflict of hope and feare;
Least reason should be left so bare,
That loue durst whisper in mine ear;

And tell me how my fancie shall,
Bring reason to be beautie's thrall.

7. I must therefore with silence build,
The laborinth of my delight;
Till loue haue try'd in open field,
Which of the twaine shall win the fight:
I feare mee reason must giue place,
If fancie fond win beautie's grace."

---

1. " O you that heare this voice,
O you that see this face;
Say, whether of this choice,
May haue the former place;
Who dare iudge this debate,
That it bee voide of hate.

2. This side doth beautie take,
For that doth musicke speak;
Fit orators to make
The strongest iudgements weak,
The bar to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

3. Thus doth the voyce and face,
These gentle lawiers wage;
Like louing brothers cast,
For father's heritage;
That each, while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

4. For beautie beutifies,
With heauenly hew and grace;
The heauenly harmonies,
And in that faultlesse face,

The perfect beauties bee,
A perfect harmonie.

5. Musicke more loftie swells,
In phrases finely plac'd;
Beautie as farre excells,
In action aptly grac'd;
A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause.

6. Loue more affected seemes,
To beautie's louely light;
And wonder more esteemes,
Of musick's wond'rous might;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

7. Musicke doth witnesse call,
The eare his truth doth trye;
Beautie brings to the hall
Eye witnesse of the eye:
Each in his obiect such,
As none exceptions touch.

8. The common sense which might,
Bee arbiter of this,
To bee forsooth vpright,
To both sides parciall is:
Hee layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

9. Then Reason, princesse hie,
Which sits in throne of minde;
And Musicke can in skye,
With hidden beauties finde:

Say, whether thou wilt crowne,
With limit lesse renowne."

---

1. "If women could be faire, and neuer fond,
Or that their beauties might continue still;
I would not meruaile though they made men bond,
By seruice long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how fraile these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so farre,

2. To marke what choise they make, and how they change;
How leuing best the worst they chose out stil:
And how, like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reason to follow will:
Who would not shake such bussards from the fist;
And let them flie (faire fooles) which way they list.

3. Yet for our sport, wee fawne and flatter both,
To passe the time, when nothing else can please;
And train them on to yeeld by subtill oath,
The sweet content, that giues such humor ease;
And then wee say, when wee their follies trie,
To play with fooles, oh, what a foole was I."

---

1. "What pleasure haue great princes,
More daintie to their choice,
Than heardmen wild, who careless
In quiet life reioyce;
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet, in summer morning.

2. Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
Are void of all disceit;
They neuer know how spightfull
It is to kneele and waite,

On fauorite presumptious,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptious.

3. All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

4. For lawiers and their pleading,
Th' esteeme it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of it selfe a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainley,
They spend no mony vainely.

5. O happie who thus liueth,
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing which suffiseth,
To keepe him from the cold;
Though poore and plain his diet,
Yet merie it is and quiet."

"In fields abroad wher trumpets shrill doe sound,
Wher glaues and shields do giue and take the knocks;
Wher bodies dead do ouerspred the ground,
And friend to foes are common butcher's blocks;
A gallant shot well managing his peece,
In my conceit, deserues a golden fleece."

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1. "Farewell false loue the oracle of lies,
A mortall foe and enimie to rest;

An enuious boye, from whom all cares arise,
A bastard vile, a beast with rage possest:
A way of error, a temple full of treason,
In all effects, contrarie vnto reason.

2. A poisoned serpent couered all with flowers,
Mother of sighes, and murtherer of repose;
A sea of sorows from whence are drawen such flowers,
As moisture lend to euery griefe that growes;
A schole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke that holds a poisoned baite.

3. A fortresse foyl'd which reason dyd defend,
A syren song, a feauer of the minde,
A maze wherein affection findes no ende,
A raging cloud that runnes before the winde;
A substance like the shadow of the sunne,
A goale of griefe, for which the wisest runne.

4. A quenchlesse fire, a nurse of trembling feare,
A path that leades to perill and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and dispaire,
An idle boy that sleepes in pleasure's lap:
A deepe mistrust of that which certain seemes,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deemes."

---

1. "The match that's made for iust & true respects,
With euennes both of yeers and parentage,
Of force must bring foorth many good effects.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

2. For where chast loue and liking sets the plant,
And concord waters with a firme good will,
Of no good thing ther can be any want.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3. Sound is the knot that chastitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the musicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the store that plenty doth prouide.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus

4. Where chastnesse fayles, ther concord will decay,
Wher concord fleets, ther plentie will decrease,
Wher plentie wants, ther loue will weare away.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

5. I, chastitie, restraine all strange desires,
I, concord, keep the course of sound consent,
I, plentie, spare, and spend as cause requires.

Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6. Make much of vs, all yee that married bee,
Speake well of vs, all yee that minde to bee,
The time may come, to want and wish all three,

Pari iugo dulcis tractus."

Of the songs of sadness and piety, a specimen may be found in the present volume, p. 187-9. The whole number is thirty-five, of which the last two are "the funerall songs" of Sir Philip Sidney.

J. H.

From "Bateson's English Madrigals." 1604.

"Your shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily-rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot chuse but like them well:
But when for them they say they'll die.
Believe them not, they do but lie."

"If Love be blind, how hath he then the sight
With beauty's beams my careless heart to wound?
Or if a boy, how hath he then the might
The mightiest conquerors to bring to ground?

O no, he is not blind, but I that led
My thoughts the ways that bring to restless fears;
Nor yet a boy, but *I* that live in dread,
Mixed with hope, and seek for joy in tears."

"Who prostrate lies at women's feet,
And calls them darlings, dear and sweet;
Protesting love, and craving grace,
And praising oft a foolish face;
Are oftentimes deceived at last;
They catch at nought, and hold it fast."

From "An Howre's Recreation in Musicke, by Rich. Alison." 1606.

"O heavy heart, whose harms are hid,
Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard;
If thou should'st break, as God forbid,
Then should desert want his reward.
Hope well to have, hate not sweet thought,
Foul cruel storms fair calms have brought,
After sharp showers the sun shines fair,
Hope comes likewise after despair.

In hope a king * doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long,
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong;

* See Ellis's Specimens.

In hope the plowman sows his seed;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need:
Then faint not heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Though wit bids will to blow retreat,
Will cannot work as wit would wish.
When that the roach doth taste the bait,
Too late to warn the hungry fish;
When cities burn on fiery flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same;
If will and fancy be agreed,
Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift
To follow will and leave the wit;
The wanton horse that runs too swift,
May well be stay'd upon the bit;
But check a horse amid his race,
And out of doubt you mar his pace:
Though wit and reason do[th] men teach,
Never to climb above their reach."

"*From the same.*

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:

There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:

Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

From "the Phœnix Nest." 1593.

"Sweet violets, Love's* paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain,
If by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places,
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
You honours of the flow'ry meads, I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone.

Vermilion roses, that with new days rise,
Display your crimson folds fresh looking fair,
Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich-adorned rays of roseat-rising morn!
Ah! if her virgin hand
Do pluck you pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
If chance my mistress traces,

* See Ellis's Specimens. This is one of Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems. See *Raleigh's Poems*, printed at the private press of Lee Priory, 1814.

And veil your gracious pomp in lovely Nature's scorn,
Fast by your flow'rs to take the summer's air,
Then woful blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,
And tell Love's torments sorrowing for her friend,
Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting
Report fair Venus' moans withouten end.
Then may remorse, in pitying of my smart,
Dry up my tears, and dwell within her heart."

From "Morley's Canzonets." 1597.

"When lo! by break of morning,
My love her self adorning,
Doth walk the woods so dainty,
Gath'ring sweet violets and cowslips plenty,
The birds enamour'd sing and praise my Flora,
Lo! here a new Aurora!"

From "Wilbye's Madrigals." 1598.

"Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure;
These I plac'd on Phillis' bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she my pleasure:
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play."

"Ye restless thoughts, that harbour discontent,
Cease your assaults, and let my heart lament;
And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief;
That she may pity, though not grant relief:
Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,
And salve the wound that fester'd this disdain."

From "Weelkes's Ballets and Madrigals," 1598.

"Sweet Love, I will no more abuse thee,
Nor with my [wanton] voice accuse thee,
But tune my notes unto thy praise,
And tell the world, Love ne'er decays;
Sweet Love doth concord ever cherish,
What wanteth concord soon doth perish."

"Sweet heart, arise, why do you sleep,
When lovers wanton sports do keep?
The sun doth shine, the birds do sing,
And May delight and joy doth bring;
Then join we hands, and dance till night,
'Tis pity Love should want his right."

"Phillis hath sworn she loves the man,
That knows what's love, and love her can;
Philemon then must needs agree—
Phillis, my choice of choice shall be."

"In pride of May.
The fields are gay,
The birds do sweetly sing,
So nature would
That all things should
With joy begin the spring.

Then Lady dear,
Do you appear
In beauty like the spring;

I will dare say
The birds that day
More cheerfully will sing."

From "Weelkes's Madrigals." 1600.

"When Thoralis delights to walk,
The fairies do attend her,
They sweetly sing and sweetly talk,
And sweetly do commend her;
The satyrs leap and dance the round,
And make their congés to the ground,
And evermore their song it is,
Long may'st thou live, fair Thoralis!"

T. P.

ART. LXXXV. *Chrestoleros. Seven bookes of Epigrames: Written by T. B. London: Imprinted by R. Bradocke.* 1598. 12*mo. pp.* 184.

A PROSE dedication to Sir Charles Blount, Knt. Lord Mountjoy, concludes with an epigram signed THOMAS BASTARD of whom several notices may be seen in Wood's Athenæ, Vol. I. Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. IV. and the late edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum. Sir John Harington addressed two of his epigrams to this Master Bastard. By Heath* and Sheppard he was also

* Heath's compliment runs thus:

"*Ad Tho. Bastardum Epigrammatistam.*

Thy epigrams are of no bastard race,
For they dare gaze the world's eye in the face."

complimented. Wood says he was "much guilty of the vices belonging to poets, and given to libelling;" on which account he was removed from a fellowship of New College, Oxford. Two specimens of this libelling propensity have been preserved by Wood, among his manuscript collections in the Ashmolean Museum. A Latin poem, by Bastard, occurs in *Ph. Sidnæi Peplus*, 1587. From his epigrams, &c. he would seem to have been patronized by Lord Mountjoy, the Earl of Suffolk, and others; yet he frequently speaks of his poverty, and thus contrasts his situation with those earlier and better days when the *furor poeticus* was excited by prosperous fortune.

"But now, left naked of prosperitie,
And subject unto bitter injurie;
So poor of sense, so bare of wit I am,
Not neede herselfe can drive an epigram."

Warton describes him to have been an elegant classic scholar, and better qualified for that species of the occasional pointed Latin epigram, established by his fellow-collegian, John Owen, than for any sort of English versification. With allowance however for its quaint close, the following specimen from his epigrams, is creditable to the writer's poetic taste and social feeling.

"*Ad Thomam Strangwaies.*

"*Strangwaies!* leave London and her sweet contents,
Or bring them down to me, to make me glad,
And give one month to country-merriments;
Give me a few days, for the years I had.

The poets' songs and sports we will read over,
Which in their golden quire they have resounded,
And spill our readings one upon another,
And read our spillings, sweetly so confounded.
Nulam shall lend us light in midst of day,
When to the even valley we repair;
When we delight ourselves with talk, or play
Sweet, with the infant grass and virgin air:
These in the heat, but in the even, later
We'll walk the meads, and read trouts in the water."

Nine or ten passages from Bastard are cited in England's Parnassus, 1600; and besides several sermons, a panegyrical poem is still extant, which was addressed on his accession, "Serenissimo potentissimoque monarchæ Jacobo, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, regi magnam Britanniam."

T. P.

ART. LXXXVI. *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, in certaine Epigrams and Satyres. London.* 1598. 12*mo.*

EPIG. 3.

Of Titus.

"Titus oft vaunts his gentry every where,
Blazoning his coate, deriving 's pedigree:
What need'st thou daily, Titus, jade mine eare?
I will beleeve thy house's auncestry:
If that be auncient which we doe forget,
Thy gentry's so: none can remember it."

EPIG. 9.

Of Paule.

"Paule daily wrongs me, yet he daily sweares
He wisheth me as well as to his *soule*:

I know his drift; to damne that he nought cares,
To please his body: therefore, good friend Paule,
If thy kind nature will affoord me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy *bodie's* place."

EPIG. 13.

Of Cotta.

"I saw not Cotta thys halfe yeere before,
When he was angry that I spoke not to him:
He hath no reason to take it so sore,
Being so painted that—I did not know him."

EPIG. 28.

Of Zeno.

"Zeno would faine th' old widdow Ægle have;
Trust me hee's wise, for shee is rich and brave:
But Zeno, Zeno—shee will none of you;—
In my mind, shee's the wiser of the two."

EPIG. 65.

Of Nigrina.

"Because Nigrina hath a painted face,
Many suspect her to be light and base:
I see no reason to repute her such,
For, out of doubt, she will abide the *touch*."

T. P.

ART. LXXXVII. *Wits Fittes and Fancies. Fronted and entermedled with presidentes of honour and wisdome. Also Loves Owle: an idle conceited Dialogue betwene Love and an Olde-man. Recta securus. A. C. Imprinted at London by Richard Iohnes, at the sign of the Rose and Crowne next above S. Andrewes Church in Holborne.* 1595. 4to.

This book was reprinted in 1614,* without the poetical appendage entitled "Love's Owle." The early edition is so rare as to have escaped the observation of Herbert. From the learned and liberal possessor of the only copy I have seen, I derive the information, that the prose division of the volume was in part translated or collected from the Spanish book "La Floresta Spagnola," of which a French translation was printed at Lyons in 1600. By Anthonie Copley, the English translator, this volume is inscribed to that celebrated naval hero, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who was thus invited to receive it "in gree," that is—with kindly welcome.

"I did intende it (says the Dedicator) to your late sea-voyage, to the ende it might have pleased you to passe away therwith some unpleasant houres. But as it was not ripe ynough for that season, so now I pray God it come in due season to your good likin. Divers of them are of mine own inserting, and that without any injury I hope to my authour; the which are easily to be discerned from his, for that they taste more *Englishlie*. Neither have I used his methode therein, but have set downe one of mine owne, which I take to be better. Which, both methode and matter, if I shall once perceive your

* This second edition was thus entitled: "Wits Fits and Fancies: or a generall and serious collection of the sententious speeches, answers, jests, and behaviours, of all sortes of estates, from the throne to the cottage. Being properly reduced to their severall heads, for the more ease to the reader. Newly corrected and augmented, with many late, true, and wittie accidents. Musica, mentis, medicina mœstæ. London, printed by Edward Allde, dwelling in Saint Bartholomew's, neer Christ Church."

L. to daigne it in your favour, I will not feare that any gentleman will easilie disgrace it, to whome next under your Lordship I wish it currant and well accepted. For such, I knowe, is generally their devotions to your woorth, that whatsoever matter (were it guilt it selfe) that is once refuged to your vertues shrine and sanctuarie, they will not rashlie ravish it to arraignment and publike shame.

"As for my Loves Owle, in the latter ende, the trueth is—I can pretend it no outlandish priviledge to your Honour's favour, and therefore doe rather leave it to your pardon then good liking, as a folie of an idle vaine. Upon which your said pardon of the one, and good liking of the other, presuming, I will endevour according to my ever vowed and bounden dutie to your L. to serve you (God willing) in some better worth hereafter. Hoping that what I have heer done, may at leastwise serve to put better wittes in minde to honour your noblenesse aswell with their peacefull pens, as others doe with their sea-paines."

An address follows "to the gentlemen readers," which is at least as worthy of transcription as any other part of the volume.

"Gentlemen: These *Wittes*, *Fittes*, and *Fancies*, are of the nature to admit no eloquence wherewith to delight yee, as also manie of them to seem barren at the first sight, which nevertheles to the second eie may minister content and merriment. Understand yee therefore, that I direct them not to the sullen and moodie person who happily in his austeritie will befoole a great manie of them before ever hee read them; as matter either differing from

his soure disposition, or perhaps above his wit. Neither doe I professe them as regular methodes or deepe grounded axioms of logicke certaintie, but as certaine free offals and presidentes of Wits wandering variety. Momus (gentlemen) I confesse, were able to make a foule wracke among them, were he as precise as he is malicious: wherefore, my desire is they come not under his ravin, nor yet under Minos' heavy censure: but whosoever is gentle merrie wittie, he take all. Neither must anie person, of what vocation soever, take offence at any thing herein contained; considering that mirth, not malice, meanes it all. As for my Loves Owle, I am content that Momus turn it to a tennis ball, if he can, and bandy it quite away: namely, I desire M. *Daniel*, M. *Spencer*, and other the prime poets of our time, to pardon it with as easie a frowne as they please, for that I give them to understand, that an Universitie Muse never pen'd it, though humbly devoted thereunto.

Yours, in desire to please you,

A. C."

The following ancient witticisms are extracted from the chapter which treats of "Table Matter."

"An honest man, invited a physitian to dinner, and at dinner time drunk to him in a cup of wine: whereunto the physitian excepted, and said—'That hee durst not pledge him in wine, for feare of pimples and inflammations in his face!' The other then answered—'A foule yll on that face that makes the whole body fare the worse.'

An Italian used to say that 'wine hath these two

discommodities with it: if you put water into it, you marre it; and if you put none in, you marre your selfe.'

The Dutch-man useth to say, that '*eating* is not any whit necessarie, other then in as much as it procureth a man to *drinke* and *talke*.'

A turkie-pie had been often serv'd in to a poor gentleman's board, and at last a serving-man being to serve it in again, made some stay of it by the way, resting it upon the buttry-hatch. By chance his maister came by, and seeing it there, asked him—why hee did not carrie it in? 'Marie, sir, (answered the serving-man) I thought it could by this time a-day have found the way in alone.'

A serving-man, by mischance, shed broth on his maister's board, and his master said—'Sirra, I could have done so my selfe.' He answered—'No marvell, Sir; for your worship hath seen mee do it first.'

A gentleman, using to dine often with the Maior of London, on a time brought his friend with him, saying—'My Lord, heer I am come, a bold guest of yours againe, and have brought my shadow with me.' The Maior welcomed him and his shadow. Within a while after he came againe to dinner to him, and brought two companions with him: to whom the Maior said—'Sir, you be hartily welcome: but I pray you tel me—Do you not think it a monstrous thing, for *one body* to have *two shadowes*?'

One woonted to say that 'poore men want meate to their stomackes, and rich men stomakes to their meats.'

Two gentlemen went to breake their fast in a taverne, and a bagpiper stood piping at the doore.

At last, in came one and set them downe a cupple of egges. Whereat one of the gentlemen excepted and said—'Hath all this cackling been but for these two poore egges?'

One was telling a gentlewoman how such a gallant of the court ate everie day *eight capons* in blank-manger.* She answered—'Oh, the *foxe!*'

At a nobleman's banquet a ship of †marchpain-stuffe was set upon the board, wherein was all manner of fishes in the like stuffe. Every one snatching thereat, a sea-captaine setting far off could not reach therunto; but one of the companie gave him a sprat, which hee receiving, helde it a good space to his eare. The nobleman seeing it, asked him his conceipt therein? He then, in reference to the little portion that came to him out of that march-pane, thus merrily answered—'And like your Grace, my father before me (as your Honour knowes) was sometimes a sea-captaine, and it was his mischance and my hard hap, that since his last undertaken voyage at sea, which was some twelve yeeres ago, I never since could hear what was become of him: wherefore, of every fish that falleth into my handes I still aske, whether it can tell me any newes of him? And this pettie sprat (my Lord) saith—'he was then a little one, and remembers no such matter.'

After this taste of Anthony Copley's borrowed wit, the following may serve as a sufficient sample of his original poetry. It forms part of the "idle conceited

* Blancmanger.

† Marchpane seems to have been a species of confectionary resembling modern macaroons in quality.

dialogue," termed "Love's Sonnet," in which Love recommends his services to "an olde man," by way of Lullaby.

"Now that I take my lute in hand,
Rage and Rancour I you command,
Take your sister Melancholie,
And downe to darke hell all hie yee.
For heere I meane to make my residence,
By vertue of my peacefull influence;
And cheere this aged man with lovelements
for ever. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Though age be olde and colde, I can
Re-young him to a lustie man,
And in his jointes infuse a fire
To execute a kinde desire.
I can revegetate his dying yeere
By faire be-priesting him to a bonny-pheere,
Or els dispensing him such like good cheere
els where. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

The plough-lob I can civillize,
The franticke man with graee agnize:
Kings and Cesars I subdue,
And with my rites their soules indue.
All faire and goodly things I do detect,
And with my vaile I cover all defect,
And all in unitie I do connect
and approve. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

I doe devise all gay attyres,
Calles, rebatoes, perwigs, and wires:
Hoop-sleeves, French-bodies, vardingalles,
Paintings, perfumes, and washing-balles:

With twenty thousand such like bonny things,
To grace fair Nature, and mis-nature's doings,
And profite trades by doing my devisings
workemanly. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Feasts and frollickes I doe ordaine,
And merrie meetings on the plaine:
Revels, and daunces in a rowe,
And morrow-musicke at the window:
Tilting and justs are my magnificence,
The pomp wherof forbeareth no expence,
If so my spirit be in the pretence,
and grace it. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Wrinckles and pimples I can cure,
And make the stutting tongue demure:
The trembling palsey I can staie,
And take the misers gowt away:
The cripple creature I can make to runne,
The blinde man with new eyes to see the sunne,
And set in other teeth where th' old are done,
with the rewine. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Then since I am so physicall,
So musicall, so martiall,
So court-accepted, and rurall,
And so joy mighty over all:
Be not t' yourself so prejudiciall
As to refuse my beneficiall
Bounties, in over melancholie gall.
Lulla lullabie, lulla lullabie."

Love by these, and other similar allurements, wins over the silly gray-beard to become his servitor and to vow eternal fealty to him as his sovereign, which the cajoler Cupid no sooner hears, than he calls the

dotard an errant ideot to be so duped, and threatens him with private annoyance and public exposure, concluding his maledictions thus—

" Besides thy inward anguishes,
Farre worse then all the premises,
Vaine hope, and desperation,
And doubtfull interpretation,
of every occurrent:
Presumption and jelousie,
Care, passion, and captivitie,
Errour and indiscretion,
Unrest and vaine invention,
and thy wealth mispent.
These and such like absurdities,
Shall *owlefie* thee'n all mens eies;
Who when they have twitted thee to death,
Yet shall thy shame survive unneth,
and thus thy epitaph—
Who ere' thou art that readst this Epitaph above,
Know that heer underneath doth lie the *Owle* of *Love.*"

T. P.

ART. LXXXVIII. *The Serpent of Deuision. Wherein is conteined the true History or Mappe of Rome's ouerthrowe, gouerned by Auarice, Enuye, and Pride, the decaye of Empires be they neuer so sure.*

Three things brought ruine vnto Rome,
that raigned in Princes to their ouerthrowe:
Auarice, and Pride, with Enuie's cruell doome,
that wrought their sorrow and their latest woe.
England take heede, such chaunce to thee may come:
Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Whereunto is annexed the Tragedye of Gorboduc, sometime King of this Land, and of his two sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. Set foorth as the same was shewed before the Queene's most excellent Majesty, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. At London printed by Edward Allde for Iohn Perrin, and are to be sold in Paules Church yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1590.* *4to.* 12 *leaves.*

An Address "to the Gentlemen Readers."—"If thou demaund why I publish out Cæsar in this simple manner, I answer; that being not able to doo as I would, I must doo as I can.—To say somewhat to the purpose, though not altogether so much as thou expectest: I cannot though I would paint him foorth in bare cullours, yet I know his vallour hath blazend his owne perpetuall honour in England, in oyle cullours, which are of longest continuance: for note when he entred Brutes Albion, after called Brittaine, and now of late England, in memory of his name, what rare monuments erected he after he had conquered Cassibilean of Albion, and made this lande paye yeerelye vnto Rome 3000 poundes tribute, then builded he Douer, with the two famous citties, Canterburye and Rochester, the tower of London, the Castell and the town of Cesarisbury, now named Salisbury, and more according to his owne name, he edified Cesar-Chester, after called for brevitie's sake Chichester, and after the strong castell of Exeter. In the meane space his prefixed time was past, and he returning to Rome receiued his ouer-

* Printed in 1569 by Owen Rogers.

throw, which hereafter followeth.—Such is the Serpent of diuision,—let it suffise, affable reader, thou sit thee downe and patientlye with a mer-maide's eye peruse this small volume."—

Then follows an account of some of the principal events in the life of Cæsar and the manner of his death. "The cheef worker of this murder, was Brutus Crassus, associed with two hundreth and sixtye of the senate; all bauing bodkins in their sleeues; and as it is written in stories, he had twentye fower deadly woundes as he sat in the capitall. And as saith diuers recordes, he neuer in all his smart made cry nor noise, except only a lamentable sigh like one whom sodain sorrow had affrighted, so that touching the manner of his tragedy, I may conclude with y^e. flower of poets in our English tung, and the first that ever elumined our language with flowers of rhetorick & eloquence; I mean famous and worthy Chaucer which compendiously wrought the death of this mighty Emperour, saying thus:

With bodkins was Cæsar Iulius
Murdred at Rome, of Brutus Crassus,
When many a region he had brought full lowe.
Lo: who may trust fortune any throw."

One page at the end with "the conclusion. Thus by the large writings and golden vollums of that woorthye Chaucer, the froward dame of Chaunce hath no respecte of persons, &c."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LXXXIX. *All Ovid's Elegies: 3 bookes. By C[hristopher] M[arlow]. Epigrams by [Sir]*

J[ohn] D[avis] at Middlebourgh [printed about 1598] 8*vo.* 48 *leaves.*

MARLOW's translation of Ovid's Elegies was so strongly tainted with the licentious obscenity of the original, that the volume was condemned, and burnt at Stationer's Hall, by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, dated June 1, 1599. Of the last elegy of Book I. there is a second translation given by Ben Jonson. The similarity of language and rhime leaves it doubtful if it was more than a revisal of Marlow's copy. As the least exceptionable specimen, and forming no incurious context, they are selected on the present occasion.

" *Elegia* 15.

" *Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.*

" Envie, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill,
And term'st my workes fruits of an idle quill;
Or that unlike the line from whence I come,
Warre's rustie honours are refus'd being young.
Nor that I study not the brawling lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in every cause.
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
That all the world may ever chaunt my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or into sea swift Simois doth slide:
Ascræus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles corne downe fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speake,
His art excell'd, although his witte was weake.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vaine;
With sunne and moone Aratus shall remaine.

While bond-men cheat, fathers hoord, bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of witt,
Are both in fame's eternall legend writt.
What age of Varroe's name shall not be tolde,
And Jason's Argos and the fleece of golde?
Lofty Lucretia shall live that howre,
That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower!
Æneas' warre, and Tityrus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquered world is head.
Till Cupid's bowe and fiery shafts be broken,
Thy verses, sweet Tibullus, shall be spoken!
And Gallus shall be knowne from east to west;
So shall Licoris, whom he loved best.
Therefore when flint and iron weare away,
Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.
To verse let kings give place, and kingly showes,
And bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.
Let base conceited wits admire vilde things,
Faire Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs;
About my head the quivering myrtle wound,
And in sad lover's heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envie bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then though death rakes my bones in funerall fire,
I'le live, and as he puls me downe mount higher."

"*The same by B. I.*

"Envie, why twitst thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse, fruites of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprong)
War's dustie honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious lawes;
And prostitute my voyce in every cause?

Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
Homer will live, whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do beare,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.
Callimachus, though in invention lowe,
Shall still be sung, since hee in arte doth flowe.
No losse shall come to Sophocles' proud vaine;
With sunne and moone Aratus shall remaine.
Whilst slaves be false, fathers hard, and bauds be whorish,
Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander florish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-rear'd straine,
A fresh applause in every age shall gaine.
Of Varro's name what eare shall not be told?
Of Jason's Argo? and the fleece of golde?
Then, shall Lucretius loftie numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flames shall frie.
Titirus' tillage, Æney shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bowe broken,
Thy verses (neate Tibullus) shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be knowne from east to west;
So shall Licoris whom he now loves best;
The suffering plough-share or the flint may weare;
But heavenly Poësie no death can feare.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly showes,
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.
Kneele hindes to trash; let me bright Phœbus swell,
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well;
The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad louers I le be often read.
'Envie the living, not the dead doth bite,
For after death all men receive their right.'

Then when this body falls in funerall fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire."

The Epigrams, attributed to Sir John Davis, are forty-eight in number. As a contemporary with Shakespeare, the locality of the satirist will be found amusing in the following selection.

"*Ad Musam.* 1.

" Flie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou maist playes, revels, and triumphes see,
The house of fame, and theatre of renowne,
Where all good wittes and spirits loue to be.
Fall in betweene their hands, that love and praise thee,
And be to them a laughter and a iest;
But as for them which scorning shall reprove thee,
Disdaine their wits and thinke thine one the best.
But if thon finde any so grosse and dull,
That think I doe to private taxing leane;
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull;
And knowes not what an Epigramme does meane;
Which taxeth, vnder a peculiar name,
A generall vice, which merits publique blame."

"*Of a Gull.* 2.

" Oft in my laughing rimes I name a gull,
But this new terme will many questions breede;
Therefore at first I will expresse at full,
Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed.
A gull is he, who feares a veluet gowne,
And when a wench is brave, dares not speake to her:
A gull is he which traverseth the towne,
And is for marriage knowne a common woer.
A gull is he, which, while he proudly weares
A silver hilted rapier by his side,

Indures the lyes and knockes about the eares,
Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.
A gull is he which weares good hansome cloathes.
And stands in presence stroaking vp his hayre;
And filles vp his vnperfect speech with oathes,
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare.
But to define a gull in termes precise,
A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise."

"*In Rufum.* 3. [From 14 lines.]

"Rvfus the courtier, at the theater,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himselfe transferre,
Or through a grate doth shew his double face;
For that the clamorous fry of Innes of Court
Fills up the private roomes of greater price;
And such a place, where all may have resort,
He in his singularity doth despise."

"*In Faustum.* 7.

"Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To every place about the towne doth ride;
He rides into the fields playes to behold;
He rides to take boate at the water side,
He rides to Paules, he rides to th' ordinary,
He rides unto the house of bawdery too,
Thither his horse doth him so often carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to goe."

"*In Ciprum.* 22.

"The fine youth Ciprius is more tierse and neate
Then the new garden of the old temple is;
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this.

He weares an hat now of the flat-crowne-blocke,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet French;
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench.
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times,
Doth, above all, praise old George Gascoine's * rimes."

" *In Gallum.* 24.

" Gallus hath bin this summer-time in Friesland,
And now return'd he speaks such warlike words,
As if I could their English vnderstand,
I feare me they would cut my throat like swords.
He talkes of counterscarfes and casomates,
Of parapets, of curteneys and pallizadoes,
Of flankers, ravelings, gabions he prates,
And of false baits, and sallies and scaladoes.
But to requite such gulling tearmes as these,
With words of my profession † I reply;
I tell of fourching, vouchers and counterpleas,
Of withermans, essoynes, and champarty.
So neither of vs vnderstanding one another,
We part as wise, as when we came together."

" *In Haywodum.* 29.

" Haywood that did in epigrams excell,
Is now put down since my light Muse arose;
As buckets are put downe into a well,
Or as a school-boy putteth down his hose."

* A spirited and well-executed copy of the head of Gascoigne, from his works, has been lately made in block, as a fac-simile, for Mr. Stace; and has been since introduced into the *Bibliographer.*

† This allusion to the profession of the law confirms the general appropriation of the Epigrams to Sir John Davis as author.

" *In Dacum.* 30.

" Amongst the poets Dacus numbred is,
Yet could he never make an English rime,
But some prose pieces I have heard of his,
Which have bin spoken many a hundreth time.
The man that keeps the elephant hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast;
Another Bankes pronounced long a-gon,
When he his curtaile's qualities exprest.
He first taught him, that keepes the monuments
At Westminster, his formall tale to say;
And also him which puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play:
Though all his poetrie be like to this,
Amongst the poets Dacus numbred is."

" *In Publium.* 43.

" Publius student at the common law,
Oft leaves his bookes, and for his recreation
To Paris-garden doth himselfe withdrawe,
Where he is ravisht with such delectation,
As downe amongst the beares and dogges he goes,
Where whilst he skipping cries, head to head,
His satten doublet and his veluet hose,
Are all with spittle from aboue be-spread;
When he is like his father's country stall,
Stinking with dogges, and muted all with haukes;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes;
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson."

" *Meditations of a Gull.* 47.

" See yonder melancholie gentleman,
Which, hoode-winked with his hat, alone doth sit;
Think what he thinkes and tell me if you can,
What great affaires troubles his little wit.
He thinks not of the war twixt France and Spaine,
Whether it be for Europ's good or ill;
Nor whether the empire can it selfe maintaine
Against the Turkish power encroching still;
Nor what great towne in all the Netherlands
The states determine to besiege this spring;
Nor how the Scottish pollicy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethinke him, whether
Of the gul'd people he bee more esteem'd
For his long cloake, or his great blacke feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd.
Or of a journey he deliberates,
To Paris-garden, cock-pit, or the play;
Or how to steale a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistresse say;
Yet with those thoughts he thinkes himselfe most fit
To be of counsell with a king for wit."

" *Ad Musam.* 48.

" Peace, idle Muse! have done, for it is time,
Since lowsie Ponticus envies my fame,
And sweares the better sort are much to blame
To make so well knowne for my ill rime;
Yet Bankes his horse is better knowne then he;
So are the cammels and the westerne dog;
And so is Lepidus his printed dog;
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envie;
Besides this Muse of mine and the blacke feather

Grew both together in estimation,
And both, growne stale, were cast away together.
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion?
Onely this last in credit doth remaine,
That from hence-forth, each bastard cast forth rime,
Which doth but savour of a libell vaine,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime;
So dull and with so little sence endu'd,
Is my grose-headed judge the multitude. J. D."

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART. XC. *A Fig for Momus: Containing pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Ecologues, and Epistles. By T. L.* [*Thomas Lodge*] *of Lincolnes Inne, Gent.*

THIS book is dedicated to William Earle of Darbie: and the preface is dated 6 May, 1595. Different poems are severally inscribed to Master E. Dig[bie], To reverend Colin [qu. Spenser?], To happie Menalcas [forsan Watson], to Rowland [f. Drayton], To Master Samuel Daniel, To W. Bolton, and to Michael Drayton. T. P.

ART. XCI. *Ecclesiastes, otherwise called the Preacher: containing Salomans Sermons or Commentaries (as it may probably be collected) upon the 49 psalme of David his father. Compendiously abridged, and also paraphrastically dilated in English poesie, according to the analogie of Scripture, and consent of the most approved writer thereof. Composed by H. L. Gentleman. Whereunto are*

annexed sundrie sonets of Christian Passions heretofore printed, and now corrected and augmented, with other affectionate sonets of a feeling conscience, of the same authors. (Ps. cxliv. 3, 4. motto.) London: Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blacke-friers neare Ludgate. 1597. 4to.

Dedicated "to the ladie of rarest vertues Q. Eliz, by her Highnes' faithfull subject, Henrie Lok." Certaine poems to the author of the worke are signed,

A. H. S. (Lat.)
John Lilly, (ib.)
L. P. (ib.)
H. A. (Eng.)
M. C. (Eng.)

Sonnet to the Queen's most excellent Majestie.

Ecclesiastes Paraphrased, to chap. 12, (17 pages.)

Sonnet. "Adue to world's vaine delight."

Sundry Psalmes of David translated into verse, as briefly and significantly, as the scope of the text will suffer, by the same author. (Ps. 27, 71, 119, 121, 130.)

Sundry Christian Passions, contained in two hundred Sonnets. Divided into two equall parts: the first consisting chiefly of meditations, humiliations, and prayers; the second, of Comfort, Joy, and Thanksgiving. By H. L. London, Printed by Richard Field, 1597.

Dedicated "to the right renowned vertuous Virgin Elizabeth, worthy Queene of happie England." (A sonnet.)

A square in verse of a 100 monosyllables only: describing the cause of England's happinesse.

After the 200 sonnets follow

"Sundry affectionate sonets of a feeling conscience," 100 in number, (with an epilogue-sonnet.)

"An Introduction to peculiar prayers." 20 Sonnets; with a prefatory and concluding sonnet.

Sonnets of the Author to divers, collected by the printer; and thus severally addressed,

To the Abp. of Canterbury.
To Sir Tho. Egerton, Ld. Keeper.
To Ld. Burghley, Ld. High Treasurer.
To the Earl of Essex, Great Master of the Horse.
To Ld. Cha. Howard of Effingham, Ld. High Admiral.
To Ld. Cobham, Ld. Chamberlaine of the Household.
To Ld. North, Treasurer of the Household.
To Ld. Buckhurst.
To Sir Wm. Knowles, Controller of the Household.
To Sir John Fortescue, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
To Sir Robt. Cecil, Knt. Principal Secretary.
To the E. of Oxford, Ld. Great Chamberlain of England.
To the Earle of Northumberland.
To the E. of Shrewsburie.
To the E. of Cumberland.
To the E. of Sussex.
To the E. of Southampton.
To the Ld. Zouch.
To Ld. Willoughbie of Eresbie.

To Ld. Burrowes.
To Ld. Mountjoy.
To the Ld. of Hunsdon.
To Toby [Mathews,] Bp. of Duresme.
To Sir John Popham, Knt. Ld. Chief Justice of England.
To Sir Edmund Anderson, Knt. Ld. Ch Just. of the Common Pleas.
To Sir Wm. Perram, Knt. Ld. Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
To Sir. Wm. Russell, Ld. Deputie of Ireland.
To Sir W. Raleigh, Ld. Warden of the stanneries.
To Sir John Norris, Ld. Generall of her Majesty's forces in Ireland.
To Sir Francis Veare.
To Sir John Stanhop, Treasurer of the Chamber to her Majesty.
To Sir Edw. Dyer, Chr. of the order of the Garter
To Sir Hen. Killegrew.
To Robt. Bowes, Esq. Embassadour to Scotland.
To Fulke Greville, Esq. (afterwards Lord Brooke.)
To the Rev. Dr. Andrews, Professor in Divinitie.
To Richd. Carew* of Anthony, Esq.
To Robt. Moyle of Bake, Esq.
To Lady Marquisse of Northampton.
To the Countess of Darby.

* This gentleman, in his Survey of Cornwall, 1602, seems to speak of *Henry* under the name of *Michael* Lock, who he says—"addicteth himselfe to an ecclesiastical life, and therein joyning poetry with divinity, endeavoureth to imitate the holy prophet David, whose psalmes of his translation into English metre receive the general applause," &c. T. P.—But see *Excerpta Tudoriana*. (*Editor.*)

To the Countess of Cumberland.
To the Countess of Warwicke.
To the Countess of Pembrooke.
To the Countess of Essex.
To Lady Scroope.
To Lady Rich.
To the Lady of Hunsdon.
To Mrs. Eliz. and Anne Russel.
To Mrs. Eliz. Bridges.
To Lady Southwell.
To Lady Cecill.
To Lady Hobbye.
To Lady Layton.
To Lady Woollie.
To Lady Carey.
To Mrs. E. Bowes.
To the Ladies Attendants in the Court.
To his Honourable and beloved friends.
To the Gentlemen Courtiers in generall.

A single specimen of these plausive sonnettings is likely to suffice: and the following has been chosen, as it is particularly specified by our poetical historian,* and quoted by Mr. Todd in his edition of Spenser.†

"To the Right Honorable the Lord of Buckhurst.

As you of right impart, with peeres in sway,
Of common weale, wherein by you we rest;
So hold I fit to yeeld you every way
That due, the which my powre affoordeth best.
But when I call to mind your pen, so blest,
With flowing liquor of the Muses' spring;

* Vol. III. p. 445. † Vol. II. p. cxiii.

I feare your daintie eare can ill digest
The harsh-tun'd notes, which on my pipe I sing.
Yet since the ditties of so wise a king,*
Can not so lose their grace, by my rude hand,
But that your wisedome can conforme the thing
Unto the modell doth in margent stand;
I you beseech blame not (though you not prayse)
This work, my gift; which on your favour stayes."

Wood† terms *Henry Lok*, "a divine poet;" from the portions of scripture, doubtless, which he undertook to paraphrase; but Warton, with more philological propriety, denominated him the Mævius of his age.‡ "Lok however (he candidly adds) applied the sonnet to a spiritual purpose, and substituting christian love in the place of amorous passion, made it the vehicle of humiliation, holy comfort, and thanksgiving." So, it may be observed, did Barnes in a century of sonnets, printed in 1595, already noticed at p. 78 of this volume. In a dramatic satire on the poets of the time, entitled "The Return from Parnassus," Lok is thus coupled with Hudson, a partial translator of Du Bartas, and a panegyrist of Scottish poets;§ "Locke and Hudson, sleep you, quiet shavers, among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nook amongst old boots and shoes: so, you may avoid my censure." Wood informs us, that Lok having either taken a degree, or had it conferred at Oxford, retired to the court, and was received into the patronage of a

* Solomon. † Athen. Oxon. I. 289. ‡ Hist. of E. P. IV. 9.
§ See the early poetry of K. James, and Leyden's edition of Scottish descriptive poems lately published.

noble Mecænas. In this courtly retirement probably it was, and under the roof of his noble Mecænas, that he placed the Calendarium regis, or red-book for 1597, before his tranced eyes, and addressed a presentation sonnet to every person of distinction, who attended at the royal levee. This is fairly supposable from the list already displayed: but even for this, Warton has offered the following graceful apology. "It was then a common practice, by unpoetical and empty panegyrics, to attempt to conciliate the attention and secure the protection of the great; without which it was supposed to be impossible for any poem to struggle into celebrity. Habits of submission, and the notions of subordination, now prevailed in a high degree: and men looked up to peers, on whose smiles or frowns they believed all sublunary good and evil to depend, with a reverential awe. Chapman closed his translation of the Iliad with sixteen sonnets, addressed to the chief nobility; Lok on the same plan, subjoined a set of secular sonnets to his paraphrase of Ecclesiastes; and, not to multiply more instances, Spenser (in compliance with a disgraceful custom, or rather in obedience to the established tyranny of patronage) prefixed to the Fairy Queen fifteen of these adulatory pieces, which in every respect are to be numbered among the meanest of his compositions."* T. P.

ART. XCII. *Devoreux. Vertues Teares for the losse of King Henry III. of Fraunce, and the death of*

* Hist. of E. P. III. 445. Ritson considered Lok as author of the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, 1597, by H. L. but the poem seems superior to Lok's capability.

Walter Devoreux, who was slaine before Roan in Fraunce. First written in French by the most excellent and learned gentlewoman, Madam Genuivefere, Peter Maulette: and paraphrastically translated into English by Jervis Markham. At London. Printed by J. Roberts, for Tho. Millington, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, under saint Peters church. 1597. 4to.

THIS poem has many creditable passages, and is inscribed by Markham to Dorothy, Countess of Northumberland, and Lady Penelope Rich, the sisters of Walter Devoreux.

Two Sonnets are prefixed by R. Allot, the reputed editor of England's Parnassus, and two others by E. Guilpin, a writer whose name appears in that work.*

ART. XCIII. *The Silkwormes and their Flies: lively described in verse by T. M. a Countrie Farmer, and an apprentice in physicke. For the great benefit and enriching of England. Printed at London by V. S. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the west ende of Paules,* 1599. 4to. *pp.* 75.

A WOOD cut on the title-page represents the silkworm in its threefold state, as a worm or caterpillar, a chrysalis in its cone, and a butterfly or moth. This early endeavour to introduce the cultivation of silk as an object of national importance, was thus metrically inscribed:

* See *Restituta*, Vol. II.

"To the most renowned patronesse and noble nurse of learning, Marie Countesse of Pembrooke.

" Great envie's object, worth and wisedom's pride,
Nature's delight, Arcadia's * heire most fitte:
Vouchsafe a while to lay thy taske aside,
Let Petrarke sleepe, give rest to sacred writte; †
Or bowe or string will breake if ever tied;
Some little pawse aideth the quickest witte:
Nay, heavens themselves (though keeping still their way)
Retrogradate, and make a kind of stay.

I neither sing Achilles' baneful ire,
Nor man nor armes, nor belly-brothers' warres;
Nor Britaine-broiles, nor cities drown'd in fire,
Nor Hector's warres, nor Diomede's skarres:
Cease, country Muse, so highly to aspire!
Our plaine beholds, but cannot hold such starres.
Jove-loved wittes may write of what they will;
But meaner theams beseeme a farmer's quill.

I sing of little wormes and tender flies,
Creeping along, or basking on the ground;
Grac't once with those thy heav'nly human eyes,
Which never yet on meanest scholler frown'd;
And able are this worke to eternise
From east to west, about this lower round:
Deigne thou but breathe a sparke or little flame
Of likening, to enlife for aye the same.

Your H[onour's] ever most bounden,

T. M."

*Sidney's "Arcadia" was inscribed to this Countess of Pembroke, his sister.

†From this line it would seem that Lady Pembroke had employed her pen on the poet of Vaucluse. The latter part of it seems to allude to her Version of the Psalms undertaken in conjunction with Sir Philip Sidney.

This address is followed by a table of contents, that points to various details in the œconomy and management of silkworms contained in the poem, which is of a didactic and moralizing cast. In the course of it the author describes himself to have been in Italy during the year 1579; so that he was probably a gentleman-farmer as well as a medical student. His production bespeaks him to have been a man of liberal education. The opening stanza of his first book may suffice as a specimen of its poetic structure.

"Sydneian Muse! if so thou yet remaine
In brother's bowels, or in daughter's breast,
Or art bequeath'd the 'Lady of the plaine;'
Because for her thou art the fittest guest:
Whose worth to shew no mortal can attaine,
Which with like worth is not himselfe possest:
Come, help me sing these flocks as white as milke,
That make and spinne and dye and windle silke."

T. P.

ART. XCIV. *The Fountaine of Ancient Fiction. Wherein is liuely depictured the Images and Statues of the gods of the Ancients; with their proper and perticular expositions. Done out of Italian into English, by Richard Linche, Gent. Tempo è figliuola di verità. London: Printed by Adam Islip.* 1599. 4*to.* 104 *leaves.*

WARTON, (Vol. III. p. 486,) says, "this book, or one of the same sort, is censured in a puritanical pamphlet written the same year, by one H. G. a

painfull minister of God's word, in Kent, as the spawne of Italian gallimawfry, as tending to corrupt the puré and unidolatrous worship of the one God, and as one of the deadly snares of popish deception."

By a dedication "to the right vertuous and well-disposed gentleman, M. Peter Davison, Esquiere, Richard Linche wisheth all affluence of worldly prosperities, and the fruition of all celestiall graces hereafter:" concluding "yours in all loiall fidelitie most assured."

The address "to the reader" says, "this matter now handled was undertaken suddainly, and dispatched hastily; for which he craveth milder constructions; and in very deed had it not by an extraordinary accident happened into the hands of a stranger, it had not now (poore father-forsaken child) endured the insupportable tyrannie of lawlesse censure.—Such as it is, either culpable in words too much affected, or in disproportion being not methodically composed, or in shallownesse in the not proper understanding of the first author's meaning, it must nowe passe, as for me it is too late to recall it, and too needlesse to repent it; for how soever it is, it once never imagined to have been now subject to the error-searching sight of a generall eye, being only pend and translated for mine owne exercises and private recreations. But herein I am something too tedious; for as it is an absurd part in an architector to frame a long and vast entry for a little house and of small receit, so for me to use many words in this place, whose substance (you will say) challengeth no worthines, they should be frivolously bestowed, and time purpose-lesse entertained. For

the indifferent readers I cannot but promise equal allowance; for any venom-lipt rough-censuring satires, I keepe sorrow for their woodborne incivility and rustike imperfections; and do arm myselfe with steele-mettald patience to abide the shocke of their injurious toung-oppressions. And so in hast I leave you. RICH. LINCHE."

Then follows "the images, statues, and pictures of the gods of the auncients, with their severall expositions;" giving an account of the various estimation of images in different countries, extracted from Cornelius Tacitus, Pliny, &c. &c. and the work has occasionally a new head, as Saturn, Janus, Apollo, &c. with whose stories are many of those of the inferior deities intermixed, and several pieces of poetry from Ovid, Claudian, and others.

The first is a description of eternity, "not much unlike that reported by Claudianus, which wee will endeavour (though not in his right colours) thus to compose." Eight octave stanzas.

The four seasons from Ovid in eight lines.

Seven lines of Neptune's speech from Homer.

The story of Apollo and his sisters, "which Claudianus reporteth to bee so curiously wrought in an upper garment which belonged to Proserpina. And although in the Italian it carrieth a farre more pleasing grace than in the English, yet finding it there set downe in verse, I thought it not irrequisite so to discover it." Three ten-line stanzas.

Diana's Nymphs are described in eight six-line stanzas, a portion of which follows:

"A carelesse crue of young-year'd Nimphs, despising
The joyous pleasures and delights of love,

Wasting their daies in rurall sports devising,
Which know no other, nor will other prove:
Wing'd with desire to overtake the chace,
Away they fling with unresisted pace.

Some have their haire dishevel'd hanging downe,
Like to the sun's small streames, or new gold wires;
Some on their heade doe weare a flowry crowne,
Gracing the same with many curious tires;
But in their hot pursute they loose such graces,
Which makes more beautie beautifie their faces.

Their neckes and purple-vained armes are bare,
And from their yvorie shoulders to the knee
A silken vesture o're their skin they weare,
Through which a greedie eie would quickly see;
Close to their bodies is the same ingerted
With girdles, in the which are flowers inserted."

Diana's "chariot is drawn by two white hinds, as Claudianus likewise affirmeth." One six-line stanza.

The like describing Hecate from Ovid.

Pan "whose shape Silvius Italicus setteth forth," is described in three six-line stanzas.

Echo "oftentimes disuaded and reprehended him whosoever will undertake to depicture her, and Ausonius repeats it in an epigram whose sence is thus reduced to a sonnet.

"Surcease, thou medling artist, thy endevour,
Who for thy skill hast reapt such long-liv'd fame,
Strive not to paint my bodie's shape, for never
Did any human eies behold the same:
In concave cavernes of the earth I dwell,
Daughter of th' aire, and of ech tatling voice;

In woods and hollow dales I build my cell,
Joying to re-report the least heard noice,
To greefe-opprest, and men disconsolate,
That tell ech grone their soule's vexation,
Their dying agonies I aggravate
By their plaints accents iteration,
And he that will describe my forme aright,
Must shape a formlesse sound or airie spright."

"Auster or Notus, predominating the southerne region of the aire, and because commonly proceed from his blasts darke showers and stormy tempests, is thus or to the like effect described.

"All gloomie-faced lookes the stormie South,
Whose ever-weeping eye drops showers of raine,
Who with his strong-breath'd all ore-turning mouth,
Kings' stone-built temples tumbles downe amaine;
Whose furious blasts the wave-tost seaman feeleth,
When up aloft his ship is hois'd to heaven,
Whose storme-cras'd sides ech churlish wave so reeleth,
That her right course she never keepeth even.
He never lookes with any cleere aspect,
His temples are adorn'd with clouds, his seat
Of terrifying thunderbolts compact,
Which when he sends, he denotates huge heat.
He never breaths or sighs with any paine,
But from the same doe issue showers of raine."

"Statius depictureth the floud Inachus, which passeth through the continent of Greece:" one stanza of six lines.

Peace as described by Tibullus; in ten lines.

Fortune is the last deity of whom the Muse aids the description, which extends to four pieces of poe-

try; "shee is humorous, and must be pleased by submission and acknowledgment of her power and superioritie, as certaine verses, much to the same effect, doe demonstrate and testify; which Englished are these, or much agreeing with the true meaning of the authour." Twenty-four lines.

"In another place a discontented person railing against her crueltie, sayth," in three fourteen-line stanzas, from which I shall extract the second,

"Forc'd by vile Fortune, I seeke out new waies,
And range in uncouth corners of ech wood,
Where darkenesse and sad silence spend their daies,
And melancholy lives in angrie mood;
There sit I, penning satyres 'gainst these times,
Railing 'gainst Fortune's malice in my wrongs,
Composing odes, and rage-expressing rimes,
Sad madrigalls, and heart-unburdening songs;
There, as a man all dead with discontent,
I feed on sighs, and drinke mine owne salt teares;
When sencelesse trees shed sap, and doe relent,
And floures do hang their heads, as though th' had eares
To heare my plaints, and all doe seeme to say,
We waile thy hap, thou image of decay."

The next piece is where a "discontented lover unbowelled (as it were) and anatomized his heart's oppressions:" consisting of seventeen six-line stanzas; in one described as

"So blind she will advance ech low-bred groome,
To haughtie titles of a glorious place,
Lifting him up from nothing, to the roome
Where those of honours, and of vertuous race

Should seated be, and not th' illiterate:
Learning, not place, doth men nobillitate."

The last is, where "the same lover in another place further complaineth of the overmuch rigour of his ladie, preserving and continuing in hate and scorne of his love: which words reduced to a sonnet, are these, or to the like effect.

"Hard is his hap who never finds content,
But still must dwell with heavy-thoughted sadnesse;
Harder that heart that never will relent,
That may, and will not turne these woes to gladnesse;
Then joies adue, comfort and mirth, farewell;
For I must now exile me from all pleasure,
Seeking some uncouth cave where I may dwell,
Pensive and solitarie without measure;
There to bewaile my such untimely fortune,
That in my Aprill daies I thus should perish,
And there that steele-hard heart still still t' importune,
That it at last my bleeding soule would cherish,
If not, with greedie longing to attend,
Till pitty-moved death my woes shall end."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XCV. *Ideas Mirrour. Amours in quatorzains. Che suve é tace assai domandd.* At London: Printed by James Roberts for Nicholas Linge, Anno* 1594, *with an allegorical engraving.* 4to. *pp.* 51.

THESE stanzas unnoticed by Ritson in his Bibl. Poet. and omitted in the folio edition of his works,

* The extreme rarity of this publication renders a farther account desirable, and also more copious extracts. It appears wholly unknown to Herbert, and to all the biographers of Drayton. *Editor.*

are one of the numerous productions of Michael Drayton, and dedicated by him, in a poetical address of fourteen lines, "to the deere chyld of the Muses, and his ever kind Mecænas, Ma. Anthony Cooke, Esq." which he concludes in the following manner.

"Yet there mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor trafique further then thys happy clyme;
Nor fylch from *Portes** nor from *Petrarch's* pen,
A fault too common in thys latter tyme.
Divine Syr Phillip, I avouch thy writ,
I am no pickpurse of another's wit.
Yours devoted M. DRAYTON."

J. H. M.

ART. XCVI. *Poems by Michael Drayton, Esquyer. Collected into one volume. Newly corrected MDCXXXVII. London: Printed for John Smethwick.* In an engraved title-page by Marshall, with Drayton's head at top. pp. 487. 12mo.

THESE poems consist of, 1. The Barons' Wars. 2. England's Heroical Epistles. 3. The Legend of Robert Duke of Normandie. 4. The Legend of Matilda. 5. The Legend of Pierce Gaveston. 6. The Legend of Great Cromwell. 7. Idea, containing sixty-three Sonnets. Why the historical poem of the Battle of Agincourt is left out, does not appear.

*Portes, an early French poet, had borrowed freely from the Italian. *Editor.*

ART. XCVII. *The Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester. By Chr. Middleton. London. Printed for Nicholas Ling, and are to be solde at his shop at the west doore of St. Paules Church.* 1600. 4*to.*

THIS metrical legend consisting of one hundred and eighty four stanzas, which is evidently written on the plan of the *Mirror for Magistrates* and is inferior to none in that favourite collection, is dedicated to Sir Jarvis Clifton, Knight; from which circumstance in the obscurity of his biography one might be tempted to conjecture that he was a Bedfordshire man. The sources of information being silent respecting him, we may fairly conclude that he was one of the numerous poets who, in the words of Roger Ascham, "lived men knew not how, and died obscure, men marked not when." But though "clouds and darkness rest upon" the history of his life, *caret quia vate*, that of his writings has preserved itself. He wrote 'A short introduction to the Art of Swimming,' translated from Sir Everard Digby, "De arte natandi."

"*The Historie of Heaven: containing the poetical fictions of all the starres of the Firmament, gathered from amongst all the poets.*" 4to. 1598: and

"*The Legend of (the good) Duke Humphrey,*" which is the subject of the present paper.

It is preceded by an Hexasticon by Rob. Allott, a sonnet by Michael Drayton, and two commendatory poems by John Weever, the latter of which we shall transcribe:

" *To Duke Humphrey's attendants.*

" Ye dayly wayters on Duke Humphreys table,
And hourly walkers by D. Humphreys shrine,
If that for meagre famine yee be able
Right to peruse a wel-pen'd wittye line,
Wait—walk no more, on his table— by his shrine—
But with Duke Humphrey's Legend (Gentles) dine."

After the fashion of hodiernal bookmaking, one might be expected to give an historical account of the life of Duke Humphrey, and the intrigues of the Bishop of Winchester; but our purpose will be answered when we have given a few passages, as examples of Middleton's poetical talents—" and then an end."

" O were my pen but able to set downe
Great Glocester's vertues, as indeed they were,
How would the world, bewitched with his renowne,
In imitation strive for to come near
His worthie deeds; whereof who were possest,
Themselves might justly think were haply blest.

Look as the starres, when as the world's great light
Rouses him from his melancholy bed,
Drawing the duskie curtains of the night,
Wherein the earth lay sadly mantelled,
Pluck in their pale heads as ashamed, and sorry,
He should so farre exceed themselves in glory:

So did the world, wherein this worthy was,
Admire the more than common gifts he had,
Wondring how such a work should come to passe;
And with abundant melancholy, sad,
Fret out their lives in envy and despair;
For with his life no life could ere compare.

And had he not been royal in his birth,
  Yet had his matchlesse learning and his wit
From meaner roots as fair a branch brought forth,
  For King-born bloods to shrowd them under it.
For Wit and Learning are two Angels wings,
By which mean men soar up to mighty things.

Ah! woe the while, our age neglects that fame;
  Would our great men would immitate his course!
Then would their virtues add unto their name
  More nobleness, and after death enforce
A new live's date, whose limits should extend
Beyond all ages—after time shall end!"

"If pity, quoth he, dwell in Princes hearts,
  As it should do, or mercy have her seat
By judgment's side, to mittigate the smart
  Of punishment too heavy and too great;
Let these two gentle Gods then look on mee,
That ask their help, with teares in misery.

Remove the pillars, on whose base doth stand
  A mighty building, and all comes to thrall;
Take out the staffe from an old man's weak hand,
  And then his aged body needs must fall:
Take steerage from a ship, or guide not it,
And on some rock the reckless bark will split.

The base whereon my aged frame hath stood,
  The staff whereon I stayed my trembling arm,
The rudder that did guide me, and with good
  And wholesome counsell kept my age from harm,
Is gone! what then may I suspect to have
But sudden fall to an untimely grave;

Where would I were in peace; for here is none,
And less I fear will be; which makes my mind
Think, happy are our fathers, that are gone
Where sure they shall a better kingdom find.
Truely said Ovid, that no man could say,
His life was blest before his latest day."

" Like to a morne, whose evening shuts in clouds,
Making a dark end of a glorious day,
Fell this good Duke,———————

Whose memory when stones, and tombs of brass,
Deep graven epitaphs, and hollow graves,
Shall quite consume, and their memorial pass
Down to the shady groves and darksome caves,
Where dead oblivion dwells, in whose black breast
Lyes buried all that former times possest;

Thy name, like to the still-enduring sunne,
Shall outlive all, and be the world's great wonder;
Aye! and when sunne, and moone, and starres have done,
And their concordant spheres broken a sunder,
Thy light succeed their lights; and as now we
Admire their glory, so may they do thee!"

O. G.

ART. XCVIII. *Odes: in imitation of the Seaven Penitential Psalmes. With sundry other poemes and Ditties, tending to devotion and pietie. Imprinted Anno Domini MDCI.* 8vo.

THIS book appears to have been printed at Antwerp, which may be one cause of its extreme rarity. Its author was RICHARD VERSTEGAN, of whom some

account is given by Wood, in Athenæ, i. 502; and whose antiquarian work, entitled "*a Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*," is still deservedly esteemed. A prefatory address, before his Odes to "the vertuous ladies and gentlewomen readers," thus concludes:

"The vaine conceits of love's delight
I leave to Ovid's arte,
Of warres and bloody broyles to wryte
Is fit for Virgil's parte.

Of tragedies in doleful tales
Let Sophocles entreat:
And how unstable fortune failes
Al poets do repeat.

But unto our eternal king
My verse and voyce I frame;
And of his saintes I meane to sing,
In them to praise his name.

Yours in his best endevours, R. V."

That the writer was a zealous romanist, the contents of his volume will set forth.

"Odes, &c. (as above.)
Extracts of the Sibyllacs prophesies of Christe.
The fifteen mysteries of the rosarie of our blessed Lady.
Epithetes of our blessed Lady.
Our blessed Ladie's Lullaby.
A reprehension of the reprehending of our Ladie's praise.
The triumphe of feminyne Saintes.
A resemblance of Martyrs.

Te Deum Laudamus, or the song of S. Ambrose and S. Augustyne.
How God in all ages, hath bin served with Sacrifise.
Saint Peeter's Comfort.
Sacrum Convivium.
A complaint of S. Marie Magdalen.
Of the invention, or fynding of the crosse of Christ.
Complaint of Church Controversy. An Epigram.
An Exposition of the Ave bel.
A secondary Exposition.
Of the state of solitary lyfe dedicated to the service of God.
The substance of humaine flesh.
Visions of the worlde's instabillitie. (The general Idea taken from Petrarch and Bellay.)
Verses of the worlde's vanitie: supposed to be made by S. Bernard, and translated into English, to bee sung to the tune they beare in Latin."

The piety of Verstegan is so much more praiseworthy than his poetry, that the shortest specimen of the latter will probably be the most acceptable.

AN EPIGRAM.

A puritaine did 'plaine himself of late,
Of late-growne controversies into great debate,
And prayed him to whome hee did complaine,
That hee his censure would affoord him plaine.
"Well then," quoth hee, "yf neither I shal flatter,
But speake my conscience freely of the matter:
You are in fault, to make so much contending,
How can so new a faith so soone lack mending."

T. P.

ART. XCIX. *E. W. his Thameseidos. Devided into three bookes, or cantos.*

"Nunquam stigias ibit ad umbras inclita virtus."

At London: Printed by W. W. for Simon Waterson. 1600. *4to. Signat. F.* 4.

THE author of this scarce poem is undecyphered by any dedicatory prefix of his own, or by any commendatory tribute from others; though he seems not to have been undeserving of a patron, nor his work of contemporary praise. Its chief defect appears to be, that the fables it contains too nearly resemble Ovidian Metamorphoses; and its obvious merit is, that it afforded a model for Drayton to enlarge upon in his Polyolbion. The following personification of Thames, as a female, occurs in the first page.

"And now, from new-spows'd wife, the fierie Sunne
Was risen, and from ocean-seas begunne
To drive his golden chariot, that he might
To all the world declare his glorious light;
When Thamesis, the fairest queene on earth,
To solemnise her annuall day of birth,
Appareled in a robe of purest white,
All thicke of golden shimiring* spangles dight,
Which gainst the Sunne reflecting beames did cast,
As do the starres that in the heavens are plast;
Her haire bound up in knots, like golden wier,
And crown'd with garlands of sweete smelling brier:
Unto a meddow by, his flowing streames
Did goe, where she, from heat of Phœbus' beames,

* Glistering.

Under the coole shade of the spreading trees
Did meane to sport, and sing sweete virolees,*
With her faire Nymphes, each having in her hand,
To fill with precious flowers, a little maund."†

It probably occurred to the author that such a title as "fairest queen on earth," though figuratively given to a river, might excite a thrill of displeasure in the breast of his jealous Sovereign, and he therefore made an *amende honorable* in the second canto, by a courtly apostrophe to Elizabeth herself.

"Thou most bright Sunne of this our northern clime,
Live thou for ever! or live Nestor's time,
To maintaine artes, as hitherto th' ast done,
For wayle the Muses must, when thou art gone:
And if it fortune, that at any time
(Luckely) this ragged and unpolisht rithme
Into those faire hands fall, that holds the bridle
With which thou justly rulest many people:
Behold it with a favourable eie,
And thinke that none can praise thee worthelie."

T. P.

ART. C. *Album, seu nigrum amicorum, in obitum Horat. Palavicini. London: Printed by T. Creed for Andrew Wise.* 4*to.* 1600.

THIS is a mere collection of funereal verses. The first of them, however, is one of the scattered pieces of Bishop Hall.

* Virelays seem to have been a species of roundelays, or roundels, with which they are twice enumerated by Chaucer.

† Basket.

"*In obitum viri amplissimi, Domini Horatii Pallavicini Equitis, Epitaphium.*

"Utra mihi patria est, utra est peregrina viator?
Itala terra tulit, terra Brytanna tegit.
Natus ibi, hic vixi, moriorque ineunte senecta;
Illa mihi cunas contulit, hæc tumulum.
Deserui Latium vivus, meque illa reliquit,
Quodque orta meruit, perdidit exilio.
Hospitio excepit, fovitque Brytannia longo;
Jure sit illa suo patria sola mihi!
Non tamen illa mihi patria est, non ulla sub astris
Sed medio Ætherei regna suprema poli.

I. HALL. IMMAN."

H. E.

ART. CI. *The Letting of Humour's blood in the head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe. At London printed by W. White for W. F.* 1600. *Sm.* 8vo.*

THIS was reprinted in 1611 with the same title, and about the same time with the following.

Humor's Ordinarie. Where a man may be verie merrie, and exceeding well used for his sixe-pence. At London, printed for William Firebrand; and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's-head Pallace, right over against the Taverne doore. 4to.

To the later edition of these epigrams and satires, some verses to the reader are signed SAMUELL ROWLANDS; of whom this seems to be the only remaining memorial, that he was "one of the minor poets who

* It has been reprinted in 1814. *Editor.*

lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later."* From Ritson's Bibliographia, p. 317, it will be perceived that he was the presumed author of fifteen publications in verse and prose, differing very widely from each other in their subject and design. The satiric medley now before me is particularly noticed by Mr. Warton in his poetic history, Vol. IV. where several extracts from it may be seen. The following is here added, on account of its relation to that celebrated English *buffo* Richard Tarleton, who, as Bastard said in his Epigrams, "was extol'd for that which all despise." He died in 1588, as appears from the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch.†

EPIG. XXX.

"When Tarlton clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,
And with conceits did good opinion gaine
Upon the stage, his merry humor's shop,
Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clownish slop;
But now they're gull'd; for present fashion sayes—
Dicke Tarleton's part gentlemen's breeches playes:
In every streete where any gallant goes,
The swagg'ring slop is Tarlton's clownish hose."

The Satires are six in number. In the fourth occurs the following catalogue of country sports, which may serve to elucidate some of the engravings

* Percy's Reliques, III. 117.

† See Mr. Henry Ellis's very curious History of Shoreditch, p. 211.

‡ In Fitzgeffry's *Affaniæ* and Peacham's *Thalia's Banquet*, epigrams occur on Tarleton, and a Latin epitaph "Richardo Tarltono Comædorum principi," will be found in Stradlingi Epigramm. 1607.

in Mr. Strutt's amusing volume entitled *Glig-Gamena Angel-Deod.*

" Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To jumpe or leape over a ditch or hedge,
To wrastle, play at stoole-ball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne,
To play at loggets, nine-holes, or ten-pinnes,
To try it out at foote-ball by the shinnes;
At ticke tacke, Irish noddy, maw and ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blindman-buffe:
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole can,
To play at base, or pen and ink-horne, Sir Jhan:
To dance the morris, play at barly-breake,
At all exploits a man can thinke or speake,
At shove-groat, venter point, or crosse and pile,
At beshrew him that's last at yonder stile;
At leaping ore a Midsommer bone-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer.*
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wag but your finger, I am for you, I:
I scorne (that am a youngster of our towne)
To let a Bow bell cockney put me downe."

T. P.

ART. CII. *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ; containing the story of his Life and Passion. The teares of Christ in the Garden, with the description of heauenly Ierusalem. London:*

* This unknown pastime seems to have been used as a proverbial phrase, and occurs in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

"Tut! Dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire."

Printed by E. Allde for William Ferbrand, dwelling neere Guild-hall-gate, at the signe of the Crowne, 1601. *4to pp.* 45.

In this work are six poems as follows. "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ, containing the story of his Life and Passion," 96 7-line stanzas. "The Teares of our Saviour in the Garden," 26 6-line st. "A heavenly prayer in contempt of the world and the vanities thereof," 4 6-line st. "The description of heavenly Ierusalem," 52 4-line st. "Another on the same subject," 19 4-line st. and "A Sinner's Supplication, or the soules Meditation," 21 4-line st. J. H.

Art. CIII. *An Answere to a Romish Rime lately printed, and entituled, a proper new Ballad, wherein are contayned Catholike questions to the Protestant. The which Ballad was put foorth without date or day, name of authour or printer, libell-like, scattered and sent abroad, to withdraw the simple from the fayth of Christ, vnto the doctrine of Antichrist the Pope of Rome. Written by that Protestant Catholike, I. R. They that sit in the gate, speake against me, and the drunkards make songs vpon me. Psal. lxix.* 12. *Dearely beloued, beleeue not euery spirit, but trye the spirits whether they be of God, or no: for many false prophets are gone out into the world.* 1 *John iv.* 1. *Answere a foole according to his foolishnes, lest he be wise in his own conceyte. Prouerbs xxvi.* 5. *Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling*

in Hosier Lane, neere Smithfielde. 1602. *4to.* 20 *leaves.*

A SHORT prose address "to the indifferent readers, be they Protestants, Papists, or neyther;" states, the writer "together with others in a search, found some good English bookes, and some two or three English pamphlets of another stampe and nature, viz. a Popish rosary of prayers, and diuers Popish pictures in it, circled about with the forme of beads, as if all were the holyer, that comes within that compasse. We found there amo̅g other things also, a toy in rime, entituled, a proper new Ballad, wherein are certaine Catholike questions (for so he termeth them) to the Protestant. Onely of zeale to the trueth, and of loue to such simple soules, as might be snared with such petty bayts as this ballad is, I haue taken a little paynes in answering the same as well as I could, being a man of small skill to meddle in greater matters.—There are many such paphlets, together with other like Romish wares, that are sent abroad among the common people, both Protestants and Papists in London and in the countrey, & that by certaine women brokers and pedlers (as of late in Staffordshire there was) who with baskets on their armes, shal come and offer you other wares vnder a colour, and so sell you these, where they see and know any likelyhood to vtter them.—I will shewe you how I haue dealt and ordered things in the answering hereof. First, I founde it set to no certaine tune: but because it goeth most neere to the olde tune of Labandalashot, therefore I haue made that all may be sung to that tune if neede be. Secondly, the authour of this ballad,

his skill seemed to me to be as bad in poetry as in diuinity, and therefore I am herein driuen sometimes to adde and abbreuiate the authors particular words, but I faile him not a iote for his owne sense and false meaning: let this bee considered of therefore of all men. Thirdly, this ballad-monger hath deuided his worke into 9 principall parts or heads, and I observe them in a sort, as shall appear by the figures set before euery part. Fourthly, wheras the conclusion of the ballad is long, I giue him leaue to goe it through, and then I followe him with mine answere all together; and so with my epilogue, and a short song of Popery, made long agoe in scorne of Papist's foolery, I end, referring the readers for further satisfaction in this point to M. Crowly his booke which is an answere in prose to the like question, printed 1588. Your's in the Lorde I. R."

Then follows "a pretty fine answere to a Romish Rime, entituled, a proper new ballad, &c. to the tune of Labandalashot." The original is given in twenty-four stanzas, Roman type, and the answer in forty-six stanzas, black letter.

"*The Papist's Complaint.*

"Many and sundry sects appeare
now in the world both farre and neere:
The Protestant, the Puritan,
the Caluanist, and Zwinglian,
The Brownist, and the family of loue,
and many mo that I can proue:
Besides the Romane faith truely,
which Protestants call Papistry.
All these are Christ's true church, they say,
but now on which shall my soule stay?"

" *The Protestant's Answere.*

" Strange sects there are, and so will be,
the churche to trye in eche degree.
But for the most of them you name,
they are not worthy of that blame.
The Brownist he is punished:
the familists from vs are fled:
If we were rid of Papists too,
both kingdoms should haue lesse to doo.*
And you that will of sects complayne,
shew which by law we doe maintayne."

These controversial poets attract notice by the scarcity of their works, rather than any interest arising from their flow of numbers. Touching heretikes and schismatiks the Papist says:

" Yet in sheepe's clothing these doe goe,
because God's people should not knowe,†
But that they are his pastors sure,
which Christ has set, with doctrine pure
To teach, to preach, to set and sowe,
that Christ in th' end might reap & mow:
But when their seeds are somewhat sprung,
they prove but tares and darnell young,
Thistles and thornes so are they found,
choking and cumbering the ground."

The Protestant in reply alledges,

" Your doctrine is but darnell sure,
vnto this graine, God's word so pure.
What is the chaffe vnto the wheat?
what is man's wit to wisdome great?
Your gold is brasse, your siluer tinne,
your teaching drosse, your deeds but sinne."——

* That is, England and Ireland.

† And like vilde ruffians, swash-bucklers or cauilliers.

The *darnel* of these passages may entitle them to notice in some future edition of Shakspeare, where there are many wild weeds of similar growth.

In a prose epilogue of one page the author describes himself as having "postingly run ouer this Romish Rime, as a priest doeth his masse and mattens, when he hath haste another way." On a distinct leaf follows the short song made long ago, which is given more from curiosity than merit.

"*A merry song, and a very song.*

"Sospitati pickt our purse with Popish illusio,
Purgatory, scala cœli, pardons cum Iubilio,
Pilgrimage-gate, where Idoles sate with all abominatio,
Channon, Fryers, common lyers, that filthy generatio,
Nunnes huling, pretty puling, as cat in milke-pannio:
See what knauerie was in Monkerie, and what superstitio:
Becking, belling, ducking, yelling, was their whole religio,
And when women came vnto them, fewe went sine filio.
But Abbeyes all are now downe fall, dei beneficio,*
And we doe pray day by day, that all abominatio
may come to desolatio. Amen."

J. H.

ART. CIV. *A Divine poeme, divided into two partes: the Ravisht Soule, and the Blessed Weeper. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentle-man. Imprinted at London, for John Browne and John Deane.* 1601. *4to. 24 leaves.*

To compile and to compose seem formerly to have been considered as synonimous, and the term *compiled* does not therefore invalidate Breton's full claim to the merits of this composition; which consists of two parts (as the title expresses) and of two distinct

*From this line it may be considered a composition temp. Hen. VIII.

modes of versification:—"*The ravisht Soule*," which describes the devout aspirations of spiritualized affection, is written in the elegiac quatrain; and "*the Blessed Weeper*," which represents the sorrowful lamentation of Mary Magdalen at the tomb of our Saviour, is written in seven-line stanzas.* To these is prefixed a Hymn, from which I extract nearly half, divested of its ancient spelling, that it may be read with the advantage it deserves.

"*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

"Sing, my soul, to God thy Lord!
All in glory's highest key:
Lay the angel's quire aboard,
In their highest holy day;
Crave their helps, to tune thy heart
Unto praise's highest part.

Tell the world—no world can tell,
What the hand of heaven deserveth,
In whose mercies only dwell
All that heaven and earth preserveth:
Death's confounding, sin's forgiving,
Faith's relieving, comfort's living.

Grace and glory, life and love,
Be the sum of all thy ditty;
Where a sinner's tears may prove
Comfort's joy in mercy's pity;
Every note in love alluding,
Endless glory in concluding.

* It seems not unlikely, from Mr. Steevens's MS. list of Breton's pieces, that this production had been printed in 1596, under the title of "Marie Magdalen's Love: whereunto is added a solemne passion of the Sowle's Love."

Praise of praises! where thou dwellest,
Tell me (if the world may know thee)
In what sense thou most excellest,
When thy wonder worth doth show thee,
In that state of honour's story,
Where thou gain'st thy highest glory.

'Tis not earth, nor earthly wonder,
Can discern the dearest honour:
All her praises are put under,
When thy glory looks upon her;—
No:—in heaven thy glory dwelleth,
Where thy wonder most excelleth.

Yet in heaven was never living,
Virgin, saint, nor angel's spirit,
Where thy grace may have the giving
Of thine honour's highest merit:
'Tis their glory's admiration,
That deserves thy commendation.

Since then, by all consequences
In the notes of glory's nature,
And the grace's influences,
'Tis not earth, nor heavenly creature;
In my GOD alone, on high,
Is this only mystery.

Let all kings and princes then
In submission fall before him;
Virgins, angels, holy men,
Both in heaven and earth adore him;
In his mercy only seeing
All and, only, all your being.

And when all the world together
Join with angels' harmony;

Let my soul come singing thither,
With that blessed company—
GOD, in mercy's power victorious,
Be above all glory glorious!"

To the copious catalogue of Breton's various pieces in Ritson's Bibliographia, which derived its formation from the sedulous inquiries of Mr. Steevens, the following (and probably several others) remain to be added.

1. "*The Pilgrimage to Paradise,*" &c. a poem, printed at Oxford, in 1592.

2. "*An Old Man's Lesson, and a Young Man's Love:*" an interlude, 1605. This is mentioned by Dr. Percy as the publication of Breton,* but Mr. Reed informs us that he was only the *editor.*† It is amusing after this, to hear egotistic Gildon (the improver of Langbaine) pronounce—that "Nicholas Breton has writ and published *nothing more* than this one interlude."‡

3. "*Barley Break, or a Warning for Wantons,*" 1607. This appears to have been poetical, and occurred in Farmer's Catalogue.

4. "*Fantasticks: serving for a perpetuall prognostication. Descants of the world, the earth, water, ayre,*" &c. 1626, in prose.

5. "*The figures of three, foure, five, sixe, and seven: by N. Breton and others:*" 1626. See West's Catalogue, p. 59.

Of this poet, as my friend Mr. Brydges has else-

* Reliques, III. 62, 4th edit. † Biog. Dram. I. 42.
‡ Lives and Characters of English Dramatic Poets, p. 12.

where observed,* very little is known. In the Athenæ of Wood his name is unregistered, nor do I trace it among the Worthies of Fuller. By Phillips he is slightly recorded as "a writer of pastoral, sonnets, canzons, and madrigals; in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spencer and Sir Philip Sidney, in a publisht collection of selected odes of the chief pastoral sonnetteers, &c. of that age." The collection here alluded to, must have been *England's Helicon* to which Spenser and Sidney were joint contributors. The critical sentence of Phillips has been re-echoed, or rather re-written by Winstanley and Jacob, in their accounts of the Lives of English Poets. Dr. Percy mentions Breton as "a writer of some fame in the reign of Queen Elizabeth:"† and so it would appear, from Puttenham's introduction of him between Gascoigne and Turberville, and from Meres's commendation of his lyric poetry and love elegies. Nor could Webbe, it is presumed, by his silent disregard, intend to incorporate Breton among "the rabble of ryming ballet-makers, or the compilers of senceless sonets:"‡ though he had *compiled* his "Songes of an idle head," and twice printed them, before Webbe's book appeared. In the following dialogue from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, our poet seems to be treated not more sarcastically than either Shakspeare or Drayton.

"*Rog.* Have patience, sir, untill our fellow *Ni-*

* Theatrum Poetarum, p. 319. † Reliques of E. P. III. 62.

‡ Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.

cholas be deceast; that is, asleepe. For so the word is taken: to sleepe, to dye, to dye, to sleepe; a very figure, sir.

"*Will.* Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loop holes, &c.

"*Rog.* Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle; and undertook with labour and experience the collection of those thousand pieces, consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honour'd Englishman, *Nich. Breton?*"

The "Scornful Lady" being first printed in 1616, it may indicate Breton to have been then living; and if the Norton epitaph produced by Mr. Brydges, belong to the poet, he continued to live till June 22, 1624. Mr. Gough seems to concur in opinion that he did so: as may be gathered from a note in Vol. II. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses. By those, however, who possess the lonely power of inspecting the early miscellanies of Nicholas Breton, it remains to be determined whether he incidentally bespeaks himself to have held any military commission in the Low Countries under the Earl of Leicester, as this would identify the monumental inscription.* Mr. Ellis has given some pleasing specimens from the poetry of Breton, and Mr. Brydges has done honour to his memory, by calling the ballad of Phillida and Corydon,† a delicious little poem, from which if we are to judge of his poetical powers (for

* For which, see Brydges's Theat. Poet. and Ritson's Bib. Poet.

† See Percy's Reliques, Ellis's Specimens, and the Muse's Library.

surely he had the powers of a poet) they were distinguished by a simplicity, at once easy and elegant.*

T. P.

ART. CV. *The Soules immortall Crowne; consisting of Seaven glorious Graces. 1. Virtue. 2. Wisedome. 3. Love. 4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Humilitie. 7. Infinitenes. Devided into Seaven Dayes Workes: and dedicated to the King's most Excellent Majestie. At London, printed by H. Lownes; and are to be sold by I. C. and F. B.* 1605. 4*to.* 34 *leaves.*

THIS is one of the curious, though not most rare productions, of that prolific writer Nicholas Breton, who supplied the press with a rich diversity of ingenious compositions for more than forty years. The scheme of this poem was suggested probably by the "divine weeks" of Du Bartas; though Breton's manner of treating his subject is very different, and being much more concise is therefore more impressive. I cite a few stanzas from the fourth division of the work, which are very creditable to the ear and mind and heart of the author.

"O Constancie! thou only kingly thought,
That keepes the spirit in her purest kinde;
And hast against all idle frailty fought,
And like a mountaine settlest fast the minde:
Let me conceive some part of thy content,
Where pleasure's spirit is most sweetly spent.
And though I cannot reach that royall height,
Wherein thy sacred majestie doth sit:

* Since this was written, two poems of Breton have appeared in 1814, and 1815, from the private press of Lee Priory; and two prose tracts have been reprinted in *Archaica.*

Yet, as a servant let me humbly waite,
To see thine honour and to speake of
And so to speake, that all the world may see
Wisdom, Love, Honor, only lives in thee.

The constant eye hath never wandring sight,
The constant ear hath no unkindly hearing,
The constant tongue doth ever speake aright,
The constant heart hath ever happy chearing;
The constant minde the fairest thoughts unfold thee,
The constant soule on earth and heaven behold thee.

It loves no change, and breeds the joy of choice,
It feares no fortune, and it serves no folly,
It keepes the rule where reason doth rejoice,
And is the substance of contentment wholly:
It is a stay that strengtheneth the minde,
And knits the senses in a sacred kinde.

It is the lock upon the heart of Love,
A chest that keepes the treasure of the mind;
Within the soule a rocke that cannot move,
A band that doth the thoughts together bind:
A light where wisdom vertue's honour seeth,
And life where only grace with loue agreeth.

Oh, how it writes the worthiness of those,
That strove for honour to the stroke of death:
And how without comparison it shows
The mouth of wisdom blessed in her breath:
And how it makes the fame of them to flourish,
That with their bounty vertuous spirits nourish."

* See a farther account of this poem in No. 15 of *Restituta*.

ART. CVI. *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A poem, enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine worthies; being the first Essay of a new British poet: collected out of authenticall records. To these are added some new compositions of several modern writers; whose names are subscribed to their severall workes; upon the first subject; viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.* 1601.

THE above title was transcribed from a Note to Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare, 1780, Vol. I. p. 732: but the Editor has since had the volume itself in his hands by the favour of Messrs. Longman, who now possess the copy, perhaps unique, from whence Malone took his account.

The principal writers associated in this collection are Shakspeare, B. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman: and there is one short poem by Ignoto. There is a second title preceding the contributions of these authors in the following words: "*Hereafter follow diverse poeti-cal essaies on the former subject; viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes. Never before extant. And now first consecrated by them all generally to the love and merit of the truly noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie.*"

The poem of Shakspeare, copied by Malone, is the xxth of "The Passionate Pilgrim," beginning

"Let the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey."

ART. CVII. *Foure Paradoxes: of Arte, of Lawe, of Warre, of Service. By T. S.*

Cupias quodcunque necesse est.

At London Printed for Thomas Bushell. 1602. *Small 8vo. 24 leaves.*

THESE Paradoxes are poetical, and the only copy I have seen was formerly Major Pearson's. The name of the author is revealed by the following dedication.

"To the most honorable and more vertuous Lady, the Ladie Helena, Marquesse of Northampton.

"MADAM,

"Your friends send you jewelles; your tenants, the fruit of their store; and your servants, many good wishes; all of them, in their kinde, being testimonies of their loves and dueties. I, that am too poore to present you with the two former, and too ambitious, to supply my wants with the latter, have presumed in another manner to expresse my humilitie; sending you, not the riches of my exterior fortunes, but the fruite and issue of my braine, in the begetting whereof I wasted much pretious time.

Your Honor, in accepting it, shall expresse more true bounty, than I in writing can expresse duety, though it be all the scope I levell at. The Lord have you in his protection, and send you many happy new-yeeres!

"Your duetifull and devoted servant,

"THOMAS SCOTT."

This little volume exhibits an elegant specimen of minute typography: but its merits are not referable to the printer alone. There is much manly observation, forcible truth, apt simile, and moral pith in the poem itself; and it leaves a lingering desire upon the mind, to obtain some knowledge of a writer, whose meritorious production was usheralded by any contemporary verse-man, and whose name remains unrecorded by any poetical biographer. The following is his spirited introduction, divested of its obsolete orthography.

"Nor base intrusion, nor the hope of gain,
Nor adulation, nor vain-glorious pride,
Nor th' idle fancy of a fuming brain,
Nor any ill-affected cause beside,
Begat these lines; but true respective* love,
Which all good meanings to one end doth move.

Nor think these rhymes scum'd from the froth of wit,
Nor loosely bound; but written with advise,†
When my sad soul did in true judgment sit
About th' invention of some rare devise;
When contemplation fill'd my flowing brain,
And serious study did my sense restrain.

* i. e. respectful, considerate, cautionary.
† With deliberation.

Even then I wrote these lines, which shall bewray*
The faithful meaning of my constant soul,
Which time nor obvious chance shall wear away,
Nor fate convert, nor sovereignty controul;
For this is all the certainty I find—.
No power can alter a resolved mind."

The entire poem is constructed in the same stanza, and divided into four portions, which bear these appropriate mottos.

"*Artes irritamenta malorum.*
Juris injuria.
Bellum perniciosissimum.
Omnis est misera servitus."

Each portion contains 18 stanzas, and three additional ones close the whole, which the poet styles his "Resolution." The following selections will indicate the divisions of subject whence they are taken.

"Farewell, uncertain ART! whose deepest skill
Begets dissentions and ambiguous strife,
When, like a windy bladder, thou dost fill
The brain with groundless hopes and shades of life;
When thou dost set the word against the word,
And wound'st our judgment with opinion's sword.

Thou lend'st the guileful orator his skill
To plead 'gainst innocence, and to defend
The guilty cause; thou turn'st the upright will
To favour falsehood, and dost backward bend
The most resolved judgment; arming fools
With dangerous weapons and sharp-edged tools.

* Betray, disclose, discover.

Thou art like gold, gotten with care and thought;
Then brought to bribe the judge against the truth;
Or like a sword with all our substance bought
To kill a friend:—O thing of woe and ruth!—
Who with this gold th' oppressed doth defend?
Or who doth use this sword to save his friend?

Thou art not much unlike the fowler's glass,
Wherein the silly soul delights to look
For novelties, until the net doth pass
Above her head, and she unwares be took.
Thou common courtezan, thou bawd to sin,
Painted without, but leperous within.

Thou'rt a companion for all company,
A garment made for every man to wear,
A golden coffer, wherein dirt doth lie,
A hackney horse, all sorts of men to bear;
What art thou not?—faith, thou art nought at all,
For he that knows thee best, knows nought at all.

* * * * *

O Law! thou cobweb wherein little flies
Are daily caught, whilst greater break away:
Thou dear experience, which so many buys
With loss of time, wealth, friends, and long delay;
Thou endless labyrinth of care and sorrow,
Near hand to-day and far remov'd to-morrow.

Thou sweet revenge of craven-hearted hinds,
Who never relish lov'd society,
Nor harbour kindness in their currish minds,
But barbarous beastly incivility:
Thou nurse of discord, instrument of hatred,
Whose power with vice hath all the earth o'erscattred.

Why should we not be good, without thy aid?
And fear thy force less than deserved blame?

Shall man forbear to sin, being afraid
  Of punishment? not of reproach and shame?
So children learn their lessons, kept from meat;
So asses mend their paces, being beat.

But man should bear a free unforced spirit,
  Uncapable of servile fear and awe;
The guilty soul doth punishment demerit,
  Because he is not to himself a law;
Let men, like men, love virtue and embrace her;
Let men, like men, hate vice—the soul's defacer.

* * * * *

O why should men in envy, pride, and hate,
  In swoll'n ambition, lust, and covetise,
Usurp the bloody rule of death and fate,
  Becoming one another's destinies?—
Is there not sea enough for every swan?
And land enough to bury every man?

O bloody WAR! to th' unexperienc'd sweet;
  That rob'st and spoil'st and butcherest every sex;
That tramples all things with upheaved feet;
  And quiet states with civil broils dost vex;
That sayst—"all things are just thou dost with might:"
But to th' unable—"there remains no right."

That, like a wilful woman, run'st astray,
  In causeless enmity and deadly feud;
Having for thy director, all the way,
  That many-headed beast—the multitude;
Who, without all respect of wrong or right,
Will do as others do, or flee or fight.

Thou art the instrument of stern revenge,
  Fore-plotted in the subtle sconce of hate,
And serv'st the spreading wings of youth to singe;
  A pretty drug to purge a gouty state,

That swell'n with poison'd surfeits, like to burst,
Voids up those humours, to prevent the worst.

But as our private doctors, physic-learn'd,
Kill more diseased persons than they cure:
Yet think they justly have their wages earn'd,
Teaching their patients torment to endure:
Or as chirurgeons do more hurt than good,
When with small ill they let out much pure blood:

So these sword-Paracelsians get such power,
That oft they 'stroy when they should cure the state;
And with confusion all things do devour,
Making well-peopled kingdoms desolate:
Much like a sprite, rais'd up by Art's deep skill,
Which doth much hurt, against the bookman's will.

Even as we see, in marches and in fens,
The careful husband, thinking to destroy
The fruitless sedge, wherein the adder dens,
Sets fire upon some part, with which to toy
The northern wind begins, and burneth down,
Spite of all help, the next abutting town:

So, WAR, once set afloat, adds strength to strength,
And where it was pretended to confound
The foes of virtue, it proceeds at length,
Virtue, the state, and statesman's self to wound;
And, like a mastiff hearted to a bear,
Turns back, and doth his master's bowels tear."

* * * * *

"Omnis est misera servitus."

"But staie:—O rest thee, Muse, and rest thee, Mind;
I now have found the jewell which I sought;

Whose only good is in itself confin'd,
  The sanctuary of the hopefull thought;
The port of safetie, and the happy life,
Free from malitious broyles and tedious strife.

Who list to draw himselfe from publick throng,
  And to converse with men of more regard;
Or fears the weighty power of others wrong,
  Or seeks himselfe from envious tongues to ward:
Or covets quiet, or eschues debate,
Or loves content, or fears lean-visag'd hate:

Let him repaire to courte, and in the court,
  Like ivy, cleave unto some great man's side,
Whose able strength his weakness may support,
  And with his spreading arms and shadow wide
Protect and patronize his feeble youth,
And yeelde him needful 'sap t' increase his growth.

So may he live secure; free from the fear
  Of publike malice, or close-creeping hate;
And never dread the sunne or wind should sear
  His verdant moysture and exalted state;
For still his lord protects him with his bowes:
So he grows up, even as his patron grows.

O happy man! whose fortune 'tis to finde
  This rarely-heire of bountie in the great;
Which sooner happens to th' illiterate hinde,
  Than him whose brain the learned Sisters heat;
Because the man, that's only great in show,
Dreads other men his ignorance should know.

This makes the childe of fortune, to reveale
  His thoughts to drudging boors and shallow fools;
But all his consultations, to conceale
  From those that are not enemies to schools:

For ignorance, like every other sin,
Loves still to live unknown, and blind within.

The honest servant seeks t' amend his lord,
And grieves to hear his wants themselves should speak;
But the base slave doth fearfully afford
A jeering flattery, with count'nance bleak
To every word; and therefore is regarded,
When truth is with suspect and hate rewarded.

Base flattery, and double diligence,
That thrust their fingers into every place;
That carry tales and give intelligence
Of all that may their fellows' faith disgrace:
These are employ'd, these come and go, at pleasure,
Have what they ask, and ask without all measure.

He that can these, shall thrive; and may in time
Purchase large lordships with ill-gotten wealth;
And may from yeomanry to worship climb—
Ill fare that gentry so purloyn'd with stealth!
But other never may expect to rise,
For to their deeds he turns his Argus' eyes:

And doth perswade his lord, that his whole care
Is, like a trusty servant, for the best;
His younger son the better for't shall fare,
For at his death all shall to him be left:
The credulous lord believes his smooth conclusion,
Untill, too late, he proves it an illusion.

But when the trusty servant stands aloof,
Forewarning these events, with modestie;
Exampling this with many likely proofs
Of other's craft and close hypocrisie;

He is suspected of deceit; his drift,
Thought a detractor's favour-fawning shift.

Fond youth! who dedicates thy precious hours
To do him service, that neglects thy merit;
And prizeth less the mind's unvalued powers
Than his, who only doth rude strength inherit:
Fond youth! that bind'st thy selfe to be a slave
To him, whose love thy service cannot have.

O why should I aim all my thoughts to please
One like myselfe; or to subject my soul
Unto the unrespective rule of these,
That only know how others to controul?
So asses suffer, asses spur and ride them;
So camels kneel, whilst bondmen do bestride them.

But man that is free-born, not born a beast,
Should freely bear him selfe, and freely love
Where reason doth induce him; or at least
Where sympathy of liking equal move:
So I could love and fear, obey and serve
Him, that I see doth see what I deserve.

For what avails it me to know so much,
If other will no notice take thereof?
Or cannot well discerne me to be such,
As I do know myselfe, and yet will scoff
At that they understand not, and suppose,
Not smelling, there's no sweetness in a rose.

What boots it me, to climb the starry tower,
And fetch from thence all secrets that remain
Within that everlasting blissful bower,
If I had none to tell them to again?

The soul would glut herselfe with Heaven, I know,
If she might not her joyes to others show.

It is a crown unto a gentle breast,
T' impart the pleasure of his flowing mind
(Whose spritely motion never taketh rest)
To one whose bosom he doth open find:
So wise Prometheus, stealing heavenly fire,
In stones the soul of knowledge did inspire.

O how I (least in knowledge and in art)
Admire and love an understanding spirit!
And share with him my poor divided heart;
Wishing his fortunes equal to his merit.
But since in service few of these I find;
Service dislikes my male-contented mind."

Cum omnis est misera servitus, tum vero intolerabile est servire impuro, impudico, effeminato, insulso. T. P.

Art. CVIII. *Phylomythie, or Philomythologie: wherein Outlandish Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, are taught to speake true English plainely. By Tho. Scott, Gent.*

Philomethus est aliquo modo philosophus: fabula enim ex miris constituitur.

The Second Edition much inlarged. London, for Francis Constable, at the White Lyon in Paule's Church-yard. 1622.

An earlier edition of this book was published in 1616, and a later in 1640. "A Præmonition to the intelligent reader" follows the title: and on the

next leaf "Sarcasmos Mundo, or the Frontispiece explained;" which frontispiece is very neatly engraved by R. Elstracke; and comprizes birds, beasts, and fishes, in different compartments, surmounted by two figures surveying the opposite sides of a sphere, intended, it seems, to designate Æsop and a fictitious American philosopher. Yet the Grangerians choose to consider the former as a portrait of the author, in opposition to the testimony of the author himself, who has printed "a supply of the description of the Monsr. Pandorsus * Waldolynnatus, that merry American philosopher, or the wise man of the new world; being antipode to Æsop, *placed with him as parallel in the front*," &c.

"As the East and West are opposite, so stand
These wise men in the front on either hand;
Æsop well known, an Eastern witty thing,
But our Pandorsus' Western fame I sing."

To the edition of 1622 is prefixed a metrical address "to the over-wise, over-wilfull, over-curious, or over-captious readers;" from which it appears, that under the figure of animals he had been understood to libel professions, and vent his private spleen against individuals. Hence he says,

"Æsop must make no lyons roar, nor eagles
Shriek loud, nor wolves ravine, nor swift beagles
Yelp with their slavering lips after the fox;
Nor must he meddle with the ass or ox;
For feare some quirle be found, to prove he meant

* Quasi *dorsus pandus*.

Under those shapes a private spleen to vent.
If *Spencer* now were living, to report
His Mother Hubbert's tale, there would be sport,
To see him in a blanket tost, and mounted
Up to the stars, and yet no star accounted," &c.

The poems themselves, which are of an obscure satirical cast, are veiled under the following titles:

1. Ibis. Dedicated to the religious knight Sir Edmund Mondeford, and his Lady, a true lover of learning.
2. Venaticum Iter. Dedicated to the example of Temperance, Sir Henry Bedingfield, Knt. and to his Lady, the example of Love.
3. Gryps. Dedicated to the courtly and accomplisht Knight, Sir Henry Rich, and his most equal Lady.
4. Sphinx, Hyena. Dedicated to the wise and valiant souldier Sir John Pooly, Knt. and his good Lady.
5. Hippopotamus. Dedicated to the magnificent Knt. Sir Hugh Smith and his worthy Lady.
6. Phœnix. Dedicated to the honorable Knt. Sir Robt. Riche, and his noble Lady.
7. Unio. Dedicated to the true lover of his country Sir Arthur Heveningham Knt. and his truly religious Lady.
8. Struthiocamelus. Dedicated to the vertuous Knt. Sir John Heveningham, and his charitable Lady.
9. Onocratalus. Dedicated to the right hopeful Knt. Sir Thomas Southwell.

10. The Asse. Dedicated to the learned and judicious Knt. Sir Hammond Le Strange.
11. Curiale. Dedicated to the good acceptance of Master Floyde, Admiral to the Queen's Magistie, and her Counsel.
12. Solarium. Dedicated to the absolute and open enemies of ignorance and darkness, and the true lovers and followers of light and knowledge, Sir John Crofts and his happy Lady.*

A second title-page now follows, thus inscribed:

Certaine Pieces of this age parabolized. viz. 1. *Duellum Britannicum.* 2. *Regalis Justitia Jacobi.* 3. *Aquignispicium.* 4. *Antidotum Cecillianum. By Thomas Scot, Gentleman. Scire tuum nihil est. London. Printed for Francis Constable,* 1616.

The first of these parabolisations is dedicated to the eternall memorie of that admirable combat performed by two valorous knights, Sir Robert Mansell, appellant, and Sir John Haydon, defendant, where both equally expressing fortitude and skill, in giving and receiving wounds, scaped death notwithstanding, by the only favour of Providence. This poem memorizes a duel between Sir Geo. Wharton and James Stewart, Esq. in which both parties fell, Anno 1609.†

* By these dedications principally to Suffolk and Norfolk gentry, it is probable the author belonged to one of those counties. *Editor.*

† See Memoirs of Peers of James I. p. 339. Also Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 199; and The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 123.

Justitia Jacobi is dedicated to the grave, reverend, and judicious knight, Sir Robt. Gardiner, sometime Lord Justice of Ireland. This poem commemorates the equitable decision of King James in condemning Lord Sanquhar to death for the hired assassination of Turner, a fencing-master.

Aquignispicium is dedicated to the free and bountiful housekeeper, Sir Le Strange Mordant, Knt. Bart. This poem has reference to the Armada, Powder Plot, burning of Newmarket, &c.

Antidotum Cecilianum: dedicated to the Commonwealth, and to the honour of the illustrious family of the Cecils, one of whom is thus panegyrized.

"O Cecill! lov'd of God, good men, the King;
Borne up, not by stolne imps, or borrowed plumes,
Which lets them fall, who with high flight presumes
Neare the sun's scorching beames: thy native worth,
Vertue and active knowledge, set thee forth
This kingdomes pilot, where no storme or stresse
Could make thee lose thy compass, or expresse
A show of doubt; but firmly guide our state
As th'adst been ruler both of chance and fate."

Next follow Satyra Aulica, dedicated to the right worthy Henry Doile, Esq.

An Irish Banquet, or the Mayor's feast of Youghall: a satire hid under the mask of mythology.

A concluding apology "to all those knights, ladies, and gentlemen, to whom his dedications were made:" excusing himself from not having placed them in their due ranks of precedence, from being no herald.

A third title now presents itself, which announces

The Second Part of Philomythie or Philomythologie. Containing Certaine Tales of true libertie, false friendship, power, united, faction and ambition. By Thomas Scott, Gent. London. Printed by John Legatt for Francis Constable. 1625.

These are also dark parables or allegoric satires, and appear thus inscribed:

Monarchia. To all the worthy professors of the Law, who make not private wealth, but the good and peace of the commonwealth the end of their studies and practice.

The Cony-burrow. To the lovers of worth, and friends of vertue, who follow truth with a single heart, and speake it with a single tongue.

The House of Fame. To all the noble attendants of royaltie in the camp of vertue, who fight for the honour of the church and commonwealth.

Satellitium. To all that stand sentinell, that watch and ward in defence of this kingdome, especially to the strength and guard of the state.

The following favourable specimen is taken from the opening of Satellitium.

"Who guarded round about with Parthian bows,
Or Spanish pikes, or hedg'd and dib'd with rows
Of sturdy Janisaries, or the shot
Of hardy Switzers, or the valiant Scot;
And, after these, with walls of steel and brass
Hem'd in so close, that scarce the air may pass
Betwixt the cliffs—is not so free from doubt,
As is that King whom love doth guard about;

Whom subjects' love doth guard, because that he
Guards them from all oppression, and makes free
His noble favourers to desert and worth,
Spreading his valiant vertues frankly forth,
That both his own may find, and neighbours know
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow;
How sweet an odour justice sends to heaven,
How rare example is to princes given,
By vertuous deeds to stop the mouths of those,
Who, unreform'd, are reformation's foes."

From the great disparity of merit between this and the preceding article, there is little reason to suppose them by the same author, though they bear the same name. T. P.

ART. CIX. *The most excellent Histoire of Lysimachus and Varrona, daughter to Syllanus, Duke of Hypata, in Thessalia. Wherein are contained the effects of Fortune, the wonders of Affection, and the conquests of incertaine Time. By I. H. R.*

" ——————Sectantem grandia nervi
Deficient, animusque——————."

London: Printed by Thomas Creede. 1604. 8vo.

THIS perhaps unique volume is in the Marquis of Stafford's fine library. The dedication to the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesly, Earle of Southampton, is signed only I. H. Then follows an address "to the Gentleman Readers," beginning "Gentlemen, I have written the storie of Lysimachus and Varrona, &c." signed as in the title-page I. H. R.

The verses in praise of the book are a Sonnet sign-

ed "Ro. Bacchus," and a sextain signed "Tho. Talkinghame, Gentleman."

The Historie is printed in the black letter; but the verses intermixed, are in the Roman. It is worthy of remark, that the very first song, entitled "Lysimachus' Sonnet that he made in prison," may be found in Greene's Arcadia: it begins,

"Yon restlesse cares, companions of the night, &c."

and the burden to the four stanzas is

"Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie dayes;
Welcome sweet griefe, the subject of my layes."

The following madrigal, sung by a shepherd, is pleasing; and presents a mode of versification not often met with; viz. of the fifth and sixth lines corresponding with the eleventh and twelfth.

"What are my sheepe without their woonted foode?
What [is] my life except I gaine my love?
My sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood;
My life is lost, unlesse I grace approve,
No flower that saplesse thrives,
No turtle without pheare.

The day without the sunne doth lowre for woe;
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beawtie see;
My sunne, Varrona's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the heart revives,
Then to embrace his deare.

The starres from earthlie humours gaine their light,
Our humours by their light possesse their power;
Varrona's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Infude my paines or joyes, by smile or lower.

So wends the source of love,
It feeds, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, clear to your joy, behold her eies,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses:
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses.
Oh, how I love to prove,
Whereto this solace tends."*

T P.

ART. CX. *A Souldier's Wish unto his Sovereign Lord, King James. By Robert Pricket.* 1603. 4to.

THIS military poet, Robert Pricket, published a prose tract also, in 1603, entitled "The souldier's resolution," which he dedicated to James the first: and he appears to have excited another congenial versifier to puth forth the following:

ART. CXI. *Times Anatomie. Containing the poore man's plaint, Brittons trouble and her triumph. The pope's pride, Rome's treasure, and her destruction: affirming that Gog and Magog both shall perish, the church of Christ shall flourish, Judea's Race shall be restored, and the manner how this mightie work shall be accomplished. Made by Robert Pricket, a souldier: and dedicated to all the Lords of his Majesties most honourable privie councell,* 1606, 4to.

AT the end of this long poem, is "a Song of re-

* This also, if I recollect rightly, is in one of Greene's pieces. *Editor.*

joycing for our late deliverance," i. e. from the gunpowder plot. T. P.

ART. CXII. *An Epitaph or briefe Lamentation for the late Queen [Elizabeth] by Robert Fletcher; Yeoman purveyor of carriages for removes of our sayde late soveraigne Lady the Queene.* 1603. 4to.

ON the same occasion the following laments were also published. T. P.

ART. CXIII. *Anglorum Lacrymæ, in a sad passion, complayning the death of our late Queene Elizabeth; by Richard Johnson.* 1603. 4to. T. P.

ART. CXIV. *Atropoion Delion; or the Death of Delia, with the Teares of her Funerall: a poetical excursive discourse of our late Eliza: by Thomas Newton.* 1603. 4to. T. P.

ART. CXV. *An Elegie upon the Death of Queen Elizabeth, by J. L.* 1603. 4to. T. P.

ART. CXVI. *The poore's Lamentation for the death of Queen Elizabeth: with their prayers to God for the high and mightie prince James, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.* 1603. 4to. T. P.

ART. CXVII. *Threno-Thriambeuticon: and Sorrowes Joy. On the death of Elizabeth and succession of James.* 1603. *4to.*

THESE were university collections from Cambridge; and have been reprinted in Vol. 3 of the Royal Progresses. So has the following. T. P.

ART. CXVIII. *A Chaine of Pearle: or a Memorial of the peerless graces and heroick vertues of Q. Elizabeth, of glorious memory. Composed by the noble lady Diana Primrose.* 1603. *ib.*

THESE pearls consist of cardinal virtues, poetically strung together by a lady, of whom any biographical notices would be singularly acceptable.

T. P.

ART. CXIX. *Sacro-Sanctum Novum Testamentum Domini Servatoris Nostri Jesu Christi, in hexametros versus ad verbum et genuinum sensum fideliter in Latinam linguam translatum per Johannem Episcopum Oxoniensem. Londini excudebat Valentinus Simsius CIↃIↃIIII.* [1604.]

MR. BELOE, in his third volume of *Anecdotes of Literature* just published, says that this is a very uncommon book. I confess I was not aware that it was; or I should long since have introduced it, having for many years been possessed of a copy. As Mr. Beloe's extract is not sufficiently full to do justice to the ingenuity of the work, (for it exhibits

great ingenuity and learning, I am afraid I cannot add taste,) and as little is known of this prelate, it is my wish to make a somewhat copious article on the subject.

Of Dr. John Bridges, Bishop of Oxford, I know not the descent.* He was not of the Chandos family; for his arms on his tombstone (*3 owls*) have no similitude to theirs; nor to any others of the name with which I am acquainted. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge;† was made Prebendary of Winchester, 1565; and had also the rectories of Crawley and Cheriton in Hants; and of Brightwell in Berks. In 1577 he was appointed Dean of Salisbury, and consecrated Bishop of Oxford, Feb. 12, 1603.‡

He was buried in the church of March Baldon, in Oxfordshire, with the following inscription.

"*Here under lieth buried the body of the Reverend Father John Bridges, late Bishop of Oxford, who departed this life, the 26th day of March A. D.* 1618." Arms as abovementioned.

He was eminent for his theological writings, more especially as a defender of the church against the Puritans.

In 1571 appeared his Sermon upon "*Deus sic dilexit mundum ut daret, &c. Lond. 4to.*§

In 1573‖ his *Supremacy of Christian Princes over*

* He was a Londoner.

† Wood's F. I. 172. ‡ Gent. Mag. LXIV. p. 328 § Herbert, II. 936.

‖ He must not be confounded with John Bridges, Vicar of Herne, in Kent, who translated *An hundred, threescore and fifteen Homilies from Radulphe Gualthere Sigurine, &c.* 1572. Fol. Herb. II. 947. He died 1590.

all persons throughout their dominions in all causes as well Ecclesiastical as Temporal. Lond.

In 1587 his *Defence of the Government established in the Church of England, against Calvin, Beza, and others, by John Bridges, Dean of Sarum. Lond. fo.**

This is the publication which drew forth from Penry (alias Martin Marprelate) the following memorable piece of abuse.

"*Oh read over D. John Bridges, for it is a worthy work: or an epitome of the fyrste booke of that right worshipfull volume written against the Puritanes in the defence of the noble Cleargie by as worshipfull a priest John Bridges Presbyter Priest or Elder doctor of divillitie Deane of Sarum. Wherein the arguments of the Puritans are wisely prevented that when they come to answere M. Doctor, they must needes say something that hath been spoken. Compiled for the behoofe & overthrow of the Parsons, Fyckers & Currates that have lernt their Catechismes & are past grace. By the Reverend & worthie Martin Marprelate, Gentleman, & dedicated to the Confocation-house. The Epitome is not yet published, but it shall be when the Bishops are at convenient leisure to view the same. In the mean time let them be content with this learned epistle. Printed oversea in Europe within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest at the costs & charges of M. Marprelate, gentleman.*" The running title is throughout, "*An Epistle to the terrible priests of the Confocation-house.*" Contains 54 pages, is full of personal reflections, and ends thus: "Given at my

* Herbert, II. 1195.

castle between two Wales neither foure days from penilesse benche nor yet at the west ende of Shroftride: but the fourteenth yeare at the least of the age of Charing Crosse within a yeare of Midsommer betweene twelve and twelve of the clocke. Anno pontificatus vestri quint. and I hope ultimo of all English Popes. By your learned and worthie brother, Martin Marprelate." *

The translation of the four gospels into Latin hexameter verse, which forms the title of the present article, comes now to be considered. It opens with three long copies of Latin verses, a prayer to the Almighty, 154 lines; an Epistle Dedicatory to K. James, 267, and a preface to the pious and benevolent reader, 573 lines.

I will give a specimen from the first.

"*Ad Deum Optimum Maximum, Unam Sanctam, et Individuam, Beatissimam Trinitatem, Patrem, Filium, et Spiritum Sanctum,*

"PRECATIO.

" O pater une Deus, Cœli Térræque Creator;
Filii ab æterno, geniti pater ingenerate:
O Immense, incompre'ndende, sed omnia pre'ndens:
O Existens existentibus, entibus O Ens:
O Liberrime agens, qui dirigis omnia nutu.
Lucis inaccessæ qui in Majestate tremenda
Cœli habitas, Inconspicue, author gloriæ, honoris,
Vitæ, omnisque boni Fons, O Supreme, Perennis,
Caste, Pudice, Verende, Timende, Colende, Beate,
Omnipotens, Invicte, Valens super omnia, Fortis,

* Herb. III. 1683, 1684.

Omnisciens, Penetrans, Præsens ubicunque locorum,
Cui nil præteritum, nil præsens, nilque futurum:
O æterne Deus, Sapiens, Bone, Vere, Benigne,
Mitis, Amans, Clemens, Patiens, Pie, Commiserator:
Zelotes cultus, sed ad iræ Tarde furorem:
Lente, sed ad pœnam; Vindex (sed Juste) Severe;
Immutabilis, Inscrutabilis, Inviolande;
Immortalis, semper Constans, Optime, Summe,
Maxime, sole Deus sine quo nihil omnia prorsus
Existunt, in quo sunt existentia quæque;
In quo vivimus, atque movemur, et insumus omnes
Provida cujus agit manus, et mens illa gubernat.
O Fili, Deus, une Dei, cum Patre coæque,
Æterne Æterni, Genite Ingeniti, unius une,
Qui sapientia vere æterna expresse Character,
Et Substantiæ es ejus imago, forma, figura,
Gloriæ et ipsius splendor, simul omnia portans
Sermonis virtute tui, velut illa creasti:
Per te namque Pater fecit, reparavit et orbem,
Humani generis Servator, quique Redemptor,
Et Mediator, et Intercessor es unicus inter
Nos et Patrem, cui datur uni summa potestas
In cœlo, terraque a Patre; sedes et eidem
A dextris. Cujus sunt nomine quæque petenda.
Qui Fons Gratiæ, et es Thronus unicus, adque vocatus.
Rex Regum, Dominantibus, O Domine omnibus une,
Unâ in personâ Deus atque Homo, verus uterque,
Nobiscum Deus, Emanuel; Antique dierum,
Sermo, principium, finisque, Alpha, Omega; Princeps
Pacis; Consilii Magne Angele; Fœderis author;
Fili Davidis, Sœ'li Pater usque futuri;
Jesu Christe Dei Messias, unctus et unguens.
Spiritus et tu Sancte Dei, Deus omnia fotu
Vivificans, Sacer Electorum Sanctificator,

Nobis pupillis qui Consolator es Almus,
Doctor, Defensor, Ductor, Paracletus, et Arrha,
Unctio lætificans, spirans, dans lumen, adoptans,
Cordaque saxea dura in carnea mollia mutans,
Inque novos veteres hominis et Spirituales,
Converteus, ducens, inflammans, robore firmans;
A Patre procedens, et Filio, utroque peræque.
O Trine-une Deus, te tu velut ipse revelas,
In verbi sermone tui cœlestis aperto;
Une et tres, Elohim, Shaddai, Adonia, Jehova;
Quem satis explicite nec nomine personat ecquis;
Qui sis, nec mentis conceptu percipit ullus:
Te, Sanctam Triademque tuum quum scire nequibit.
Omnia nam superat mysteria; Tu nisi solus
Quod sic te patefeceris in sermone sacrato;
Sic agnoscendum te jusseris, atque colendum;
Sic profitemur, et ore, et corde agnoscimus Unum
Esse Deum te, Tres Personas; sic ego credo,
Invoco, sic nomen veneror, sic numen adoro;
O Pater, O Fili, Alme O Spiritus; Unice Trine,
Oro Pater, Fili peto; Spiritus obsecro Sancte,
Numinis afflatum, conanti vertere verbum
In versus cœleste tuum, de Fœdere Sacro:
Quod generi humano pepigisti in Filio; ut ille
Naturâ indutâ nostrâ, descenderit usque
Ad nostras omnes infirmas conditiones,
Tantum peccati modo sit contagio dempta;
Quomodo vixit, quæ docuit, quæ passus obivit;
Ut crucis ad mortem dimisit semet atrocem.
Quomodo devicit mortem, de morte resurgens;
In cœlos summos ascendens; Quomodo demum
E cœlo sua dona dedit, confirmet ut ista,
Quæ in terris fecit, docuit, passusque peregit.
Utque Evangelium de cœlo, temet ab ipso

Patre, Sinuque tuo, Mysteria serinio in imo
Pectoris alta tui, prius abdita quæ latuere,
Illa voluntatemque tuam patefecit, ab ore
Ipsius, per Apostolicos, per Evangelicosque,
His quos vulgandis sibi legerat esse ministros;
Per quos terrarum late diffudit in orbem,
Spiritu et Almifluo scriptis dictando sacravit.
Quod verbum manet usque potens, semperque manebit,
Contra omnes hostes, adversus denique portas
Inferni; mortem, peccatum, dæmona pellens.
Contra quod minus ulla potest humana potestas
Demere quid, (si materiale) vel addere quicquam,
Debet nemo, nemo potest, sine crimine grandi.
Vertere per linguas, convertere carmine, prosâ,
Hoc licet, immo juvat, sincere si modo tantum,
Atque fideliter istud agetur; agetur at istud,
In sensu et sententiâ, in omnibus usque morantes,
Si verbum sequimur. Tum si mutiverit ecquis;
Siccine vis Christum vinclis involvere rursus?
Fasciolis involvebantur membra tenella
Infantis Christi, corpus præsepe tenebat;
Et loris constrictus erat, deductus ad hostes
Qui nos a Sathanæ vinclis exolvit et Orci:
Sic voluit liberrimus is, tenet ille pugillo
Qui totum mundum, nec totus eum tenet orbis.
Et nunc vis illum, doctrinam denique totam
Fasciolis iterum, vitamque astringere vinc'lis?
Parce, precor, Jesu, non vincula fasciolæque
Sunt hæc; vel si sint, liberrima sunt ea certe.
Per te namque, Pater, numero omnia, pondere fecit,
Ordine, mensura: si collibremus et ista,
Sic, ut et hæc servent; sunt libera ut ante fuerunt.
Da Jesu veniam: venias, peto; gratia detur;

Fasciolæ faciles, et vincula mollia sic te,
Et verbum stringant, digitis pedibusque ligatum;
Ut melius teneamus te, verbumque retentum,
Molliter ut currens, in nostras influat aures:
Dulciter in pectus descendens corda focillet:
Suaviter ut fructus velut in tellure feracl
Proferat; et tecum verbum retinere queamus;
A nobis sic ut neque tu discesseris unquam;
Nec verbum, neque nos a te, Verboque soluti,
Simus at uniti, constricti glutine verbi.
Gloriæ ut omne Dei tendat, nostræque saluti.
Hæc petò, supplicibus contendo, postulo, votis,
Summe, Pater, Fili-Unice, Jesu, Spiritus alme.
Et voti compos, tibi primum consecro, quicquid
Præstiti in hâc operâ: Tibi quum debetur id omne,
Ad quem pertinet; ut qui verbi solus es author.
Namque tuum verbum Pater est, quod detulit alto
Filius e cœlo; Fili qui Sermo Patrisque
Diceris, esque simul tuus est hic Sermo tuumque
Est Evangelium, Verbum vitæque perennis:
Spiritus et tu Sancte Deus, dictator es ejus.
Trinæ vos Diæ personæ, Tu Deus une:
Est opus hoc vestrum: vestrum dicamne? tuumve?
Utrumque est verum. Nec Apostoli erant nisi scribæ,
Huic Evangelio tu Doctor, et author es une.
Textum vertentes in linguas post alienas,
Seu prosâ versent, numerent seu versibus; hi sunt
Organa sola, quibus tua sancta Oracula mundo
Fusius expandant: Tibi gloria tota ferenda.
Namque ego quod feci tantillum, nil ego feci,
Quam quod debui, et expetii. Dignabere, saltem,
Mi Domine, ah Deus; hoc satis est. Ego memet, et istud
Offero Divinæ Majestatique supremæ
Omne tuæ. Placeat; dic verbum: cætera salva:

Te colo, te recolo, te prædico, temet adoro,
Ornans laude tuam bonitatem; me quod in isto
Exaudiveris, usus me fuerisque ministro.
Transeo nunc ad eam, Regali in sede locatum,
Quemque vices gestare tuas, nobisque præesse
Feceris. A nobis tibi plurima gratia detur,
Tam præcellenti nostro pro rege Jacobo:
In multos annos quem conservato, tueter,
Atque tuum per eum verbum stabilito, propaga.
Amen."

The extract which Mr. Beloe has given from "chapter v." is from chapter V. of the Gospel of St. Matthew: the numeration of the chapters recommencing of course with each Gospel.

In the preface to the reader the more pious than poetical bishop gives a full account of his design and motives. He begins thus:

"In nova fert animus, Divini oracula Verbi,
Læta Evangelii (quod nominis exprimit ortus)
Fœderis ecce Novi, nova lætaque nuncia ferre.
Immo novo proferre modo, quæ antiqua vetusto
Lata a principio, nunc sunt prolata novato
Ordine, si placeat, salvo remanente priori."

At about the ninetieth verse he thus expresses his views.

"En, nova, lector amice, tibi tralatio facta,
Fœderis ista novi se in lucis fundit apricum,
Tantum verba ligans numeris ad metra repostis,
Ut magis hæc facile memori committere menti;
Et revocare fidelius, et depromere possis
Quæ citius fluerent et aperto dulcius ore,

In quâ vulgandâ, si feci audacius ecquid;
Deprecor hanc culpam, quod me exorarier ultro
Passus amicorum sum suasû, forte priusquam
Esset opus prælo maturum, vix bene coctum:
Juxta præceptum, Nonum premeretur in annum."

ART. CXX. *A prophesie of Cadwallader, last king of the Britaines: containing a Comparison of the English kings, with many worthy romanes: from Willm. Rufus till Henry the fift. Henry the fift, his life and death. Foure battles betweene the houses of Yorke and Lancaster. The Field of Banbery. The losse of Elizabeth. The praise of King James. And lastly, a Poeme to the young Prince. London, Printed by T. Creed for R. Jackson*, 1604. 4to.

THE Dedication to this Historical Miscellany, is addressed to the no less vertuous than honourable Gentleman, Sir Philip Herbert, Knight of the Bath, and is signed, William Herbert, who thus apostrophizes Elizabeth:

Bright gem of honour! Albion's glorious starre!
The Cynosure of England's hemispheare!
Princess of Peace! Cytherean queen of warre!
Rides through the clouds on her celestial bier,
Conquering Death's ebon dart, and sharpest speare.
Fathers of peace put on triumphant weeds;
A gracious King a gracious Queen succeeds.

ART. CXXI. *Albion's England. A continued historie of the same kingdome from the originals of the first inhabitants thereof: with most the chiefe alterations and accidents theare hapning, unto and*

in the happie raigne of our now most gracious Soveraigne, Queene Elizabeth. Not barren in varietie of inventive and historicall intermixtures. First penned and published by William Warner: and now revised and newly inlarged by the same author: whereunto is also newly added an Epitome of the whole Historie of England. London, printed by Edm. Bollifant for George Potter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Bible, 1602. 4to. pp. 398, *besides Epistle, Address to the Reader, and Contents.*

THIS once celebrated poem, first published 1586, and of which there were several intermediate editions, is dedicated by Warner, (for an account of whom see Percy's Ballads, I. 311. II. 238, &c.)* to his patron, Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon.

The poem begins with these four lines,

"I tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this clime of ours the accidents pursue.
Thou high Director of the same, assist mine artlesse penne,
To write the gests of Brutons stout, and actes of Englishmen."

It consists of 13 books, and 79 chapters. The Epitome of the History of England is in prose.

ART. CXXII. "*Microcosmos. The Discovery of the Little World, with the government thereof.*

Manilius.

An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
Exemplumque Dei quisque est sub imagine parva.

*See also Wart. H. E. P. 111, 474, Theatr. Poet. 215. Ritts. Bibl. Po. 384.

"By John Davies. At Oxford printed for Joseph Barnes, and are to be solde in Fleetestreet at the signe of the Turke's head, by John Barnes, 1603." 4to. pp. 254, besides pages of commendatory verses at the beginning, and a set of Sonnets to great people, &c. at the end.

THIS, which is one of the poetical works of John Davies of Hereford, (for whom see Wood's Ath. I. 444,) is dedicated to King James, and his Queen. Then follow some verses on the union, under the same Crown, of England and Scotland, &c. An Address to the Reader, and another to Hereford, his native city. To these succeed Commendatory Verses by Jo. Sanford; Rob. Burhill, Fellow of C. C. Coll; Nicholas Deeble; John James; T. R.; Douglas Castilion; Anonimous; Charles Fitz-Jeffry; Nicholas Deeble again; Nathaniel Tomkins, and his brother Richard Davies.

The Poem is preceded by a long poetical preface in honour of King James, of twenty-eight pages, and verses entitled, "Cambria, to Henry Prince of Wales."

The "Little World," as may be guessed from the motto, is the World of the Human Mind, of which the nature, properties and conduct, afford the writer topics for a tedious poem, not easily waded through, in these days of less industry and better taste.

At the end is a long poem called "An Extasie;" after which are many Sonnets to most of the nobility and courtiers of the time. The whole concludes with verses in nine pages. "In love and affection of Master John Davies, mine approved good friend,

and admiration of his excellence in the art of writing," by Nicholas Deeble; and a few Latin verses by Ed. Lapworth.

Among these dedicatory sonnets is one

"To the Right Worshipfull and most worthy Knight, Sir Edward Dyer.

Though Saturne now with Jupiter doth sitt,
Where erst Minerva and the Muse did raigne,
Ruling the Commonwealth of will, and witt,
Plac'd in the kingdomes of thy hart and braine:
Those planetts I adore, whose influence
Infuseth wisdome, counsell, gravity;
Minerva and the Muse joyes my soules sense,
Sith soule delighting lines they multiplie.
In both respects, for that that was and is,
I tender thee the service of my muse,
Which shall not marre thy fame, though it may misse
To give the same that which to it accrues;
Yet this gift, through thy gifts, she gives to thee:
Time's future, Dyer, die shall never see.

J. D.

Another.

"To my beloved Mr. John Davies* of the Middle Temple, Councellor at the Law.

Why should it not content me, sith thy praise
Pertaines to me, to whom thy name pertaines;
If thou by art to heaven thy fame canst raise?
Al's but *John Davies* that such glory gaines;

* Sir John Davis, the author of "Nosse Teipsum." Another Sir John Davies of Pangbourne, in Berks, a celebrated mathematician, born 1560, died 1625.

Admit it lives enroll'd in lasting lines
In the exchequer of the sacred Muse,
Thy name, thy fame unto my name combines
In future times, nor thou nor I can choose.
For, if John Davies such, such times brought forth,
To wit, these times in which we both doe live,
Then must John Davies share John Davies' worth;
For times to come can no distinction give.
Then what neede I to beate my tired braines
To make *John Davies* live to after ages,
When thou hast done't by thy praise-worthy paines,
For, were I idle, I have thy workes wages.
Or, what, if like an intellectual Sprite,
I able were Artes' spirits to purifie,
To ravish worlds to come with rare delight,
They would with my fame thy name glorifie.
Then may I play, sith thou dost worke for me;
And sith thy works do so in beauty shine,
What neede I then for fame thus busie be,
Sith thine is mine, and mine is likewise thine?
It is because my mind, that's aie in motion,
Hath to the Muses' measures most devotion."

ART. CXXIII. *The Muses Sacrifice; or, Divine Meditations. London, Printed by T. S. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his shop, under the Black Bell within Temple Bar*, 1612. *12mo.*

THIS was written by John Davies of Hereford, as appears by his name subscribed to the dedication. These meditations are in verse, and dedicated

"To the most noble and no less deservedly renowned Ladies, as well darlings as patronesses of the Muses, Lucy Countess of Bedford, Mary Countess Dowager of Pembroke, and Elizabeth, Lady Cary, wife of Sir Henry Cary, glories of women," in a poetical epistle.

The first meditation is "A Confession of Sinnes, with petition for grace," consisting of twelve four lined stanzas of alternate rhyme, with a couplet at the close of the poem. This is followed by forty more meditations on similar subjects, which end at page 100. Then succeeds "The Doleful Dove; or, David's Seven Penitential Psalms, somewhere paraphrastically turned into verse."

At page 110 commences "Rights of the living and the dead: being a proper Appendix to the precedent meditations." Of these the first article is "A Funeral Elegie on the death of the most vertuous and no less lovely Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, eldest daughter of the worthy and generally beloved Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, eldest sonne to the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Elesmere, Lord Chancellor of England: which Elizabeth was, at the age of eleven years, married to John Dutton of the age of fifteen years, sonne and heyre of Thomas Dutton, of Dutton in the Countie of Chester, Esquier; which John deceased about the age of seaventeene yeeres, and left the said Elizabeth a virgin-widow: who so lived, till she died the first of October, at the age of sixteene yeeres and a halfe, in anno 1611." This is followed by "An Epitaph on the death of the right vertuous Lady Leigh, sole daughter of the same Right Honourable Lord Eles-

mere, Lord Chancellor of England; which Lady deceased the third day of April, A. D. 1612."

At page 158 are lines "To the Lady Anne Glemmam, upon the death of her noble Father;" and at page 165, "To my most honoured and approved best friend and ally, Sir Franc. Lovell, Knight."

The following short poem is at page 171. "To my most deare and no lesse-worthily-beloved friend and pupil Henry Mainwarring, Esquier, with the truely noble and venterous Knight, Sir Henry Thynne, accompanying into Persia the meritoriously-farre-renowned Knight, Sir Robert Sherley, Englishman; yet Lord Ambassadour sent from the great Persian Potentate to all Christian Princes, for the good of Christendome."

Heroic Pupil, and most honour'd friend,
To thee, as to my moiety, I bequeath
Half th' other half; beginning at mine end,
To make, I hope, me triumph over death?

My son, sole son, and all I ever had,
Unto thy care and service I commend;
So make me sonless, till you make me glad
With your return from this world's farther end.

The absence of so dear a son as these,
Must needs affect thine honour'd sire with grief;
But for thy good he doth his grief subdue:
So do I mine by his, sith his is chief!
Then with my son, take thou my heart and these
Celestial charms in storms to calm the seas.

ART. CXXIV. *A Scourge for Paper-Persecutors: or*
Paper's Complaint, compil'd in ruthfull rime,
Against the Paper-Spoilers of these times.

By J. D. With a continued just Inquisition of the same subject for this season: against Paper-Persecutors. By A. H. Printed at London for H. H. and G. G. and are to be sold at the Golden Flower Deluce in Pope's-head Alley, 1625. 4to. 18 *leaves*.

Wood makes a quære (in Ath. Oxon. I. 556) whether this was not written by John Donne? and Mr. Warton (in Hist. E. P. IV. 85) seems disposed to consider Wood's conjecture as well founded. But the fact is, that this lively pasquinade on the literature of the times, was printed in the *Scourge of Folly* (about 1611) a Collection of Epigrams penned by John Davies of Hereford, to whom the present piece must therefore be assigned. Both publications have in their title-page a neat cut of Wit scourging Folly, who is horsed upon the back of Time.

Mr. Warton, whose consummate taste and discriminative judgment may on all occasions be implicitly trusted, has described this piece to be written with some humour, and has given a specimen of the ridicule bestowed on our early chroniclers for their minute details of unimportant events. The following sarcasm seems levelled at Churchyard's *Chips and Worthiness of Wales*. It must be remembered that this is Paper's Complaint.

" One raies me with coarse rimes and *chips* them call,
Offals of wit: a fire burne them all!
And then to make the mischiefe more compleate,
He blots my brow with verse as blacke as jeat;
Wherein he shewes where *Ludlow* hath her scite,
And how her horse-high market-house is pight:

Yet not so satisfied, but on he goes,
And where one Berrie's meane house stands, he shewes."

Shakspeare's poem of Venus and Adonis is probably here stigmatized, with Davies's own amatory sonnets entitled *Wittes Pilgrimage.*

" Another (ah, harde happe) mee vilifies
With art of love, and how to subtilize,
Making lewd *Venus* with eternal lines
To tie *Adonis* to her love's designes.
Fine wit is shewn therein: but finer 'twere,
If not attired in such bawdy geare.
And thou, O poet! that dost pen my plaint,
Thou art not scot-free from my just complaint:
For thou hast plaid thy part with thy rude pen,
To make us both ridiculous to men."

Stubbes, Jonson, and Decker, claim the following gibe.

" Some burden me, sith I oppresse the stage,
With all the grosse *abuses* of this age,
And presse me after, that the world may see
(As in a soiled glasse) her selfe in me:
Where *each man in* and *out of's humour* pries
Upon myselfe, and laughs untill he cries:
Untrussing humorous poets, and such stuffe
As might put plainest patience in a ruffe."

In the " Inquisition," or imitative continuation of Paper's Complaint, by A. H. the following censure may have been applied to Clapham's Briefe of the Bible's History, or Wastell's Microbiblion, and the commendation, to Sylvester, and other translators of Du Bartas.

" Others dare venture a diviner straine,
And *rime* the BIBLE, whose foule feete profane
That holy ground, that wise men may decide,
The Bible ne're was more apochryphide
Than by their bold excursions. *Bartas*, thee
And thy translatours I absolve thee free
From this my imputation; who in lines,
Deserving to be studied by divines,
Didst maske thy sacred furie, whose rare wit
Did make the same another Holy Writ:
Who, be it spoken to thy lasting praise,
Gav'st Sunday-rayment to the *Working-dayes*."

Other satiric shafts are directed against some of the poetasters of that time, and against the folly which gave encouragement to fraudulence, whence the author declares,

" *England* is all turn'd *Yorkshire*, and the age
Extremely sottish, or too nicely sage."

T. P.

ART. CXXV. *A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburie's Wife; now a matchlesse Widow. London: Printed by T. Creede and B. Allsopp for John Marriott, &c.* 1616. *Small* 8vo.

A SONNET-DEDICATION to William Earl of Pembroke is signed *John Davies*. This was not Sir John, the philosophical poet and the judge: but his namesake of Hereford, the verbose rhymer and writing-master.* In a prose address to the reader, he affirms that " they make harsh musicke, who to please

* Vide Athen. Oxon. I. 443.

the judgment with the ditty, offend the ear with the accent; and he who sings much out of tune, though he sings well out of cry, may haply sing to please himself and few: but shall be sure to displease many. In well-doing, it is well to follow; but in ill, the imitation is worse than the example." Davies has here followed Overbury with no illaudable endeavour; but, like most servile imitators, appears to copy without discrimination the blemishes of his original.

At the end of his *Choice Husband* are announced "Divers Elegies touching the death of the never too-much-praised and pitied Sir Tho. Overbury:" but one elegy and one epitaph are all that appear in print. To these succeed "Mirum in Modum," a poem first published in 1602; and "Speculum Proditor," which has a conclusion to Sir T. O. that reaches the very acme of metrical bombast and word-catching absurdity. For the credit of the author, and in consonance with the present plan of concentrating these homogeneous productions in one point of view, a short extract is here in preference supplied from his principal poem.

"Marriage, that is most noble, should have nought
But what is noble in it; noble-moods
To scorne that frailty, and despise that thought
That is not truly noble: marriage goods
Are ills, if good they be not made by these,
Else, to have much is much but to displease.

In paradise it was ordain'd; and so
For place its noble: and if innocence
May make that noble which from thence doth flow,
Nobilitie therein hath residence.

The Lord of Love who hatred most doth hate,
Is matcht to those that love in married state.

Then time, place, person, that did it effect,
Being so noble; noble it must be
Above all friendships which we should affect,
Sith it is so transcendent in degree.
Woman was made for man, and for his aide
Made of that holpe; that holpe, then, must be staid."

T. P.

ART. CXXVI. *The Unmasking of a feminine Machiavell. By Thomas Andrewe, Gent. Est nobis voluisse satis. Seene and allowed by authority. London: Printed by Simon Stafford, and are to be sold by George Loftis, at the Golden Ball in Pope's Head Alley.* 1604. *4to. 22 leaves.*

DEDICATED "to his worthy and reverend uncle M. D. Langworth, Archdeacon of Wells."

"To the vertuous Mistris Judith Hawkins." A Sonnet "to the Reader." A short prose address, wherein the author says, "some may imagin I have written of malice to some particular person, by reason of my title's strangenes, wherein whosoever is opinionate, is far wide: yet if any guilty conscience (that perhaps I know not) will wrest my writings, and interpret my meaning in other than the right sence, I am not to bee blamed, if that creature's corruption accuse it selfe."

"To detraction," 22 lines, by the author.

"In laudem authoris, &c." 10 lines Latin, sig. "Rob. Hunt, Heath-fieldensis."

"To his worthy friend, &c." 6 lines, sig. "E. B. Gent."

"To his respected and kind affected friend, Mr. Thomas Andrewe, Gent." two six-line stanzas, signed "Samuel Rowlands."

Then follows the poem. The story appears founded on the acts of a false female friend, while the author was gone abroad with (it may be supposed) the Scottish part of the army, in which he was at the battle at Newport, in Flanders, 22 June, 1600; and a description of that event forms a considerable portion of the work. The relation is made in the manner of a vision, and recounting the misfortunes of another.

"*The Argument of this Booke.*

"Possest with sleepe, in silent night,
Me thought I found a wofull wight,
Whose heart was heavy, looke was sad,
In sorrowe's colours being clad,
In a vast desart all alone,
For his desaster making mone,
Filling with plaints the tender ayre,
Who, when to him I did repayre,
His various fortunes and estate,
To me did mournfully relate:
And did desire I would unfold,
What unto me by him was told.
Haplesse *Andrea* was he call'd,
Whose heart with sorrowes deepe was gal'd.
What e're I saw in that strange dreame,
My Muse hath chosen for her theame."

From about 900 lines, of which the poem consists, the selection of a specimen is difficult; there is not much interest in a long description, where

" Pikes pikes encounter, shot at shot let flye,
All nations on their several patrons crie."

Nor is the following account of the arrival of Morpheus, at the conclusion of Andrea's tale, much preferable; but it may serve for a dull poem to give a drowsy end.

" Scarce had he ended, when we saw from farre,
As we imagined, a waiged carre,
Which coming neere us, presently I knew,
'Twas Morpheus' coach that foure night ravens drew;
The wheeles did make no noise, yet so fast ran,
As could beguile the very sight of man.
With soft Arabian silke 'twas over-cover'd,
About the which, light dreames and visions hover'd:
The curtains of the same were made of rings
Of the quicke battes that Vesperugo brings
To flie as harbengers before the night,
When to th' inferiour spheare the sun gives light,
His team being come" ——— enough!

J. H.

ART. CXXVII. *Eliosto Libidinoso: described in two Bookes: wherein their imminent dangers are declared, who guiding the course of their life by the compasse of Affection, either dash their ship against most dangerous shelves, or else attaine the haven with extreame preiudice. Written by John Hynd.*

Hor. Art. Poet.

" Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ,
Aut simul & iucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ."

At London, printed by Valentine Simmes, and are to be sold by Nathaniel Butter. 1606. 8*vo. pp.* 95.

DEDICATED "to the Right Honourable and truly innobled Lord, Philip Herbert, Earle of Mountgomery, and Baron of Shurland, &c. John Hind wisheth all happinesse that either this world affoords, or the heavens conteine"—one page;—and concludes "I desire but your favourable acceptance, and good opinion; wherewith protected, let the envious pursue me with never so virulent and austere constructions, I shal both contemne their persons, and disdeigne their iudgements. I know my owne worth, and am privie to their ignorance: where the wise and discreet sit as censors, there do I presume of favour: but where fooles give in their suppositions, there Jove's propitiation must be implored, unto whose benediction I commend you ever more. Your Honour's in all dutie, John Hind."

"Ad Lectorem," seven lines, sig. "Johannes Hind."

"Verses in praise of the booke," thirteen lines, blank verse, sig. "Alexander Burlacy, Esquire."

The following is a brief sketch of the author's tale. Amasius, king of the isle of Cyprus, had by his wife Philoclea, the hero Eliosto, during whose infancy Philoclea dies, and Amasius afterwards marries Cleodora. Amasius becoming the slave of his passions, seeks in the society of various women for the enjoyment of them, while his wife, being neglected, fixes most unnaturally on her son in law Eliosto to fall in love with; who becoming equally enamoured, a guilty intercourse ensues; and being

finally discovered, they are condemned and executed on a scaffold. Amasius is left to quietly enjoy his throne, and erect "a stately mausoleum to bee the common bedde of those bodies, whose hearts (when they were alive) were so firmely conioyned together." There is a short but equally tragical episode, also depicting illicit love, at the beginning of the second book.

Six pieces of poetry are interspersed in the volume, of which four appear to be written by the author. As a specimen of the powers of his Muse, take "this passionate dittie."

"I rashly vow'd (fond wretch why did I so?)
When I was free, that Love should not inthrall me:
Ah foolish boast, the cause of all my woe,
And this misfortune that doth now befall me.
Love's God incens'd, did sweare that I should smart;
That done, he shot, and strooke me to the heart.

Sweet was the wound, but bitter was the paine,
Sweet is the bondage to so faire a creature,
If coie thoughts doe not Beautie's brightnesse staine,
Nor crueltie wrong so divine a feature.
Love, pittie me, and let it quite my cost,
By Love to finde, what I by Love have lost.

Heav'n's pride, Earth's wonder, Nature's peerlesse choice,
Fair harbour of my soule's decaying gladnesse,
Yield him some ease, whose faint and trembling voice,
Doth sue for pittie overwhelm'd with sadnesse.
In thee it rests, faire saint, to save or spill
His life, whose love is ledde by Reason's will."

Of the other two pieces, the first is inserted as "a

fancie which that learned author N. B. hath dignified with respect." And the last as a "Roundelay, which seems borrowed of a worthy writer." The initials of the learned author there is little difficulty in assigning to Nicholas Breton; and I shall conclude with his performance.

"Among the groves, the woods and thickes,
The bushes, brambles, and the briers,
The shrubbes, the stubbes, the thornes, and prickes,
The ditches, plashes, lakes and miers;

Where fish nor fowle, nor bird nor beast,
Nor living thing may take delight,
Nor reason's rage may looke for rest,
Till heart be dead of hatefull spight;

Within the cave of care unknowne,
Where hope of comfort all decayes,
Let me with sorrow sit alone
In dolefull thoughts to end my dayes.

And when I heare the stormes arise,
That troubled ghosts doe leave the grave;
With hellish sounds of horror's cries,
Let me goe look out of my cave.

And when I feele what paines they bide,
That doe the greatest torments prove,
Then let not me the sorrow hide,
That I have suffer'd by my love.

Where losses, crosses, care and griefe,
With ruthfull, spitefull, hatefull hate,
Without all hope of hap's reliefe,
Doe tugge and teare the heart to naught;

But sigh, and say, and sing, and sweare,
It is too much for one to beare."*

J. H.

ART. CXXVIII. *The Mindes Melodie. Containing certayne Psalmes of the kinglie prophete David, applyed to a new pleasant tune, verie comfortable to everie one that is rightlie acquainted therewith. Edinburgh, Printed be Robert Charteris, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie,* 1605. *Cum privilegio regali. Small* 8vo. 16 *leaves.*

WHAT the "new pleasant tune" might be, to which these psalmodies were composed, doth not appear; but the following is the metre chosen by the laborious penman, and his selection consists of the 1. 4. 6. 8. 15. 19. 23. 43. 57. 91. 101. 117. 121. 125. and 128th psalms, with the Song of Simeon.

PSALM I.

Blest is the man,
Yea, happie than,
By grace that can
Eschew ill counsell and the godles gates;
And walkes not in
The way of sin,
Nor doth begin
To sit with mockers in the scornfull sates:
But in Jehovah's law
Delites aright,
And studies it to know

* See *Excerpta Tudoriana*, 1814.

Both day and night: *
That man shall bee
Like to the tree
Fast planted by the running river growes,
That frute doth beare
In tyme of yeare,
Whose leafe shall never fade nor rute unloose.

T. P.

Art. CXXIX. JOHN WEEVER,*

Wrote the History of Christ in verse, in minimo, or a nutt-shell; a most small volume, dedicated "To Prince Henry," your humble servant,

Jo. Weever.

THE EPISTLE.

"Thou matchlesse issue of a mighty king,
To whose greene yeares and judgment grave I bring
These holy numbers of my heav'nly Muse,
Which my late Empresse dained to peruse,
The like acceptance humbly I intreat,
My booke is little, but my heart is great.

Jo. Weever."

Art. CXXX. *Epigrams by H. P. Mortui non mordent. Imprinted at London by R. B. and are to be soulde by John Helme at his shoppe in S. Dunstan's Churchyarde.* 1608. *4to.* 32 *leaves.*

* Supposed to be the author of the "Funeral Monuments."

After the above title, some Latin lines are addressed "Ad candidum Lectorem," and some English verses "To the ungentilized Censurer." The epigrams are 160 in number; and each has a Latin motto prefixed. The following are among those that have most point.

EP. 100.

"Linguam vis nulla domabit.

Mun's skill in horses doth so much excell,
As no man living breaks them half so well:
But see one sillie shrew controls his art,
And, worse than all those horses, breaks his heart.

EP. 46.

Si nunquam cessat quo perdat perdere lusor.

Aske Ficus how his luck at dicing goes:
Like to the tide (saith he) it ebbes and flows:
Then I suppose his chance cannot be good;
For all men knowe—'tis longer ebb than flood.

EP. 135.

Pudor est sua damna referre.

Peter hath lost his purse, but will conceal it,
Least she, that stole it, to his shame reveal it.

EP. 139.

Impar impares odit.

Sotus hates wise men, for himselfe is none;
And fooles he hates, because himselfe is one.

EP. 145.

Nil gratum, ratione carens.

Paulus a pamphlet doth in prose present
Unto his lord, ("the fruites of idle time,")

Who far more careless than therewith content,
Wished it were converted into rime;
Which done, and brought him, at another season,
Said—now 'tis rime;—before, nor rime nor reason."

On first meeting with this publication, in the shop of the late worthy Mr. Sael, I had conjectured H. P. in the title, to stand for Henry Peacham;* who put forth some epigrammatic trifles in 1620: but I have since ascertained that these initials belong to HENRY PARROT, who printed, in 1613, a collection of epigrams in two parts; in which some of these coarse conceits make their re-appearance. Several of them may also be traced in the two collections, entitled:

ART. CXXXI. *The Mouse Trap. Consisting of* 100 *Epigrams. Printed at London F. B. dwelling at the Flower du Luce and Crowne, in Paul's Church-yard.* 1606. 4*to.*

THE author's dedication "to his no little respected friend, little John Buck," is signed H. P. An address "to the plain-dealing reader," follows in prose; and to this succeed verses "ad Curiosum." A copy of this rare tract is in the British Museum. A copy of the following sold at Mr. Steevens' sale for 1*l.* 13*s.*

ART. CXXXII. *The More the Merrier: containing three-score and odde headlesse epigrams, shot*

* Warton, I just observe, makes a query to the same effect, from having found one of the epigrams, with some little difference only, in Peacham's Minerva. Hist. of E. P. iv. 74.

(like the Fooles bolt) amongst you, light where they will. By H. P. Gent. 1608. 4to.

The following is the writer's apology for his indelicacies.

EP. 45.

"Be not agreeved, my humorous lines afford,
Of looser language, here and there a word:
Who undertakes to sweepe a common sinke,
I cannot blame him, though his besom stinke."

A more general collection, and apparently, compilation, was published under the title of the next article.

ART. CXXXIII. *Laquei Ridiculosi: or Springes for Woodcocks. In 2 books. Caveat emptor. London. Printed for J. Busbie.* 1613. 12mo.

IN some title pages H. P. is added. Warton has printed a specimen in his 4th volume of Eng. Poetry, p. 73, and remarks that "many of them are worthy to be revived in modern collections." Some of them have been so. T. P.

ART. CXXXIV. *Cœlia: containing certaine Sonets. By David Murray, Scoto-Brittaine. At London, printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard, in Fleet street, under the Diall.* 1611. 12mo.

THESE Sonnets are appended to the "Tragicall Death of Sophonisba," a long poem, in seven-line stanzas. It is conjectured* that the author may

* See Ellis's Specimens of early English poets, iii. 80, where two of the sonnets are inserted.

have been Sir David Murray, Knt. Gentleman of the Bed-chamber and Groom of the Stole to Henry, Prince of Wales.* This conjecture is principally founded on two sonnets addressed to that Prince, and prefixed to the death of Sophonisba. The second of these I transcribe. It is constructed after the Italian model; and not unsuccessfully.

" Even as the eagle through the empty skie
Convoys her young ones on her soaring wings
Above the azur'd vaults, till she them brings
Where they on Phœbus' glorious beames may pry;
So, mighty Prince! my Muse now soars on high
Above the vulgar reach to higher spheres,
With this scarce-ripen'd eaglet birth of her's,
Unto the view of your majestick eye.
But if it hap (as hap I feare it shall)
She may not bide your censure's dazling touch;
The higher flight, the more renowned fall;
It shall suffice that her attempt was such:
But if in aught she please your princely view,
Then she attains the marke at which she flew.

Your Highnesse most loyall & affectionate servant,
DA. MURRAY."

Complimentary verses follow, by Michael Drayton, the well-known poet; by Simon Grahame, the author of the "Anatomie of Humors;" and by John Murray, who has a MS. volume of Sonnets† in the

* To the latter situation he was appointed in Dec. 1610. See Birch's Life of P. Henry, p. 218. In August 1600, it appears from Birrel's diary, that Sir David Murray was comptroller of the household to James VI. See Dalyel's Fragments of Scotish Hist. p. 50.

† To these Drummond seems to allude, when he says—" Murray,

college library, Edinburgh, and who styles himself the "loving cousin" of David Murray. The love-sonnets entitled "Cælia," which Mr. Pinkerton had not been able to meet with,* are inscribed to Richard Lord Dingwall, in a metrical dedication which intimates a suspicion that his Lordship's martial mind would have been more congenially amused if the poet had saluted him with the dread sounds

"Of neighing coursers and of trumpets shrill."

He at the same time announces his future intention to impart some subject to his patron's "noble ears," which shall seem of more worth than these idle and light conceits,

"Where youth and folly shew their skil-lesse art."

That his poetical conceits were not *skil-less* the following quatuorzain may show.

"*On his being accused by a Gentlewoman for stealing of a book.*

"Let not thyselfe, faire nimphe! nor none of thine,
Accuse me of a sacrilegious theft;
For by the world, and by the starry lift,†
And by the honour I do owe thy shrine,
By the infernall spirits and gods divine,
And by the hallowed stately Stigian brayes,‡
I never meant, sweete dame, thee to displease:
For why? thy griefe had likewise then been mine.

with others I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their works." Conversation with Ben Jonson, in 1619.

* See Preliminaries to Scotish poems, 1792, Vol. I. p. xxxiii. Mr. A. Campbell, in his Hist. of Poetry in Scotland, notices a copy, at p. 130.

† Sky. ‡ Banks.

If ever aught, deare love, from thee I stole,
I both protest & sweare it was no booke;
No: nothing but a poore inveigling looke,
For which againe I left my freedome thrall.
Then blame me not for stealing of thy books,
Since you steal hearts—I only steale poore looks."

One of his sonnets was "made, at the author's being in Bourdeaux." Mr. Alex. Campbell has reprinted another "on the misfortune of Belisarius." Two others are addressed "to the right worthy gentleman and his loving cousin Mr. John Murray." Another was written "on the death of Lady Cicely Weemes, Lady of Tillebarne." This is followed by an epitaph, or rather elegy, on the death of his deare cousin, M. David Murray, and a sonnet on the death of his cousin Adam Murray. The following little poem appears to be composed on a plan of one among the Uncertain Authors annexed to Lord Surrey's poems, which is considered by Mr. Warton as the first example in our language, now remaining, of the pure and unmixed pastoral.*

"*The Complaint of the shepheard Harpalus.*

"Poore Harpalus, opprest with love,
Sate by a christal brooke;
Thinking his sorrowes to remove
Oft times therein did looke;

And hearing how on pebble stones
The murmuring river ran,
As if it had bewail'd his grones,
Unto it thus began:

* See Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 31.

'Faire stream, (quoth he) that pities me,
And hears my matchlesse moane,
If thou be going to the sea,
As I do so suppone ;*

Attend my plaints, past all releefe,
Which dolefully I breath;
Acquaint the sea nymphes with the greefe,
Which still procures my death:

Who sitting on the cliffy rocks,
May in their songs expresse,
While as they combe their golden locks,
Poore Harpalus' distresse.

And so, perhaps, some passenger,
That passeth by the way,
May stay & listen for to hear
Them sing this dolefull lay ;—

Poore Harpalus, a shepheard-swaine
More rich in youth than store,
Lov'd faire Philena, hapless man!
Philena, oh! therefore.

Who still, remorcelesse-hearted maide,
Took pleasure in his paine,
And his good will, poor soule! repayd
With undeserv'd disdayne.

Ne're shepheard lov'd a shepheardesse
More faithfully then he;
Ne're shepheard yet beloved lesse
Of shepheardesse could be.

How oft with dying looks did he
To her his woes impart!

* Suppose.

How oft his sighs did testifie
The dolour of his heart!

How oft from vallies to the hills
Did he his griefs rehearse!
How oft re-echo'd they his ills
Abacke again, alas!

How oft on barks of stately pines
Of beech, of holen greene,
Did he ingrave in mournfull lines
The dole he did sustaine!

Yet all his plaints could have no place,
To change Philena's mind;
The more his sorrowes did increase,
The more she prov'd unkind.

The thought whereof, through verie care,
Poore Harpalus did move;
That overcome with high despaire,
He quat* both life and love."

Several of the sonnets bear much similarity in their structure to those of the Scotian Petrarch, Drummond; but they appeared five years before any known edition of the bard of Hawthornden, whose tender amatory effusions long preceded the mythological elegancies of Waller, as Mr. Neve has fully shewn in his "Cursory Remarks on ancient English poets." T. P.

ART. CXXXV. *Ciceronis Amor. Tullie's Love. Wherein is discoursed, the prime of Ciceroes youth,*

* Quitted.

setting out in liuely Portraitures, how yong Gentlemen, that aime at Honour, should leuell the end of their affections, holding the loue of Countrey and friends in more esteeme, then those fading blossomes of beautie, that onely feede the curious suruey of the eye. A worke full of pleasure, as following Ciceroes veine, who was so conceited in his youth, as graue in his age, profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an Oratour. By Robert Green, in Artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. London: Printed by W. Stansby for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1611. 4*to.* *

By the Dedication "to the Right Honourable Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange,† ennobled with all titles that honour may affoord, or vertue challenge, Robert Greene wisheth increase of vertuous and lordly resolutions."

Then "to the gentle Readers health."

"Ad Lectorem Hexasticon," 6 lines, sig. "Tho. Watson, Oxon."

"Ad Lectorem de Ciceronis amore Hexasticon," 6 lines, sig. "G. B. Cantabrigiensis."

Two pieces of English poetry of 12 lines each, in six-line stanzas, unentitled; subscribed "Thomas Burneby, Esquire," and "Edward Rainesford, Esquire."

This Roman wooing and wedding extends to 71

* These pieces of Greene, &c. being principally in prose, are yet placed in this class, on account of the intermixture of poetry, which they contain, as well as from being works of Fiction.

† Who succeeded to the earldom of Derby, 1594.

pages, dressed in the majesty of black letter, sprinkled with both high-sounding epistles and ditties for the lute, and where a soldier environed with miracles of beauty declares "Love is of more force than warres, and the lookes of women pierce deeper then stroke of launces: there is no curtlear so keene, but armour of high proofe can withstand; but the beauties arrowes are so sharp, and the darts that flie from women's eyes so piercing, as the Corslet tempered by Vulcan, for Didoes paramour, holds not out the violence of their stroake." From the episode of the love and betrothment of Phillis and Coridon, take

"*The Shepheard's Ode.*

"Walking in a vally green,
Spread with Flora, summer's queene:
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seem'd in other places.
Spring it was, and here did spring,
All that nature forth can bring;
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow:
Thicke leaued boughes small birds couer,
Till sweet notes themselues discouer:
Tunes for number seem'd confounded,
Whilst their mixture musicke sounded.
Greeing well, yet not agreed,
That one the other should exceede.
A sweet streame here silent glides;
Whose clear water no fish hides.
Slow it runnes, which well bewraid,
The pleasant shore the current staid:
In this streame a rocke was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing so did other grace,
As all places may giue place.

Onely this the place of pleasure,
Where is heaped nature's treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder staid,
Eyes amas'd and mind affraid;
Ravisht with what was beheld,
From departing were with held:
Musing then with sound advise,
On this earthly paradise,
Sitting by the river side,
Lovely Phillis was descride:
Gold her haire, bright her eyen,
Like to Phœbus in his shine:
White her brow, her face was faire,
Amber breath perfumde the aire.
Rose and lilly both did seeke,
To shew their glories on her cheeke:
Love did nestle in her lookes,
Baiting there his sharpest hookes.
Such a Phillis ne're was seene,
More beautifull then Love's Queene.
Doubt it was whose greater grace,
Phillis beauty or the place.
Her coate was of scarlet red
All in pleates, a mantle spred,
Fring'd with gold: a wreath of bowes
To check the sun from her browes:
In her hand a shepheard's hooke,
In her face Dianae's looke,
Her sheepe grased on the plaines
Shee had stolne from the swaines:
Vnder a cool silent shade,
By the streames she garlands made,
Thus sat Phillis all alone,
Miss't she was by Coridon;
Chiefest swain of all the rest,

Lovely Phillis lik't him best.
His face was like Phœbus' loue,
His neck white as Venus' doue;
A ruddy cheeke filled with smiles,
Such loue hath when he beguiles;
His lookes browne, his eyes were gray,
Like Titan in a summer's day,
A russet iacket sleeues red,
A blew bonnet on his heade.
A cloake of gray fenc'd the raine,
Thus tyred was this louely swaine:
A shepheard's hooke, his dog tide,
Bag and bottle by his side,
Such was Paris, sheepheards say,
When with Oenone he did play.
From his flock straied Coridon,
Spying Phillis all alone:
By the streame he Phillis spide,
Brauer then was Florae's pride:
Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Stole behind his true-loue's backe;
The sun shone and shaddow made,
Phillis rose and was afraid.
When she saw her louer there,
Smile she did, and left her feare.
Cupid that disdaine doth loth,
With desire strike them both.
The swaine did wooe, she was nice,
Following fashion, nayde him twice:
Much adoe hee kist her then,
Maidens blush when they kisse men;
So did Phillis at that stowre,
Her face was like the rose flower.
Last they greed, for loue would so,
Faith and troth they would no mo,

For shepheards euer held it sin,
To false the loue, they liued in.
The swaine gaue a girdle red,
She set garlands on his head.
Gifts were giuen, they kisse againe,
Both did smile, for both were faine.
Thus was loue mongst shepheards sold,
When fancy knew not what was gold;
They wooed, and vowed, and that they keepe,
And goe contented to their sheepe."

J. H.

ART. CXXXVI. *Greene's Arcadia, or Menaphon: Camillaes Alerum to slumber Euphues in his Melancholy Cell at Silexedra. Wherein are descyphered, the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Love, the triumphs of inconstant Time. A worke, worthy the yongest eares for pleasure, or the grauest censures for principles. By Robertvs Greene, in Artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum. London: Printed by W. Stansby for I. Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard vnder the Dyall, in Fleet-street.* 1616. *4to. Sig. L. 4.* *

Prefixed to this article is a curious address to *Gentlemen Students*, from the pen of THOMAS NASH, the pottle-pot companion and contemporary writer with the unfortunate *Green*.* In the research for notices of early writers, the satiric criticisms of Nash become valuable, and, where not overstrained by

† This Tract has since been reprinted in *Archaica*. 1814.

* Some account of Robert Green will be given hereafter. He died 1592.

personal invective, may be considered good authority. His attacks on the writers of his period, appear to have been dictated with such severity as in his own estimation to be entitled to an apology, and in an address to the reader prefixed to "*Christ's teares ouer Jerusalem, whereunto is annexed a comparative admonition to London*," he accordingly says, "Nil nisi flere libet; gentles here is no joifull subject towards; if you will weepe, so it is. I haue nothing to spend on you but passion. A hundred unfortunate farewels to fantasticall satirisme. In those vaines heretofore I mispent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good houres. Nothing is there now so much in my vowes, as to be at peace with al men, and make submissive amends where I haue most displeased."

"*To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniversities.*

"Cvrteous, and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with enuy) enlarge the deserts of the learned, by your liberall censures: vouchsafe to welcome your scholler-like shepherd, with such vniuersitie entertainment, as either the nature of your bounty, or the custome of your common ciuility may affoord. To you he appeales that he knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose *placet* hee accounts the *plaudite* of his paines: thinking his day-labour was not altogether lauisht *sine linea*, if there be any thing at al in it, that doth *olere Atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that euery mechanicall mate abhorreth the English he was borne to, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his *vt vales* from the inke-horne:

which I impute, not so much to the perfection of arts, as to the seruile imitation of vaine-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excell in action, as to embowell the clouds in a speech of comparison, thinking themselues more than initiated in poets' immortality, if they but once get Boreas by the beard, and the heavenly bull by the deawlap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly, as their idiot art-masters, that intrude themselues to our eares, as the Alcumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bumbast of bragging blank verse. Indeede it may bee, the ingrafted ouer-flow of some kil-cow conceit, that ouer-cloyeth their imagination with a more then drunken resolution, being not extemporall inuention of any other meanes to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their chollericke incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a drumming decasillaboo. Mongst this kinde of men, that repose eternitie in the mouth of a player, I can but ingrosse some deep-read schoolemen or grammarians, who hauing no more learning in their skull, than will serue to take vp a commoditie, nor art in their braine, then was nourished in a seruing-man's idleness, will take vpon them to bee the ironicall censors of all, when God and poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all. To leaue all these to the mercy of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crums that fall from the translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attyre (though not so stately, yet comely) doth entitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which

Tully in his *Orator* termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountayne that in seuen yeeres bringing forth a mouse, or the Italiane pen, that of a packet of pilfries, affoords the presse a pamphlet or two in an age, and then, in disguised array vaunts Ovid's and Plutarch's plumes as their owne: but giue mee the man whose extemporall veine in any humour, will excell our greatest Art-Master's deliberate thoughts, whose inuentions, quicker then his eye, will challenge the prowdest rhetorician, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition.

"What is he among students so simple, that cannot bring foorth *(tanquam aliquando)* some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt euery sentence? What is not *Maroe's* twelue yeeres toyle, that so famed his twelue Æneidos? Or *Peter Ramus'* sixteene yeeres paine, that so praised his petty Logicke? How is it then, our drowping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his master's day-labour? Indeede, I must needs say, the descending yeeres from the philosopher's *Athens*, haue not beene supplied with such present orators, as were able in any English veine to be eloquent of their owne, but either they must borrow inuention of *Ariosto*, and his countrimen, take vp choice of words by exchange in *Tullie's Tusculans*, and the Latine histriographer's store-houses, similitudes, nay, whole sheets, and tractates *verbatim*, from the plentie of Plutarch and Plinie; and to conclude their whole methode of writing from the liberty of comicall fictions, that haue succeeded to our rhetoricians by a second imitation; so that wel may the adage, *Nil dictum quod*

non dictum prius, bee the most judiciall estimate of our latter writers. But the hunger of our vnsatiate humorists, being such as it is, ready to swallow all draffe without difference, that insinuates it selfe to their senses vnder the name of delights, imploies oft-times many threadbare wits, to emptie their inuention of their apish deuices, and talke most superficially of policie, as those that neuer ware gowne in the vniuersitie; wherein they reuiue the old said adage, *Sus Mineruam*, and cause the wiser to quippe them with *Asinus ad Lyram*. Would gentlemen and riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would perswade them to physicke their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabæans doe their dulled senses with their smelling; who (as Strabo reporteth) ouercloyd with such odoriferous sauours as the natural increase of their country (Balsamum, Amomum, with myrrhe and frankincense) sends forth, refresh their nostrils with the vnsauourie s[c]ent of the pitchy slime, that Euphrates cast vp, and the contagious fumes of goats' beards burned; so would I haue them, being surfeited vnawares with the sweet society of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious language may procure, to vse the remedie of contraries, and recreate their rebated wits; not as they did, with the s[c]enting of slime or goat's beards burned, but with the ouer-seeing of that *sublimè dicendi genus*, which walkes abroad for waste paper in each seruing-man's pocket, and the otherwhile pervsing of our Gothamists' barbarisme; so should the opposite comparison of puritie expell the infection of absurditie, and

their ouer-racked rhetoricke bee the ironicall recreation of the reader.

"But so farre discrepant is the idle vsage of our vnexperienced and illiterated punies from this prescription, that a tale of Ioane of Brainford's will, and the vnlucky frumenty, will be as soone entertayned into their libraries, as the best poeme that euer Tasso eterniz'd; which being the effect of an undiscerning iudgement, makes drosse as valuable as gold, and losse as wel-come as gaine; the glow-worme mentioned in Æsop's fables, namely, the ape's folly, to be mistaken for fire, when as God wot, poore soules, they haue nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweat, and (to bring it to our English prouerbe) their labour for their trauell. Wherein I can but resemble them to the panther, who is so greedy of men's excrements, that if they bee hanged vp in a vessell higher then his reach, hee sooner kills himselfe with the ouer-stretching of his windlesse body, then hee will cease from his intended enterprise. Oft have I obserued what I now set downe; a secular wit that hath liued all [the] dayes of his life by what doe you lack? to be more iudiciall in matters of conceit, then our quadrant crepundious, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of euery one they meete: yet those and these are affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poysonous *Pasquils*, any durty-mouthed *Martin*,[b] or *Momus*

[b] Nash was one of the writers in the Mar-Martin controversy. A poem on that subject, has been given in the present volume to which should have been added that in 1593, "March the twenty-first, Henry Barrowe, Gentleman, and John Greenwood, clark, Daniel Studley, girdler, Sapio Bislot, gentleman, Robert Bowlet, fishmonger, were

euer composed, is gathered vp with greedinesse, before it fall to the ground, and bought at the dearest, though they smell of the Fripler's lauender, halfe a yeere after: for I know not how the minde of the meanest is fed with this folly, that they impute singularitie, to him that slanders priuily, and count it a great piece of art in an inke-horne man, in any Tapsterly termes whatsoeuer, to expose his superiours to enuy. I wil not deny, but in scholer-like matters of controuersie, a quicker stile may passe as commendable, and that a quip to an asse is as good as a goad to an oxe: but when the irregular ideot, that was vp to tue eares in diuinitie, before euer hee met with *probabile* in the vniuersitie, shall leaue pro & contra, before hee can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct common-weales, that neuer heard of the name of magistrate, before hee came to Cambridge, it is no maruaile if euery ale-house vaunt the table of the world turned vpside downe, since the child beateth his father, and the asse whippeth

indicted for felony, the said Barrow and Greenwood for writing seditious books tending to the ruin of the Queen and state, Studley, Billot, and Bowley, for publishing and setting forthe of the same books; and on the twenty-third, they were all arraigned, found guilty, and had judgment the last of March. Henry Barrowe and Greenwood were brought to Tyburn and there hanged the sixth of April. About the same time Henry [Penrie] a principal penner and publisher of books, intitled, Martin Marre Prelate, was apprehended at Stebben heath, by the vicar there, and sent to prison: in the moneth of May he was arraigned at the King's Bench bar, condemned of felony, and afterwards conveyed from the King's Bench to Saint Thomas Watrings and there hanged [10th April]. This pernicious book much troubled the people." Faithful Annalist to 1660. See *Herbert*, 1670.

his master. But lest I might seeme with these night-crowes, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica*, I will turne backe to my first text of studies of delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators.

"It is a common practice now adayes amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery art, and thriue by none, to leape the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne; and busie themselues with the indeuors of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse, if they should haue neede: yet English Seneca read by candle-light, yeelds many good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so forth: and if you intreate him faire in a frosty morning, hee will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, handfuls of tragicall speeches. But, O griefe! *Tempus edax rerum*, what's that will last alwayes? The sea exhaled by drops, will in continuance bee drie: and Seneca let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needes die to our stage; which makes his famished followers to imitate the kid in Æsope, who enamoured with the foxes new-fangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a new occupation, and these men renouncing all possibilities of credite or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein, how poorely they haue plodded, (as those that are neither Pouerzal-men, nor are able to distinguish of articles) let all indifferent gentlemen that haue trauelled in that tongue, discerne by their two-penny pamphlets. And no maruel though their home-borne mediocritie bee such in this matter; for what can bee hoped of those, that thrust *Elisium* into hel, and haue not learned so

long as they have liued in the spheares, the iust measure of the horizon without an hexameter? Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verse with *ifs* and *ands*, and otherwhile for recreation after their candle-stuffe, hauing starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripateticall path into the inner partes of the citie, and spend two or three houres in turning ouer French *Dowdie*, where they attract more infection in one minute, they they can do eloquence all [the] daies of their life, by conuersing with any authors of like argument. But lest in this declamatory veine, I should condemne all, and commend none, I wil propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured with credite in this laudable kinde of translation. In the forefront of whom I cannot but place that aged father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke writers in the robes of the ancient Romanes, in whose traces Philip Melancthon, Sadolet, Plantine, and many other reuerend Germanes insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed libraries, and maruellously enriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, euery priuate scholer, *William Turner*, and who not, beganne to vant their smattering of Latine, in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, *Sir Thomas Eliot's*[c] elegance did seuer it selfe from al equals, although *Sir Thomas More*[d] with his comic-

[c] He was author of *The Castle of Health*, 1541—*The Governor*, 1544, &c. and died 1546.

[d] Beheaded 1535.

al wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her monarchy amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint Iohns in Cambridge, that at that time was an vniversity within it selfe, shining so farre aboue all other houses, halls, and hospitalls whatsoeuer, that no colledge in the towne, was able to compare with the tithe of her students, hauing (as I haue heard graue men of credit report) moe candles light in it euery winter morning before foure of the clock, then the foure of the clock bell gaue strokes: till she (I say) as a pittying mother, put to her helping hand, and sent from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient scholers, both to support her own weale, as also to supply all other inferiour foundations, defects, and namely, that royall erection of Trinitie Colledge, which the vniuersitie orator in an epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia deducta*, from the suburbs of Saint Iohns. In which extraordinary conception, *Vno partu in rempublicam prodiere*, the exchequer of eloquence, Sir Iohn Cheeke,[e] a man of men, supernaturally traded in all tongues, Sir Iohn Mason,[f] Doctor Watson,[g] Redman,[h] Ascam,[i] Grindall,[k] Leuer,[l] Pilking-

[e] He died 1557.

[f] Sir John Mason does not occur as an author in Tanner's Bibl.

[g] Died Sept. 27, 1584.

[h] John Redman, Prebendary of Westminster, &c. died 1551. His works were principally theological.

[i] Roger Ascham is well known. He died 1568.

[k] Edmund Grindall, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 1583.

[l] Ralph Lever, Dean of Durham, wrote *The Philosopher's Stone* &c. 1564. Thomas Lever was Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1552.

ton;[m] all which haue eyther by their priuate readings, or publike workes, repurged the errours of arte, expelled from their puritie, and set before our eyes a more perfect method of studie.

"But how ill their precepts haue prospered with our idle age, that leaue the fountaines of sciences to follow the riuers of knowledge, their ouer-fraught studies, with trifling compendiaries, may testifie: for I know not how it commeth to passe, by the doting practice of our diuinitie dunces, that striue to make their pupils pulpit-men, before they are reconciled to Priscian: but those yeeres which should be imployed in Aristotle, are expired in epitomies, and well too, they may haue so much catechisme vacation, to take vp a little refuse philosophy.

"And heere I could enter into a large fielde of inuectiue against our abiect abbreuiations of artes, were it not growne to a new fashion among our nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in euery manuarie action: insomuch, that the Pater-noster, which was wont to fill a sheet of paper, is written in the compasse of a penny: whereupon one merrily assumed that prouerbe to be deriued, *No penny no pater-noster*. Which their nice curtayling putteth mee in minde of the custome of the Scythians, who if they had beene at any time distressed with famine, tooke in their girdles shorter, and swaddled themselues straighter, to the intent, no *vacuum* being left in their intrailes, hunger should not so much tyrannize ouer their stomackes; euen so these men oppressed with a greater penurie of arte, doe pound

[m] James Pilkington was Bishop of Durham, and died 1575.

their capacitie in barren compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggerly straights of a hungry analysis, lest longing after that infinitum, which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compasse, they sooner yeeld vp their youth to destinie, then their heart to vnderstanding.

"How is it then such bungling practicioners in principles, should euer profit the common-wealth by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in logicke or dialogue Latine, then appertaines to the literall construction of eyther: neuerthelesse, it is daily apparant to our domesticall eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in their trade of glose or translations, as those that are more vnlearned then ignorant, and lesse conceiuing than infants. Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, although some of them haue set their names to their simplicitie. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Master GASCOIGNE,[n] is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets haue aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*. Neither was M. TURBERUILE[o] the worst of his time, though in translating, hee attributed too much to the necessitie of the time. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged ARTHUR GOLDING,[p]

[n] George Gascoigne died 1577, or 1578. His Collection of Poems are now very scarce. See p. 1 of the present volume.

[o] Geo. Turberville survived till about the close of Q. Elizabeth's reign.

[p] He translated the Four First Books in 1565, and printed the whole 15 books in 1575.

for his industrious toyle in Englishing Ouid's Metamorphosis, besides many other exquisite editions of diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne. M. PHAER[q] likewise is not to be forgot, in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heauenly verse, had it not beene blemished by his hautie thoughts, England might haue long insulted his wit, and *corrigat qui potest* haue beene subscribed to his workes. But fortune, the mistris of change, with a pittying compassion, respecting Master STANYHURST's[r] prayse, would that PHAER should fall, that hee might ryse, whose heroicall poetry infired, I should say inspired with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, whateuer hissed barbarisme hath been buried this hundred yeere: and reuiued by his ragged quill such carterly varietie, as no Hodge ploughman in a country but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie: a patterne wherof I will propound to your iudgements as neere as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus:

'Then did he make heauen's vault to rebound,
with rounce robble bobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring,
with thwicke thwack thurlerie bouncing.'

Which strange language of the firmament, neuer subiect before to our common phrase, make vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens mouing in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare in-

[q] Thomas Phayer died 1560.

[r] See CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 400.—He died 1618.

terpreter, as of some Thrasonicall huffe snuffe: for so terrible was his stile to all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable poets from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verse, had not sweet Master FRANCE,[s] by his excellent translation of Master THOMAS WATSON'S[t] sugred Amintas, animated their dulled spirits, to suoh high-witted indeuours. But I know not how, their ouer timerous cowardise hath stoode, in awe of enuie, that no man since him durst imitate any of the worst of those Romane wonders in English: which makes me thinke, that either the louers of mediocritie are very many, or that the number of good poets are very small, and in truth (Master WATSON except, whom I mentioned before) I know not almost any of late dayes, that hath shewed himselfe singular in any speciall Latine poeme: whose Amintas and translated Antigone, may march in equipage of honour, with any of your ancient poets: I will not say but we had a HADDON,[v] whose pen would have challenged the lawrell from Homer, together with CAR[u] that came as neere him as Virgil to Theocritus. But THOMAS NEWTON[w] with his LEILAND, and GABRIEL HARUEY,[x] with two or three other, is almost

[s] Abraham France, whose *Lamentations of Amyntas* was published 1587.

[t] See Theatr. Poet. Angl. 208.

[v] Walter Haddon, a famous scholar, and Judge of the Prerogative Court, &c. died 1571.

[u] Nicholas Carr, M. D. succeeded Sir John Cheek as Greek Professor at Cambridge. He was a great scholar and critic, and writer of Latin and Greek verse.

[w] He died 1607. [x] The great opponent of Nash.

all the store that is left vs at this houre. Epitaphers, and position poets, wee haue more then a good many, that swarme like crowes to a dead carcasse, but flie like swallowes in the winter, from any continuate subiect of wit.

"The efficient whereof, I imagine to issue from the vpstart discipline of our reformatorie churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and poetry impietie: whose errour, although the necessitie of philosophie might confute, which lies couched most closely vnder darke fables profunditie, yet I had rather referre it as a disputatiue plea by diuines, then set it downe as a determinate position in my vnexperienced opinion. But howeuer their dissentious iudgments should decree in their afternoone sessions of *an sit*, the priuate truth of my discouered creede in this controversie is this, that as that beast was thought scarce worthy to be sacrificed to the Ægyptian Epaphus, who had not some or other blacke spot on his skin: so I deeme him farre vnworthy the name of a scholler, and so consequently to sacrifice his endeuours to art, that is not a poet, either in whole or in part.

"And heere peraduenture, some desperate quipper will cannaze my purposed comparison *Plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the blacke spot, to the blacke pot, which maketh our poets' vndermeale Muses too mutinous, as euery stanza they pen after dinner, is full pointed with a stabbe. Which their dagger drunkenness, although it might bee excused with *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may with that prouerbiall *fœcundi calices*, that

might well haue beene doore-keeper to the kanne of Silenus, when nodding on his asse trapped with iuie, hee made his moist nose-cloth the pause intermedium twixt euery nappe. Let frugall schollers, and fine-fingered nouices, take their drinke by the ounce, and their wine by the halfe-penny worths: but it is for a poet to examine the pottle pots, and gage the bottome of whole gallons, *qui bene vult* poiein, *debet ante* pinein. A pot of blew burning ale, with a fiery flaming toste, is as good as Pallas with the nine Muses on Parnassus top; without the which, in vaine they may cry, O thou my Muse, inspire mee with some pen, when they want certain liquid sacrifice to rouze her forth her denne. Pardon mee (gentlemen) though somewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly, who affirme, that no man writes with conceit, except he take counsell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinke, that *Theonino dente*, I arme my stile against all, since I doe know the moderation of many gentlemen of that studie, to bee so farre from infamie, as their verse from equalitie: whose sufficiencie, were it as well seene into, by those of higher place, as it wanders abroad vnrewarded in the mouthes of vngratefull monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of Mæcenas' liberalitie extended to Maro, and men of like qualitie, would haue left no memory to that prouerbe of pouertie, *Si nihil attuleris ibis Homere foras.* Tush, say our English Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth, are but drie-brained dolts in comparison of other countries: whom if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they will tell you of PETRARCH, TASSO,

CELIANO, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose CHAUCER, LYDGATE, GOWER, with such like, that liued vnder the tyrannie of ignorance, I doe thinke their bestlouers would bee much discontented with the collation of contraries, if I should write ouer all their heads, haile fellow, well met. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three haue vented their meeters with as much admiration in English, as euer the proudest Ariosto did his verse in Italian.

"What should I come to our court, where the other-while vacations of our grauer nobilitie are prodigall of more pompous wit, and choice of words, then euer tragicke Tasso could attain to? But, as for pastorall poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrimen's credite should be discountenanced by the contention: who, although they cannot fare with much inferiour facilitie, yet I know, would carry the bucklers full easily from all forraine brauers, if their *subiectum circa quod*, should sauour of any thing hautie. And should the challenge of deepe conceit be intruded by any forrainer, to bring our English wits to the touch-stone of art, I would preferre diuine Master SPENCER, the miracle of wit, to bandie line by line for my life, in the honour of England, against Spaine, France, Italy, and all the world. Neither is hee the onely swallow of our summer, (although Apollo, if his tripos were vp againe, would pronounce him his SOCRATES) but hee being forborne, there are extant about London, many most able men, to reuiue poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Platoe's, so in Puritans' common-wealth: as namely for example, MATHEW

ROYDON, THOMAS ACHLOW,[z] and GEORGE PEELE:[a] the first of whom, as he hath shewed himselfe singular in the immortall epitaph of his beloued *Astrophell*, besides many other most absolute comike inuentions (made more publike by euery man's praise, then they can be by my speech,) so the second hath more then once or twice manifested his deepe-witted schollership in places of credite: and for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him vnto all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance now liuing, the atlas of poetrie, and primus verborum artifex: whose first increase, the arraignment of *Paris*, might pleade to your opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention, wherein *(me iudice)* hee goeth a step beyond all that writ. Sundry other sweete gentlemen I doe know, that wee haue vaunted their pens in priuate deuices, and tricked vp a companie of taffatie fooles with their feathers, whose beautie, if our poets had not pecked with the supply of their periwigs, they might haue antickt it vntil this time, vp and downe the countrey with the King of Fairies, and dined euery day at the pease-porredge ordinary with *Delfrigus*.

" But *Tolasso* hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked, and beggers, that euer they carried their fardels on footback: and in truth no marualle, when as the deserued reputation of one *Roscius* is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits: yet let subiects, for all their insolence, dedicate a *De profundis* euery morning to the preseruation of their Cæsar, lest

[z] Or Achelly.

[a] See Theatr. Poet. Angl. 131.

their increasing indignities returne them ere long their iuggling to mediocritie, and they bewaile in weeping blankes, the wane of their monarchie.

"As poetrie hath beene honoured in those her forenamed professors, so it hath not been any whit disparaged by WILLIAM WARNER's[b] absolute *Albions*. And heere authoritie hath made a full point: in whose reuerence insisting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those pamphleters, and poets, that make a patrimonie of *In speech*, and more then a younger brother's inheritance of their *a b c ie*. Reade fauorably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that haue made art bankerout of her ornaments, and sent poetrie a begging vp and downe the eount-trey. It may be, my *Anatomie of Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in surgerie, wherein the diseases of arte more merrily discouered, may make our maimed poets put together their blankes vnto the building of an hospitall.

"If you chance to meet it in Paules, shaped in a new suite of similitudes, as if like the eloquent Apprentice of Plutarch, it were propped at seuen yeeres end in double apparell, thinke his master hath fulfilled couenants, and only cancelled the indentures of dutie. If I please, I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you that applaud it; if not, what rests, but that I be excluded from your courtesie, like Apocrypha from your bibles.

How euer, yours euer,

THOMAS NASH."

[b] Died 1609.

After the address by Nash are the following lines without title.

" Delicious words, the life of wanton wit,
That doth inspire our soules with sweet content,
Why hath our Father Hermes thought it fit,
Mine eyes should surfet by my heart's consent?
Full twentie summers haue I fading seene,
And twentie Floraes in their golden guise:
Yet never viewde I such a pleasant *Greene*,
As this whose garnisht gleades comparde, deuise,
Of all the flowers a *Lilly** once I lou'd,
Whose labouring beautie brancht it selfe abroad,
But now olde age his glory hath remou'd,
And *greener* obiects are mine eyes abroad.
No countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
Where Aganippe's euer springing wels
Doe moist the meades with bubbling melodie,
And makes me muse what more in Delos dwels.
There feeds our Menaphon's celestiall Muse,
There makes his pipe his pastorall report:
Which strained now a note aboue his vse,
Fore-tels hee'le ne're come chaunt of Thoae's sport,
Read all that list, and read till you mislike
To' condemne who can, so Enuie be not Iudge:

* John Lilly was author of several admired pieces; particularly the romance called " Euphues," which passed through several editions, and, for a period, established a new style of writing. Webbe, in his discourse on Poetry, proclaimed him a wonderful improver of our language, but his work has been since considered a piece of affectation and nonsense. [See Berkenhout's Biog. Lit. p. 377.] Oldys characterizes him as " a man of great reading, good memory, ready faculty of application, and uncommon eloquence; but he ran into a vast excess of allusion," which, in conformity to the prevailing fashion, Greene has imitated.

No, read who can, swell more higher, lest it shreeke,
Robin, thou hast done well, care not who grudge.
HENRY VPCHER."

The story of this work is very complexed and unnatural, and the abbreviating of it would neither afford interest or amusement. It is founded on a dark enigma of the oracle delivered by Pithia, the sacred nymph of Apollo, and finally unridled by inconsequential trifles. The universal subject of novelists gives birth to several rhapsodical descriptions, and to those who sometimes loiter over a page in one of our early romances and feel gratified, the following specimen of Greene's prose will not be unacceptable.

" Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcady, to see if the continent was as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, saw the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birds that chaunted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephirus. Seeing thus the accord of the land and sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water-nimphs, hee beganne to consider how Venus was faigned by the poets to spring of the froth of the seas: which draue him straight into a deepe coniecture of the inconstancie of loue, that, as if Luna were his loadstone, had euery minute ebbs and tydes, sometime ouer-flowing the bankes of fortune with a gracious looke lightened from the eyes of a fauourable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelfe of despaire, with the piercing frowne of a froward mistresse. Menaphon, in this browne studie, calling to minde certain aphorisms that Auerreon had pen'd down as principles of loue's follies,

being as deepe an enemie to fancie, as Narcissus was to affection, beganne thus to scoffe at Venus' deitie.

" Menaphon, thy minde's fauours are greater than thy wealth's fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and thy priuate conceit better then thy publique esteeme. Thou art a shepheard, Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flocke findest out nature's secrecie, and in preuenting thy lambes preiudice, conceitest the astronomicall motions of the heauens, holding thy sheepwalkes to yeeld as great philosophie, as the ancients discourse in their learned academies. Thou countest labour as the Indians doe their chrysocolla, wherewith they try euery metall, and thou examine euery action. Content sitteth in thy minde, as Neptune in his sea-throne, who, with his trident mace, appeaseth euery storme. When thou seest the heauens frowne, thou thinkest on thy faults, and a cleere skie putteth thee in minde of grace: the summer's glory tells thee of youth's vanitie: the winter's parched leaues, of age's declining weaknesse. Thus, in a mirrour, thou measurest thy deeds with equall and considerate moderations, and by being a shepheard, findest that which Kings want in their royalties. Enuy ouer-looketh thee, renting with the windes the pine-trees of Ida, when the Affrick shrubs waue not a leafe with the tempest. Thine eyes are vailde with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as ambition, and for loue: and with that, in naming of loue, the shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue, Menaphon, why of all follies that euer poets fained, or men faulted with, this foolish imagination of loue is the greatest. Venus forsooth for her wanton escapes must bee a goddesse, and her bastard a deitie:

Cupid must bee yong and euer a boy, to proue that loue is fond and witlesse: wings to make him inconstant, and arrowes whereby to shew him fearfull: blind (or all were not worth a pin) to prooue Cupid's levell is both without aime and reason: thus is the god, and such are his votaries. As soone as our shepheards of Arcadie settle themselves to fancy, and weare the caracters of Venus stampt in their foreheads, straight their attire must bee quaint, their lookes full of amors, as their god's quiver is full of arrowes: their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their mistris fauours or her frownes: sighes must flie as figures of their thoughts, and euery wrinckle must be tempred with a passion: thus suted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take view of their mistris' beauty. She, as one obseruant vnto Venus' principles, first tieth loue to her tresses, and wraps affection in the tramels of her haire; snaring our swaines in her lockes, as Mars in the net, holding in her forhead fortune's kalender, either to assigne dismall influence, or some fauourable aspect. If a wrinckle appeare in her brow, then our shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame nought but dolefull madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheeke, the heauens cannot prooue fatall to our kind-hearted louers; if she seeme coy, then poems of death mounted vpon deepe drawne sighs, flie from their master to sue for some fauour, alleadging how death at the least may date his misery; to be briefe, as vpon the shoares of Lapanthe the windes continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue scarce a minute

in one passion; but as fortune's globe, so is fancie's case, variable and inconstant."

The fluency of language and rapid succession of images that embellish the above extract leave not a doubt that the writer could occasionally assume the bolder task of the poet. In this performance are fourteen pieces, viz. *The Oracle of Apollo*, 12 l. *Menaphon's Song*, 2 st. *Sephestia's Song to her Childe.* The burthen of this little ditty is particularly beautiful, natural, and affecting, as from a mother, immediately after escaping from a shipwreck.

Weep not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee,
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.
Mother's wagge, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's ioy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and mee,
Hee was glad, I was woe,
Fortune chang'de made him so:
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his ioy.
Weepe not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee;
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee.

Streaming tears that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieued in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his heart,
When he left his prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's ioy.
Weeepe not my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art olde, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smil'de, father wept,
Mother cry'de, baby lept;
More he crown'de, more he cry'de,
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must goe, he must kisse,
Childe and mother, baby blisse:
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's ioy.
Weepe not, my wanton, smile vpon my knee;
When thou art olde, there's griefe enough for thee."

Menaphon's roundelay, 3 10-l. st. *Doron's description of Samela*, 4 6-l. st. *Doron's Iigge*, 30 l. *Melicertus' description of his Mistriss*, 5 4-l. st. *Melicertus' Madrigall*, 4 6-l. st. *Menophon's Song in his bed*, 5 6-l. st. *Menaphon's Ditty*, 24 l. *Menaphon's Eglogue, and Melicertus' Eglogue*, each 17 4-l. st. *Doron's Eglogues ioyned with Carmelàe's, and a Sonnetto*, 4 6-l. st.

Some of the pieces enumerated have enriched the modern collections. The following is transcribed to conclude, and as a specimen of the rustic humour with which the author describes his subordinate characters.

" *Doron's Eglogues ioyned with Carmelae's.*

" Sit downe, Carmela, heere are cubs for Kings,
Slowes blacke as iet, or like my Christmas shoes;
Sweet sidar, which my leathern bottle brings:
Sit downe, Carmela, let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah, Doron, ah my hart, thou art as white
As is my mother's calfe, or brinded cow:

Thine eyes are like the slow-wormes in the night,
Thine haires resemble thickest of the snow.
The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere,
Like to the furrowes of my father's waine;
Thy sweat vpon thy face doth oft appeare,
Like to my mother's fat and kitchin gaine.
Ah, leaue my toe, and kisse my lips, my loue,
My lips are thine, for I haue giuen them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela deare, euen as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,
When cherries' iuyce is iumbled therewithall;
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pyes.
Thy lips resemble two cowcumbers faire,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the ayre;
Would God thy toes, and lips, and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron, what thing doth moue this wishing griefe?

Doron.

This loue, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruell loue;
That like a slaue, and caytiue villaine theefe,
Hath cut my throat of joy for my behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he born?

Doron.

In faith I know not where;
But I haue heard much talking of his dart;

Aye me! poore man, with many a trickling teare,
I feele him wound the forehearse of my hart.
What, doe I loue? O no, I doe but talke;
What, shall I die for loue? O no, not so;
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walke;
Come kisse, Carmela, and confound my woe.

Carmela.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,
I seale the sweet endentures of delight;
Before I breake my vow, the gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Euen with this garland made of holly-hocks.
I crosse thy browes, from euery shepherd's kisse:
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolicke heart euen now a free man is,

Carmela.

I thanke you Doron, and will think on you;
I loue you Doron, and will winke on you;
I seale your chapter patent with my thums;
Come kisse and part, for feare my mother comes."*

J. H.†

ART. CXXXVII. *Greenes neuer too late. Both partes. Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, deciphering in a true English Historie, those particular vanities, that with their Frostie vapours nip the blossomes of euery braine, from attaining to his intend-*

* This piece of Greene has been since reprinted entire in *Archaica.*

† The Editor only is answerable for the imperfect notes annexed to this article.

ed perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone, apt to race out idlenesse with delight, and folly with admonition. By Robert Greene, In artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum. London: [title imperfect; printed by Smethwicke) *4to. b. l. Sig. Q.*

By the Dedication "To the Right Worshipfull, Tho. Barnaby, Esquire: Robert Greene wisheth increase of all honourable vertues," concluding a short prose address, "Your Worship's humbly to command, Robert Greene."

"To the Gentlemen Readers. Such (Gentlemen) as had their eares fild with the harmony of Orpheus harpe, could not abide the harsh musicke of Hiparchion's pipe, yet the Thessalians would allow the poore fidler licence to frolicke it among shepheards. Though no pictures would go for current with Alexander, but such as past through Apelles pensil, yet poore men had their houses shadowed with Phidias coarse colours. Ennius was called a poet as well as Virgil, and Vulcan with his poltfoot friskt with Venus as well as Mars.

"Gentlemen, if I presume to present you, as hitherto I haue done, with friuolous toies: yet for that I stretch my strings as I can, if you praise me not with Orpheus, hisse me not out with Hiparchion: if I paint not with Apelles, yet scrape not out my shadowes with disgrace: if I stirre my stumps with Vulcan, though it be lamely done, yet it is a dance: so, if my *Nunquam sera* please not, yet I pray you passe it once with patience, and say, tis a booke.

So hoping I shal find you as euer I haue done, I end, Rob. Greene."

"A Madrigall to Wanton Louers," four six-line stanzas, signed "Ralph Sidney," and three stanzas, same measure, with signature "Rich. Hake, Gent."

The story is given as related by one resident "in Bergamo, not farre distant from Venice," who overhearing the soliloquies of a weary pilgrim enters into conversation with him, and after obtaining his description of France, Lyons, and Germany, invites him home, and also obtains a relation of Francesco (the pilgrim's) history. His narrative commences with the time he "had cut from *Douer* to *Calice*." He says "the women in France generally, as concerning the exterior lineaments of their outward perfection, are beutifull, as being westernly seated near great Brittanie, where Nature sits and hatcheth beauteous paramours: yet although *natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their portraitures, as women that thinke nothing perfect that arte hath not polished, that [they] haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Ægypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to doe forsooth? To make them more beautifull then vertuous, and more pleasing in the eyes of men, then delightfull in the sight of God." In Germany he found "Venus of no great account, yet shee had there a temple, and though they did not beautify it with jewels, they plainely powred forth such orisons, as did bewray, though they could not court it as the French did with art, yet their lust was not lesse, nor their liues more honest." Of the other sex "the French gentlemen are amorous, as soone perswaded by the beau-

ty of their mistris, to make a brawle, as for the maintenance of religion, to enter armes; their eyes are like Salamander-stones, that fire at the sight of euery flame; their hearts as queasie as the minerals of Ætna, that burne at the heate of the sun, and are quencht with the puffe of euery winde. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of ladies, and their age in repenting of sinnes yet more forward in the one than deuout in the other." While "in their armes they be hardy souldiers, and resolute." Germany was a colder clime, "the people high-minded, and fuller of words then of courtesie, giuen more to drinke, then to deuotion, and yet sundry places stuffed with schismes and heresies, as people that delight to be factious. There might you see their interior vanities more then their outward apparell did import, and oft times their vaunts more then their manhood."

The Palmer's tale is fixed at a very early period of the English history, and commences with the following description of himself—"In those daies when Palmerin raigned king of great Britaine, famoused for his deeds of chiualrie, there dwelled in the citie of *Caerbrancke*, a gentleman, of an ancient house, called Francesco, a man, whose parentage, though it were worshipfull, yet it was not endued with much wealth: insomuch that his learning was better then his reuenewes, and his wit more beneficial then his substance. This Segnior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable porte, spred no more cloth in the wind then might make easie saile, lest hoysting vp too suddenly aboue the maine-yard some sudden gust

might make him founder in the deepe. Though he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to cry out with old Dedalus, *Medium tene tutissimum ;* treading his shoe without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the cittizens, that the richest marchant, or grauest burghmaster would not refuse to grant him his daughter in marriage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last casting his eie on a gentleman's daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbronck, he fell in loue and prosecuted his sute with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her father's consent might bee at the knitting vp of the match."

As usual the father refuses his consent, for "her dowrie required a greater feofment then Francesco's land were able to afford;" the daughter confined to the house, and at bed time her clothes locked up "that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers." Stratagem succeeds; Isabel half naked obtains her liberty and joins her waiting lover, "as fast as horse would pace away, they post towards a towne in the said country of Brittaine called Duncastrum." On returning from church they are met by the enraged father, who succeeds in sending the bridegroom to prison, for a while, on a charge of felony.

The following interesting scene of domestic prudence and felicity must wake pity and regret, that he, who could succeed so well in the pourtraying it, did not sufficiently covet the happiness, if realized, to continue the enjoyment.

"Francesco was set at libertie, and hee and Isabel, ioyntly together taking themselves to a little cottage, began to be as Ciceronicall as they were amorous; with their hands' thrift coueting to satisfy their hearts' thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues; so that the parish wherin they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of a democraticall methode; for he being a scholer, and nurst vp in the vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his wit, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this old sentence to be true, *the wishers and woulders were never good house-holders;* therfore he applied himselfe in teaching of a schoole, where, by his industry, hee had not onely great fauour, but gate wealthe to withstand fortune. Isabel, that shee might seeme no lesse profitable, then her husband carefull, fell to her needle, and with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintain their loues, being as busie as bees, and as true as turtles, as desirous to satisfie the world with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concord of conformed perfection, they had a sonne answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and loue thus ioyning in league, to make these parties to forget the stormes, that had nipped the blossoms of their former yeres, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse."

Five years having elapsed, possessing the de-

lights that ever spring from content and industry, they at length became reconciled to the father and "counted this smile of fortune able to countervaile all the contrary stormes, that the aduerse planets had inflicted vpon them.

"Seated thus, as they thought, so surely, as no sinister chance, or dismall influence might remooue, shee that is constant in nothing but inconstancy, beganne in faire skie to produce a tempest thus.

"It so chanced, that Francesco had necessarie businesse to dispatch at the chiefe citie of that iland, called *Troynouant;* thither with the leaue of his father, and farewell to his wife, he departed, after they were married seuen yeeres: where after he was arriued, knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weekes, hee sold his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeuouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that hee might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabel; for did he see any woman beautifull, he viewed her with a sigh, thinking how farre his wife did surpasse her in excellence; were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it grieued him he was not at home with his Isabel, who did excell them in all virtues."

Unfortunately a young gentlewoman living opposite "fixed her eyes vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glaunces as she shewed in them a chaste disdaine, and yet a modest desire," and "curtizans of Troynouant, are far superior in artificiall allurement to them of all the world; for although they haue not the painting of Italie, nor the charmes of France, nor the jewels of Spaine, yet they haue in

their eyes adamants, that will draw youth as ieat the straw, or y^e. sight of the panther the ermly; their looks are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrce's apparitions, that can represent them in al motions: they containe modestie, mirth, chastity, wantonnes, and what not.—This curtizan, seeing this country Francesco was no other than a meere nouice, and that so newly, that to vse the old prouerbe, hee had scarce seene the lions; she thought to intrap him, and so arrest him with her amorous glances, that she should wring him by the purse; whereupon euery day she wold stand out at her casement, and there discouer her beauties."

"Francesco "who was like the flie that delighted in the flame," first yields to his poetical fury in a canzone, and at leisure time interchanged amorous glances, convinced his affections were too surely grounded on the virtues of Isabel to suffer any diminution from the fascinations of the curtizan Infida. After these imprudent indulgences follows doubtful reasoning which concludes as follows:

"Francesco, art thou a Christian, and has tasted of the sweet fruits of theology, and hast read this in holy writ, pen'd downe by that miracall of wisedome Salomon, that he which is wise should reject the strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of her flattery?—If then, Francesco, theologie tels thee such axioms, wilt thou striue againt the streame, and with the deere, feede against the winde; wilt thou swallow vp sinne with greedinesse, that thou must bee punished without repentance? No, Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne well. And what of

all these friuolous circumstances; wilt thou measure euery action with philosophy, or euery thought with diuinitie? Then shalt thou liue in the world as a man hated in the world. What, Francesco, hee that is afraid of euery bush, shall neuer prooue good huntsman, and he that at every gust puts to the lee, shall neuer be good nauigator. Thou art now, Francesco, to be a louer, not a diuine, to measure thy affections by Ouid's principles, not by rules of theology, and time present wils thee to loue Infida, when thou canst not looke on Isabel; distance of place is a discharge of duty, and men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the blinde eats many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller neuer knowes of; the euill that the eye sees not, the hart rues not. *Caste si non caute.* Tush, Francesco, Isabel hath not Lynceus eyes, to see so farre. Therefore while thou art resident in LONDON, enioy the beauty of Infida, and when thou art at home, onely content thee with Isabel, so with a small fault shalt thou fully satisfie thine owne affections."

The result is better conceived than repeated. "Seated in her beautie, he liued a long while, forgetting his return to Caerbranck, til on a day sitting musing with himselfe, hee fell into a deepe consideration of his former fortunes and present follies," which are lamented in a roundelay, but "after he had past ouer his melancholy, and from his solitary was fallen into company, he forgat his patheticall impression of vertue, and like the dog, did *redire ad vomitum*, and fell to his owne vomite."

To Isabel certain gentlemen, her husband's pri-

vate familiars, told he meant to sojourn most part of the year at Troynouant, but one without falsehood declared his love to Infida. A tale Isabel considered frivolous, and when convinced hid her face and inwardly smothered her sorrows, yet grieving at his follies "outwardly withstood insatirical tearmes" against his honesty; and taking her cittern repeated an Italian verse from Ariosto. In a letter she hints her knowledge of the amour and says, "the onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is the child, who lies on his mother's knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But, when the boy sayes, "mam, where is my dad, when will he come home;" then the calm of my content turneth to a present storm of piercing sorrow, that I am forced sometime to say, "unkinde Francesco that forgets his Isabell. I hope Francesco it is thine affaires, not my faults, that I procure this long delay."

Temporary resolutions of amendment were soon forgotten in the presence of Infida, who "in a jeast scofft at his wiue's letter," and "three yeares securely slumbered in the sweetness of their pleasures," when, "as euery storme hath his calme, and the greatest spring-tide the deadest ebbe, so fared it with Francesco; for so long went the pot to the water, that at last it came broken home, and so long put he his hand into his purse, that at last the empty bottome returned him a writ of *Non est inuentus;* for well might the diuell daunce there, for euer a crosse there was to keepe him backe."—Infida "made inquirie into his estate, what liuings hee had, what lands to sel, how they were, either tied by statute,

or intailed. At last, through her secret and subtile inquisition, she founde that all his corne was on the floore, that his sheepe were clipt, and the wool sold: to be short, that what he had by his wife, could neither bee sold or mortgaged, and what he had of his owne, was spent vpon her, that nothing was left for him to liue vpon but his wits. This newes was such a cooling card"—they parted. His ruminations at night conclude "thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou art anathema, yet prooue not an atheist; the mercy of God is aboue all his works, and repentance is a precious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth, Francesco, to Isabel, who with her patience will couer all thy follies; remember this, man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*"

Francesco with very griefe fel in a slumber: the Palmer being weary craves till the morrow to finish his discourse, and the author ends his first part; "there, as soone as it may be, gentlemen, looke for Francescoe's further fortunes, and after my Farewell to Follies, and then adue to amorous pamphlets. Finis."

The Second Part of Greene's neuer too late.

Francesco on the morrow was full of irresolution "to go home to his wife to faire Isabel, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death; for shame of his follies made him ashamed to shew his face to a woman of so high deserts;" several days passed, his score increased till the hostess refused to trust. Having neither coin nor credit, and "his owne honour perswading him from making gaine by labor,

as he had neuer bin brought vp to any mechanicall course of life;—he called to mind that hee was a scholler, and that although in these daies art wanted honor, and learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to so low an ebbe, but that there might some profit arise by them to procure his maintenance. In this humour he fell in amongst a company of players, who persuaded him to try his wit, in writing of comedies, tragedies, or pastorals: and if he could performe any thing worth the stage, then they would largely reward him for his paines. Francesco glad of this motion, seeing a means to mitigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonour to make gaine of his wit, or to get profit by his pen; and therefore getting him home to his chamber, writ a comedy, which so generally pleased all the audience, that happy were those actors in short time that could get any of his workes, he grew so exquisite in that facultie. By this meane his want was relieued, his credit in his host's house recouered, his apparell in greater brauerie then it was, and his purse well lined with crownes.

"At this discourse of Francesco, the gentleman tooke his guest by the hand, and broke off his tale thus. Now, gentle palmer, seeing we are fallen by course of prattle to parlee of plaies, if without offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of playes, playe-makers, and players. Although, (quoth the palmer) that some for being too lauish against that faculty, haue for their satyrical inuectiues bin wel canuased; yet seeing there is none but ourselues, and that I hope what you heare shall be trodden vnder foote, I will flatly say what I can,

both euen by reading and experience."—This dissertation is confined to the Roman stage, concluding his "opinion briefly of plaies, that Menander desuied them for the suppressing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as long as they are vsed in their right kind; the play-makers worthy of honour for their art; and players, men deseruing both praise and profit, as long as they wax neither couetous nor insolent."

The acquisition of money by Francesco induces Infida to make unavailing attempts for the recovery of his affections, and while he is committed to the making of some strange comedy, the assault is shewn offortune upon Isabel, whom the lechery of a burgomaster and testimony of a suborned witness are the means of throwing into prison, which ends in the confusion of the accusers and herself "reckoned more famous for her chastity through all Caerbrancke." This event is related at an ordinary in the presence of Francesco, where a gentleman brought in Isabel as "a mirrour of chastity, and added this more, that shee was married to a gentleman of ripe wit, good parentage, and well skild in the liberall sciences, but, quoth he, an vnthrift, and one that hath been from his wife sixe yeeres. At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence."

This conversation awakens repentance, and Francesco resolved to leave Troynouant. On the day of departure his friends made a banquet which is attended with a circumstance not to be omitted.

"One amongst the rest, who loued Francesco so tenderly, tooke a cup of wine in his hand, and with

teares in his eies said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being myself pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experience: those shalt thou haue at my hands, which, if thou put in practice thinke I haue giuen much treasure.

" *The farewell of a friend.*

1. Let God's worship be thy morning's worke, and his wisedome the direction of thy daie's labour.

2. Rise not without thanks, nor sleep not without repentance.

3. Choose but a few friends, and try those; for the flatterer speakes fairest.

4. If thy wife be wise, make her thy secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldome silent.

5. If she be faire, be not iealous; for suspition cures not women's follies.

6. If she be wise, wrong her not; for if thou louest others, she will loath thee.

7. Let thy children's nurture bee their richest portion: for wisedome is more precious then wealth.

8. Be not proud amongst thy poore neighbours; for a poore man's hate is perillous.

9. Nor too familiar with great men: for presumption winnes disdaine.

10. Neither bee too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly; enough is a feast.

11. Be not enuious, lest thou fall in thine owne thoughts.

12. Vse patience, mirth and quiet: for care is enemy to health."

After breakfast they brought him a mile out of the city, where they receive

" *Francescoe's Sonnet, called his parting blow.*

" Reason that long, in prison of my will,
Hast wept thy mistris wants and losse of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely clime,
To thee I yeeld as guiltie of mine ill.

Loe (fettered in their teares) mine eyes are prest,
To pay due homage to their natiue guide:
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
To craue his peace, from reason is addrest.

My thoughts asham'd, since by themselues consum'd,
Haue done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presum'd:

That he whom loue and errour did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.
Sero sed serio."

Five days ends the journey to Caerbranke. Francesco "at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellency of her beauty, her vertues, chastitie, and other perfections, and measwring her constancie with his disloyalty, stoode as a man metamorphosed; a last he begun thus. Ah Isabell, what shall I say, to thy fortunes or my follies? What exordium shall I vse to shew my penance, or discouer my sorrowes, or expresse my present ioyes? For I tell thee I conceiue as great pleasure to see thee well, as grief in that I haue wronged thee with my abscence. Might sighes (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exterior pasions, pourtray out my inward repentance, I would shew thee the anatomy of a most distressed man;

but amongst many sorrowing thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluitie of griefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies, or the extremities of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life; and to rub the scar, by setting out mine own scathe, and therefore let it suffice I repent hartily, I sorrow deeply, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At this Francesco stood and wept, which Isabel seeing, conceiued by his outward griefe his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the neck, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fel from her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer. What, Francesco, comest thou home full of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe; hast thou been long absent, and now bringest thou mee a treatise of discontents? I see thou art penitent, and therefore I am like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel, that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition, without any more wordes, welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, and in doing both together, sealed vp all her contrarie passions in a kisse."

Then follows "the Host's tale" who made great cheer to welcome Francesco home. This tale, or episode, is very long, and appears to have been written for the purpose of extending the work. At the end "thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouery of youth's follies, and a true discourse of a gentleman's fortunes. But now, courteous Palmer, (quoth the gentleman) it restes that we craue, by your owne promise, the reason of your owne promise, the reason of your pilgrimage to Ve-

nice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discourst in a word: for know, sir, that inioyning my selfe to penance for the follies of my youth's passions, hauing liued in loue, and therefore reape all my losse in loue: hearing that of all the cities in Europe Venice hath most semblance of Venus' vanities, I goe thither, not onely to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

"The gentlewomen of Venice, your neighbors, but vnknowne to me, haue more fauours in their faces, then vertue in their thoughts; and their beauties are more curious then their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured with Helen, then to be famoused with Lucrece: they striue to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer seeke to fitte their minds to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue then in religion; their eyes bewray their wantonnesse, not their modesty, and their lookes are lures that reclaime not hawkes, but make them only baite at dead stales. As the gentlewomen, so are the men, loose liuers, strait louers, such as hold their cō sciences in their purses and their thoughts in their eies, counting that houre ill spent that in fancy is not misspent. Because therefore this great city of Venice is holden loue's paradice, thither do I direct my pilgrimage, that seeing their passions I may, being a palmer, win them to penance by shewing the miseries that Venus mixeth with their momentary contents; if not, yet I shall carry home to my countrimen salues to cure their sores; I shall see much, heare little, and by the insight into other

men's extremes, returne more wary, meaning then to visite you, and make you privie to all.

"The heedful host hauing iudicially vnderstood the pittiful report of the Palmer, giuing truce to his passions, with the teares he shent, and resolued to requite that thankfully which he had attended heedfully, gaue this catastrophe to his sad and sorrowfull discourse. 'Palmer, thou hast with the ritrell foreshewed the storme ere it comes, painting out the shapes of loue, as liuely as the grapes in Zeuxis tables were pourtrayed cunningly; thou hast lent youth eagle's eyes to behold the sun: Achilles sword to cut and recure, leauing those medicines to salue others, that hath lost thyselfe, and hauing burnt thy wings with the flie by dallying too long with the fire; thou hast bequeathed others a lesson with the vnicorne, to preuent poyson by preserues before they taste with the lip.'

"The Palmer set forward towards Venice: what there he did, or how hee liued, when I am aduertised (good gentlemen) I will send you tidings. Meanewhile let euery one learne (by Francescoe's fall) to beware, lest at last (too late) they be inforced to bewaile. Finis."

J. H.

ART. CXXXVIII. *List of the Works of Robert Greene.*

ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich. He was by birth a gentleman, received his education at Cambridge, and early made a continental tour. He appears to have taken his degree as M. A. of Clare-

hall in that university, 1583.* He "was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, the 19th of June, 1584, which he resigned the following year."† It is probable about this period he married. The character of his wife, as pourtrayed by his own pen, is amiable and interesting; highly possessing those softer virtues, which adorn and dignify the female character. The offspring of this union was an only son; but, it is alleged, even this tie of nature combined with all the endowments of the mother could not prevent desertion. This unfortunate circumstance is supposed to have occurred in 1586. Whatever fortune he inherited or received on his marriage, was idly and rapaciously squandered in riotous scenes of dissipation passed in the metropolis. In July 1588 he was incorporated at Oxford, when, according to Wood, he was well known by his poetical as well as satirical vein; and, says the same Editor, he "wrote to maintain his wife, and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow." Winstanley observes "he made his pen mercenary," and Shiels considers him "the first of our poets who writ for bread," a circumstance not easily ascertained, and not very probable, and if a fact, a matter neither of reproach nor culpability. Many of his writings glaringly describe the wanton habits of his associates; and charity, lamenting the ungovernable pursuits of genius, must ever draw a veil over his numerous errors. Conscious of the improprieties he had

* MS. note by Dr. Farmer. See Beloe's Anecdotes, &c. Vol. II.

† See note, p. 22, of Examination of the charges of Ben Jonson's enmity to Shakespeare, 1808, by Mr. Gilchrist, a pamphlet that will convince as well as amuse.

thoughtlessly plunged into, he made strenuous exertions to warn the unthinking, and expose the tricks, frauds, and devices, of his miscreant companions. His works contain the seeds of virtue, while his acts display the tares of folly. The records of his penitence are many; and his intention to forsake his imprudent and dissolute course seems to have been founded in truth, good principles, and innate virtue, with an apparent consistency, and determination to carry it into effect. The imbecility of folly renders it wearisome, and disgusts; but the habit of indolence that accompanies it is not easily shaken off. In the delusive hope of gratification from the enjoyment of one day more, and the repugnance ever felt to commence the staid course of prudence, the best resolutions waver, are temporized with, and, in the abyss of pleasure, neglected, lost, and forgotten. Disregarded by his holiday acquaintance, and with a mind embittered with the keen anguish of remembrance, he ended the closing scene in character with the vagrant part of his life, dying according to Wood, about 1592, of a surfeit taken by eating pickled herrings and drinking rhenish wine. Gabriel Harvey, whom the same writer* compares to Achilles torturing the body of Hector, as he most inhumanly trampled upon Greene when he lay full low in his grave, states him to have been buried in the new church-yard near Bedlam.

His pieces were many, and the editions of several

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Fast. Vol. I. Col. 136. The biographer transcribed from Meres this notice of Harvey's inhumanity. See Wit's Treasury, 1598, p. 286.

extremely numerous, and probably neither as yet wholly ascertained. Those I have perused, display a rich and glowing fancy, much originality and universal command of language, combined with an extensive knowledge of the world. His crowded similes are in unison with those of the period when he wrote, and prove him a disciple of the then fashionable *Euphuean* sect; they are in general well selected, appositely applied, and quaintly amuse while his moral instructs. He possessed considerable, if not first rate abilities, and it is inconsistent to measure either poetry or prose by any standard of criticism erected two centuries after the decease of the author.

The fame of Greene is not indebted to his biographers for any assistance; nor his character under any obligation to their lenity. To censure and condemn his weakness has not been sufficient; he has been stigmatised with the grossest vices, and it would be useless now to inquire for every authority. Much of the abuse is dictated from the pages of his inveterate antagonist Gabriel Harvey. The severe notes by Oldys are principally derived from the same polluted source, and the adoption of them by Steevens has tended to confirm their severity.* The names of Oldys and Steevens are entitled to universal respect and confidence; they may be considered to have sacrificed the greater portion of their lives in substituting facts for theory, and purifying English works from errors and inconsistency. Neither is it the province of one who occasionally recreates a mind, worn and corroded by the pursuits of others, in the

* Berkenhout's Biographia Literaria, p. 389.

gratification of reading, to attempt the controverting their pages; yet, it may be diffidently suggested, that the sombre shadows might have been relieved without deviating from the fair colouring of truth. Little of the real life of Greene was known at the close of the seventeenth century. Langbaine, who had been many years compiling his "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," and who sought on all occasions to expose the errors of Winstanley, was under the acknowledged necessity of copying from that writer's meagre narrative; and which narrative like the distending bladder that swells with each gust of foul air, has been increased in its appearance of malignancy by every subsequent writer. The thoughtless imprudence repeatedly described by Greene in giving an outline of his own character, must be considered as overstrained, for one who had "tasted of the sweet fruits of theology," and probably manufactured with new and exaggerated incidents of folly and extravagance, to swell the hunger-wrought pages, and give variation and strength to his novels.* Charity demands this inference when the whole of the vices displayed are found to be gathered with a miser's industry, and embodied, from the tales of invention, for the purpose of degrading him beneath the level of decency and common repute in society. Wood, whose authority is relied on in other points, says, he wrote "to maintain his wife;" a memorial in his favour passed unnoticed:

* See the preceding article where the gay and thoughtless career of the author is interestingly described under the character of a pilgrim.

while that source of existence has been asserted to have been prodigally consumed in the support of a wanton.

The works of Greene obtained an extraordinary portion of popularity. In Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Maddona Saviolina is described to observe "as pure a phrase and use as choice figures in her ordinary consequences as any be i'the Arcadia. *Car.* Or rather in Greene's works, where she may steal with more security." Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of "a chamber maid," says "she reads Greene's works over and over; but is so carried away with the Mirror of Knighthood, she is many times resolu'd to run out of herself, and become a lady-errant." These passages are given in full from their being quoted by Oldys. Of the last he observes "we may know in what *class* to rank Greene from what Sir Thomas Overbury says in his character of a chambermaid, who reads Greene's works over and over."* If this negative conclusion is supposed to convey a critical decision, or if it means to convey any thing, it must be that of an opinion which depreciates the works of Greene, and to pronounce them either trifling and unworthy notice, or vulgar and contemptible. Either point may be refuted; but such authority is too light for a decision, while the vague inference of the critic is more easily destroyed in an immediate and familiar view of the passage in question, by considering it written of the era of yesterday, and adopt-

* Biographia Literaria, p. 390.

ing the name of Fielding, or Smollett, (whose pieces have been equally idolized by chambermaids); thus the distinction of *class* no longer despoils his literary reputation. Wood considers him "author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time; [that] they made such sport and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold at ballad-monger's stalls." This huckster circulation is a presumptive proof of their morality, if not of their merit; and Warton has pronounced in an extended acceptation, that his prose pamphlets, may "claim the appellation of satires."* Had the obloquy cast on Greene been attached to any modern author, who had obtained similar excess of popularity, the hands of Briareus would not have been sufficient to contain the pens employed to apologise for his weakness and dissipation, or canvass the proof of his errors; yet, if "he was a bad man," to use the apposite language of a celebrated writer, "let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations for the purpose of making him a monster."†

1. The Myrrour of Modestie, 1584.
2. Monardo the Tritameron of Love, 1584, 1587.
3. Planetomachia, 1585. [q. an edition without date.‡]

* Hist. English Po. Fragment of Vol. IV. p. 81.

† Fox's Historical Work, p. 66.

‡ This piece was considered from Wood as theatrical, and noticed by Baker in the companion to the Play House, 1764, but omitted in the Biographia Dramatica of Reed.

4. Translation of a funeral sermon of P. Gregory XIII. 1585.*

5. Euphues censure to Philautus, 1587. 1634.

6. Arcadia or Menaphon, Camillae's alarm to slumbering Euphues, 1587, 1589, 1599, 1605, 1610, 1616, 1634. Lately reprinted in *Archaica*.

7. Pandosto the triumph of Time, 1588, 1629.

8. Perimedes the blackesmith, 1588.

9. The pleasant and delightful History of Dorastus and Fawnia, 1588, 1607, 1675, 1703, 1723, 1735.†

10. Alcida, Greene's Metamorphosis, (licensed to John Wolfe, 1588), 1617.

* See Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum, Ed. 1800, p. 196.

† To the edition of 1735 is added the history of Hero and Leander in prose. The title states both "made English from the originals, written in the Bohemia and Grecian tongues, by a gentleman who spent many years in travelling through most parts of Germany, Greece and Italy, where these stories are in as much credit and repute as any that are now extant, or ever were printed." Upon this story Shakespeare founded the Winter's Tale. It was versified probably about the beginning of the last century, and consists of fifty-eight stanzas. A short specimen from the beginning wil suffice.

"Into Bohemia dwelt a king,
Pandosto high to name:
He had a queen, Bellaria call'd
fair, beauteous, and of fame.

He had a friend, Egestus call'd,
a king of great renown,
And for love of Pandosto, he
did leave his land and crown.

And to Bohemia he did sail,
Pandosto for to see;
Who with Bellaria his queen,
received him royally."

11. The Spanish Masquerado, 1589.

12. Orpharion (licensed to E White, 1589), 1599.

13. The Royall Exchange, contayning sundry aphorisms of Philosophie, 1590.

14. Greene's Mourning Garment given him by repentance at the funerals of Love, 1590, 1616.

15. Neuer too late, 1590, 1600, 1607, 1616, 1631. [n. d. Beloe.]

16. A notable discouery of Coosenage, 1591, 1592.

17. The ground work of Conny Catching, 1591.*

18. The second and last part of Conny Catching, 1591, 1592.

19. The third and last part of Conny Catching, 1592.

20. Disputation betweeu a hee conny-catcher and a shee conny-catcher, 1592.

21. Greene's groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of repentance, n. d. 1592, 1600, 1616, 1617, 1621, 1629, 1637.† *Lately reprinted at the Lee Press.*

22. Philomela the Lady Fitz-Walter's Nightingale, n. d. 1592, 1615, 1631. *Lately reprinted in Archaica.*

* In 1591 there was licensed to Thomas Gubbin "The Defence of Conye-Catchinge, or a confutac'on of those ij injurious pamphlets published with R. G. against the practisioners of many nymble wyted and misticall sciences." Herbert, 1354.

† Ritson in the Bib. Poetica states this piece to have been edited by I. H. initials "presumed to belong to Jasper Heywood;" an error he was led into by those initials being affixed to "Greene's epitaph," printed at the end of the work. Warton points out the publisher in Henry Chettle, which appears confirmed by the epistle before Kinde-Harts Dreame, where he says, "about three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booke sellers' handes, among others his Groats worth of Wit." Hist. E. P. Vol. III. p. 291, 386, Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. II. p. 234.

23. A Quip for an upstart Courtier, or a dispute between velvet and cloth breeches, 1592, 1620, 1625, 1635. *Harl. Mis. Vol. V. p. 371.*

24. Ciceronis Amor, Tvllie's Love, 1592, 1611, 1615, 1616, 1628, 1639.

25. News both from Heaven and Hell (licensed to John Oxenbridge, 1592), 1593.

26. The Black Book's Messenger. Not [illegible] death of Ned Browne, 1592.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

27. The repentance of Robert Greene, 1592.

28. Greene's vision at the instant of his death, published by Newman, n. d.

29. Mamillia, or the triumph of Pallas, 1593.

30. Mamillia, or the second part of the triumph of Pallas, 1593.

31. Card of Fancy, 1593, 1608.

32. Greene's funerals, 1594. [I believe not his. *I. Reed.*] *

33. The Honourable Historie of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bongay, a comedy, 1594, 1599, 1630, 1655.

34. The History of Orlando Furioso, a play, not divided into acts, 1594, 1599.†

35. The comicall Historie of Alphonsus King of Arragon, a play, 1597, 1599.

36. A looking glass for London and England, (a comedy, jointly with Lodge), 1594, 1598.

* Inserted in Steevens's list. Biog. Lit. [It is by R. B. supposed to be *Rd. Barnfield.*] *Editor.*

† The author of the defence of Conny-catching accuses Greene of selling this dramatic piece "to the Queene's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to Lord Admiral's men, for as much more." It appears to have been very popular, as in 1591 it was performed by Lord Strange's men.—*Henslowe's List.*

37. The Scottish Historie of James the Fourthe slaine at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant comedie, &c. 1598, 1599.

38. Penelope's Webb, n. d. 1601.

39. History of Faire Bellora, [q. date of first edition, afterwards published as] "A paire of Turtle Doves, or the tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio. Seconded with the tragicall end of Agamio, wherein (besides other matters pleasing to the reader) by way of dispute betweene a Knight and a Lady, is described this neuer before debated question, to wit, whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greater temptations vnto vnbridled lust, and consequently whether man or woman in that vnlawfull act, be the greater offender. A historie pleasant, delightful and witti, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies. Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Flower de-luce and Crowne, 1606."

40. The debate between Follie and Love, translated out of French, 1608.*

41. Thieves falling out true men come by their goods, 1615, 1637. *Harl. Mis. Vol. VIII. p.* 369.

42. Greene's Farewell to Folie, 1617.

43. Arbasto, the History of Arbasto King of Denmarke, 1617, 1626.†

44. Fair Emme a comedy, 1631. [The best au-

* From MS. notes by the late Dr. Wright, *penes me.*

† To Arbasto was added the "lovely poem" of Pyramus and Thisbe, written by Dunstan Gale. *Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica.*

thorities for this article are Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum, 1675, and the re-insertion by Steevens in his list for Berkenhout. Langbaine, Mears, and others, consider the piece anonymous. It was performed by Lord Strange's men, who had the other dramas written by Greene, and the construction is similar to Orlando Furioso, not being divided into acts].

45. The History of Jobe, a play, destroyed; see Warburton's list, *postea.*

[*The following pieces have been ascribed to Greene.*]

Mihil Mumchance, his discoverie of the art of cheating in false dyce-play, n. d. [Inserted by Mr. Reed in his list, but doubtful. It forms N°. 32 in Mr. Beloe's list, though mentioned in the following page as not by Greene.]

Art of Juggling, 1612. [Reed's list.]

Greene's ghost haunting coney catchers, 1602, 1606, 1626. ["I doubt this being Greene's." *I. Reed.*] The Epistle Dedicatory says, to "this little pamphlet, which by a very friend came to my hands, I added somewhat of mine owne knowledge, and vpon verie credible information," concludes "your's to vse S. R." These initials are given to Samuel Rowlands, but they are more probably those of the author of the Art of Juggling.]

Greene in conceyte newe raised from his graue to wryte the tragique storye of his faire Valeria of London. (Licensed to William Jones 1597), 1598, was written by John Dickenson.

Greene's poet's vision and a Prince's glory, 1603 [N°. 37, of Mr. Beloe's list, written by Thomas Greene the actor, better known by John Cook's dramatic piece of "Greene's Tu Quoque."]

The late Mr. Reed inserted an additional manuscript list of Greene's works in a copy of the Biographia Literaria;' to that I have made several additions. The greater portion of the titles having been fully given in Mr. Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature made a repetition unnecessary.

J. H.

ART. CXXXIX. *The Shepheard's Hunting: Being certain Eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsey. By George Wyther, Gentleman. London, Printed by W. White for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull near Temple Bar,* 1615.

GEORGE WITHER was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire, and died in 1667, aged seventy-nine. For a full account of him see Wood's Athenæ, II. 391, and some remarks on his poetry by Mr. Gilchrist, in Gent. Mag. vol. lxx. p. 1149.

For his "Abuses Stript and Whipt; or, Satyrical Essays," in two books, London, 1613, 1614, 1615, and 1622, in 8vo. he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and wrote there the above poem. This publication, Wood asserts, contains more of poetical fancy than any other of his writings.

The fourth Eclogue is addressed to his truly be-

loved loving friend, Mr. William Browne,* of the Inner Temple.

He gives the following as the

ARGUMENT.

Roget here on Willy calls
To sing out his Pastorals:
Warrants Fame shall grace his rhymes,
Spite of Envy and the Times;
And shews how, in care he uses
To take comfort from his Muses.

Of this Eclogue the following long extract is worthy notice.†

Roget.

Chear thee, honest Willy, then,
And begin thy song again.

Willy.

Fain I would, but I do fear,
When again my lines they hear,
If they yield they are my rhymes,
They will feign some other crimes;
And 'tis no safe venturing by,
Where we see Detraction lie,
For do what I can, I doubt
She will pick some quarrel out;
And I oft have heard defended,
"Little said, and soon amended."

* The pastoral poet.

† After it had been transcribed for the press, the Editor discovered that part of it had been already given by Mr. Gilchrist in the Gent. Mag.

Roget.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs could Heavens raise?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the Earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the Sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee.
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of Envy, fogs of spight,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wings, she gets power:
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with Fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.

But, alas, my Muse is slow;
For thy pace she flags too low.
Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipp'd of late;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly, where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I would love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring tide yields;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel,
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will:
Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.

She doth tell me where to borrow,
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rusteling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,

From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That ere Heav'n to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

TO HIS FATHER.

Epigr. 12.*

Others may glory that their fathers' hands
Have scrap'd together mighty sums of gold,
Boast in the circuit of new purchas'd lands,
Or herds of cattle more than can be told:

* At the end of his Satires, p. 296

God give them joy; their wealth I'll ne'er envy,
For you have gotten me a greater store.
And tho' I have not their prosperity,
In my conceit I am not half so poor.
You learnt me with a little to content me,
Shewed how to bridle passion in some measure;
And thro' your means I have a talent lent me,
Which I more value than all Indies' treasure.
For when the almost boundless patrimonies
Are wasted, those by which our great ones trust
To be eterniz'd: when their ceremonies
Shall be forgotten, and their tombs be dust;
Then to the glory of your future line,
Your own and my friend's sacred memory,
This little poor despised wealth of mine,
Shall raise a trophy of eternity:
Which fretting Envy, nor consuming Time,
Shall ere abolish, or one whit offend:
A topless statue, that to stars shall climb,
Far greater than your art shall comprehend:
But I must needs confess, 'tis true, I yet
Reap little profit in the eyes of men;
My talent yields small outward benefit,
Yet I'll not leave it for the world again.
Tho' it bring no gain that you, by artful sleight,
Can measure out the earth in part or whole;
Sound out the center's depth; and take the height
Either of th' Arctic, or Antartic Pole;
Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings:
And so my Muse is my content and joy;
I would not miss her to be rank'd with kings,
However some account it as a toy:
But having then, and by your means obtain'd
So rich a patrimony for my share,

For which with links of love I'm ever chain'd;
What duties fitting for such bounties are?
Moreover Nature brought me in your debt,
And still I owe you for your cares and fears:
Your pains and charges I do not forget
Besides the interest of many years:
What way is there to make requital for it?
Much I shall leave unpaid do what I can:
Should I then be unthankful? I abhor it:
The will may serve, when power wants in man.
This book I give you then; here you shall find
Somewhat to countervail your former cost:
It is a little index of my mind;
Time spent in reading it will not be lost:
Accept it, and when I have to my might
Paid all I can to you; if powers divine
Shall so much in my happiness delight
To make you grandsire to a son of mine;
Look what remains, and may by right be due,
I'll pay it him as 'twas receiv'd from you.

Your loving Son,

GEORGE WITHER.

SONNET FROM THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

Roget.

Now that my body dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort lies in thrall,
Do thou, my soul, begin to thrive;
And unto honey, turn this gall:
So shall we both through outward woe
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that food my flesh I give,
Doth keep in me this mortal breath;
So souls on meditations live,
And shun thereby immortal death:
Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
Than when thou find'st me most opprest.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
Take a pleasure in my cares,
And to procure these outward woes,
Have thus, entrapp'd me unawares:
Thou shouldst by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lie wait for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steel,
Minding those joys mine eyes do miss,
Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel,
So grievous as privation is;
Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou see'st there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which if in any thou espy,
Thus think, if mortal's frowns strike fear,
How dreadful will God's wrath appear!

By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost,
A means that may remember thee:
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What horrid thrall thou hadst been in.

These iron chains, the bolts of steel,
Which other poor offenders grind,

The wants and cares which they do feel,
May bring some greater thing to mind:
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of hell.

Or when thro' me thou see'st a man
Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with fear his panting breath:
Think if in that such pain you see,
How sad will "Go, ye cursed," be!

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought:
There think betwixt my heart and thee,
How sweet will "Come, ye blessed," be.

Thus if thou do, tho' closed here,
My bondage I shall deem the less;
I neither shall have cause to fear,
Nor yet bewail my sad distress:
For whether live, or pine, or die,
We shall have bliss eternally.*

ART. CXL. *Abuses Stript and Whipt: or Satyrical Essays in Two Books. By George Wither. London*, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1622, 8vo.†

THE author, in his address to the reader, speaks

* The Editor has lately reprinted this beautiful poem of Wither in 12mo. (1815.)

† The Editor's copy, of which the title page is wanting, contains pp. 302, besides Dedication and Address.

of these as "the first fruits of his converted Muses," in which he desires them not "to look for Spenser's or Daniel's well-composed numbers; or the deep conceits of now-flourishing Jonson; no, say 'tis honest plain matter, and that's as much as I expect."

In a proœmium, which he entitles "The Occasion of this Work," he gives the history of his early life.

When nimble Time, that all things overruns,
Made me forsake my tops and eldern guns;
Reaching those years, in which the school-boys brag
In leaving off the bottle and the bag;
The very spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice five winters told,
Noting my other fellow-pupils' haste,
That to our English Athens flock'd so fast:
Lest others for a truant should suspect me,
That had the self-same tutor to direct me,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To undergo so long a school-boy's name,
Thither went I. For, though I'll not compare
With many of them that my fellows were;
Yet then, (I'll speak it to my teacher's * praise,)
I was unfurnish'd of no needful lays:
Nor any whit for grammar rules to seek,
In Lilly's Latin, nor in Camden's Greek;
But so well grounded, that another day
I could not with our idle students say,

* His Epigram 16, at the end of this publication, is addressed to his "Schoolmaster, Master John Greave."

For an excuse, "I was ill enter'd;" no:
There yet are many know it was not so.
And therefore, since I came no wiser thence,
I must confess it was my negligence;
Yet, daily longing to behold and see
The places where the sacred sisters be,
I was so happy to that *Ford* I came,
Of which an *Ox*, they say, bears half the name:
It is the spring of knowledge, that imparts
A thousand several sciences and arts,
A pure clear fount, whose water is by odds
Far sweeter than the nectar of the gods:
Or, for to give 't a title that befits,
It is the very nursery of wits.
  There once arrived 'cause my wits were raw,
I fell to wond'ring at each thing I saw:
And for my learning made a month's vacation
In noting of the place's situation;
The palaces and temples that were due
Unto the wise Minerva's hallowed crew;
Their cloisters, walks, and groves: all which survey'd,
And in my new admittance well apaid,
I did, as other idle Freshmen do,
Long to go see the bell of Oseney too:
But yet indeed (may I not grieve to tell?)
I never drank at Aristotle's well.
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in philosophy.
Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot;
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot,
The Forest bye, believe it they that will,
Retains the known name of "Shot-over" still.
  But having this experience, and withall
Gotten some practice at the tennis-ball,

My tutor, telling me I was not sent
To have my time there vain and idly spent,
From childish humours gently call'd me in,
And with his grave instructions did begin
To teach; and by his good persuasions sought
To bring me to a love of what he taught.
Then after that, he labour'd to impart
The hidden secrets of the Logic art;
Instead of Grammar rules he read me then
Old Scotus, Seton, and new Keckerman.
He shew'd me which the Predicables be,
As Genus, Species, and the other three;
So having said enough of their contents,
Handles in order th' ten Predicaments;
Next Postprædicamenta with Priorum,
Perhermenias &Posteriorum:
He with the Topics opens, and discries
Elenchi, full of subtle fallacies:
These to unfold indeed he took much pain,
But to my dull capacity in vain;
For all he spake was to as little pass,
As in old time unto the vulgar was
The Romish rites, which, whether bad or good,
The poor unlearned never understood;
But of the meaning were as far to seek,
As Coriat's horse was of his maste's Greek,
When in that tongue he made a speech at length,
To shew the beast the greatness of his strength.
For I his meaning did no more conjecture
Than if he had been reading Hebrew lecture.
His Infinities, Individuities,
Contraries, and Subcontrarieties,
Divisions, Subdivisions, and a crew
Of terms and words, such as I never knew,

My shallow understanding so confounded,
That I was gravel'd like a ship that's grounded;
And, in despair the mystery to gain,
Neglecting all, took neither heed nor pain.
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
Till Cinthia six times lost her borrowed light.
But then, asham'd to find myself still mute,
And other little Dandiprats dispute,
That could distinguish upon Rationale,
Yet scarcely heard of Verbum Personale;
Or could by heart, like parrots, in the schools
Stand prattling, those methought were pretty fools.
And therefore in some hope to profit so,
That I like them at least might make a shew,
I reach'd my books that I had cast about,
To see if I could pick his meaning out:
And, prying on them with some diligence,
At length I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open: and perceived more
In half an hour, than half a year before.
And, which is strange, the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembered not
Since first my tutor read them, those did then
Return into my memory again:
So, that with which I had so much to do,
A week made easy, yea, and pleasing too.
But then therewith not thoroughly content
I practis'd to maintain an argument;
And having waded thorough sophistry,
A little look'd into philosophy,
And, thinking there the ethics not enough,
I had a further longing yet to know
The cause of Snow, Hail, Thunder, Frost, and Rain,
The Lightnings, Meteors; and what here 'twere vain

For me to speak of; since I shall but shew it
To those that better than myself do know it,
Then from the causes of things natural,
I went to matters metaphysical:
Of which, when I a little news could tell,
I, as the rest in schools, to wrangling fell,
And, as example taught me, to disgrace her,
When I oppos'd the truth, I could outface her.
But now ensues the worst. I getting foot,
And thus digesting Learning's bitter root;
Ready to taste the fruit, then when I thought
I should a calling in that place have sought,
I found, that I, for other ends ordain'd,
Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd:
For Fortune, that full many a boon hath lost me,
Thus, in the reaping my contentment, crost me.
"You, Sir," quoth she, "that I must make my slave,
For whom in store a thousand plagues I have,
Come home, I pray, and learn to hold the plough,
For you have read philosophy enough!
If wrangling in the schools be such a sport,
Go to our Ploydens in the Inns of Court:
For ask your parish neighbours; they can tell,
Those fellows do maintain contention well.
For art in numbers you no coil need keep;
A little skill shall serve to tell your sheep!
Seek not the Stars thy evils should relate,
Lest when thou know them thou grow desperate;
And let alone Geometry; 'tis vain;
I'll find you work enough to mar your brain!
Or would you study Music? Else 'twere pity!
And yet it needs not: you shall find I'll fit ye:
I'll teach you how to frame a song, and will
Provide you cares to be the subject still!"

This Fortune, or my Fate, did seem to tell me;
And such a chance indeed ere long befell me.
For, ere my years would suffer me to be
Admitted but to take the low'st degree,
By Fate's appointment, that no stay can brook,
The Paradise of England I forsook;
To Art and Study both I bade farewell,
With all that good my thoughts did once foretell:
There all my sweetest hopes I left; and went
In quest of Care, Despair, and Discontent.
For seeing I was forc'd to leave these mountains,
Fine groves, fair walks, and sweet delightful fountains,
And saw it might not unto me be granted,
To keep those places where the Muses haunted,
I home returned, somewhat discontent,
And to our BENTWORTH's beechy shadows went,
Bewailing these my first endeavours lost,
And so to be by angry Fortune crost;
Who, though she daily do much mischief to me,
Can never, whilst I live, a greater do me;
Yet there, ere she on me procur'd her will,
I learn'd enough to scorn at Fortune still.
Yea, use had made her envy seem so vain,
That I grew almost proud in her disdain:
And having thorough her first malice worn,
Began to take a pleasure in her scorn,
But after I returned, as is said,
And had some time in mine own country staid,
I there perceiv'd, as I had long suspected,
Myself of some men, causeless, ill affected:
By those to whom my own respect unfeign'd,
Made me esteem their love to me unstain'd.
I found, though they in shew my friends had been,
And kept their hidden malice long unseen,

With such fair shews as if they sought my good,
None my advancement with more spite withstood.
For, seeming kind, they often did persuade
My friends to learn me some mechanic trade,
Urging expence, perhaps; and telling how
That learning is but little made of now;
When 'was through malice, 'cause they fear'd that I
Might come to understand myself thereby,
Exceed their knowledge, and attain to do
Myself more good, than they would wish me to.
Some such, or worse, at best a wicked end,
Thus mov'd this self-conceited crew to bend
Their spiteful heads, by secret means to cross
My wish'd desire, and propagate my loss.
  But having noted this their hollowness,
And finding that mere country business
Was not my calling; to avoid the spite,
Which at that season was not shewn outright;
And to escape the over-dangerous smiles,
Of those new-found uplandish crocodiles;
Upon some hopes, I soon forsook again
The shady grove and the sweet open plain,
To see the place of this great Isle's resort,
And try, if either there, or at the Court,
I might by good endeavour action find,
Agreeing with the nature of my mind.
  But, there I view'd another world methought,
And little hope, or none of that I sought.
I saw I must, if there I aught would do,
First learn new fashions, and new language too:
If I should have been hung, I knew not how
To teach my body how to cringe and bow,
Or to embrace a fellow's hinder quarters,
As if I meant to steal away his garters;

When any stoop'd to me with congès trim,
All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.
Bless me, thought I, what will this coxcomb do,
When I perceiv'd one reaching at my shoe;
But when I heard him speak, why I was fully
Possess'd, we learn'd but barbarism in Tully.
There was not any street but had a wench,
That at once coming would have learn'd them French.
Grecians had little there to do, poor souls,
Unless to talk with beggermen in Paul's.
All our school-Latin would not serve to draw
An instrument adjudged good in law:
Nay, which is more, they would have taught me fain
To go new learn my English tongue again;
As if there had been reason to suspect
Our ancient used Hampshire dialect.
There I perceiv'd those brutish thronging swarms,
That were transformed by lewd Circe's charms;
There heard I wanton Sirens tune the lay,
That works th' unwary traveller's decay.
The cruel Lycanthropi walk'd in sight;
So did the beastly loose Hermaphrodite.
I saw Chimeras, Furies, fearful things,
And Fiends, whose tongues are such envenom'd stings,
As plague not only bodies that have breath,
But make a wound that oft, uncur'd by death,
Poisons the next in blood, and comes to be
At length the ruin of a progeny.
There I saw Gulls that have no brains at all,
And certain monsters which they Gallants call;
New broods of Centaurs, that were only proud
Of having their beginning from a cloud.
These, with a thousand other creatures more,
Such as I never saw the like before,

In stranger shapes, and more deform'd and vile,
Than ever yet appear'd to Mandeville,
Flock'd there, that I almost to doubt began,
How I had pass'd the straits of Magellan;
Or gotten on the sudden, with such ease,
To see the wonders at th' Antipodes.
O Lord, thought I, what do I mean to run,
Out of God's blessing thus into the Sun!
What comfort, or what goodness here can I
Expect, among these Anthropophagi,
Where, like the droves of Neptune in the water,
The less are made a prey to feed the greater!
Certain it is, I never shall be able,
To make my humour suit to please this rabble;
Better it were I liv'd at home with wants,
Than here with all these strange inhabitants,
Whose natures do with me so disagree,
I shall scoff at them, though they ruin me.
Yet being loath to turn till I had tried,
What fate my new adventure would betide,
I staid for my experience, and withall
Flattering myself with hope, there would befall
Unto my share something well worth my suit,
Which honesty might serve to execute,
Without respecting how to please the rude,
And apish, humours of this multitude.
But all in vain I that preferment sought;
Ill Fortune still my hopes confusion wrought:
Which though for ominous some understood,
Yet I presum'd upon some future good;
And though I scarce am wish'd so well of some,
Believe there is a happy time to come;
Which, when I have most need of comfort, shall
Send me true joy to make amends for all:

But say it be not, whilst I draw this air,
I have a heart, I hope, shall ne'er despair;
Because there is a God, with whom I trust
My soul shall triumph, when my body's dust.
Yet when I found that my endeavours still
Fell out, as they would have 't that wish'd me ill;
And when I saw the world was grown so coy,
To curb me as too young then to employ;
And that her greatness thought she did not want me,
Or found no calling bad enough to grant me,
(And having 'scap'd some envies, which to touch
Unto this purpose appertains not much,)
Weighing both bad and therewith also this,
How great a shame and what reproach it is
To be still idle; and because I spied
How glad they would be, that my fate envied,
To find me so; although the world doth scorn
T' allow me action, as if I were born
Before my time; yet e'en to let her see
In spite of Fortune I'd employed be;
Casting preferment's too much care aside,
And leaving that to God that can provide;
The actions of the present time I eyed,
And all her secret villanies descried:
I strip'd Abuse from all her colours quite,
And laid her ugly face to open sight.
I labour'd to observe her ways, and then
In general the state and tricks of men:
Wherein although my labour were not seen,
Yet, trust me, the discovery hath been
My great content: and I have for my pain,
Although no outward, yet an inward gain,
I which because I can with all my heart
Allow my countrymen to share a part,

And 'cause I think it may do some a pleasure,
On opportunity I'll now take seisure,
And summon up my Muse to make relation!
I may b' employ'd ere long;—now's my vacation.

The Contents of the First Book of these Satires are 1. The Occasion. 2. The Introduction. 3. Of Man. 4. Of Fond Love. 5. Of Lust. 6. Of Hate. 7. Of Envy. 8. Of Revenge. 9. Of Choler. 10. Of Jealousy. 11. Of Covetousness. 12. Of Ambition. 13. Of Fear. 14. Of Despair. 15. Of Hope. 16, Of Compassion. 17. Of Cruelty. 18. Of Joy. 19. Of Sorrow. 20. The Conclusion of the First Book.

The Second Book contains 1. Of Vanity. 2. Of Inconstancy. 3. Of Weakness. 4. Of Presumption. And to these is added the Scourge, a Satire. To which are annexed "Certaine Epigrams to the King's most excellent Majestie, the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse, and other noble and honourable personages, and friends, to whom the author gave any of his bookes."

I transcribe one or two.

*To Henry, Earl of Southampton.**

EPIGRAM 7.

Southampton, since thy province brought me forth,
And on those pleasant mountains I yet keep,
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy virtues in oblivion sleep.
Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time;
Meanwhile read this, and see what others be!

* The patron of Shakspeare.

If thou can'st like't and wilt but grace my rhyme,
I will so blaze thy Hampshire springs and thee,
Thy Arle, Test, Stour, and Avon shall share fame
Either with Humber, Severn, Trent, or Thame.

To his loving friend, and Cousin-German, Mr. William Wither.

EPIGRAM 15.

If that the Standards of the House betray
What Fortunes to the owners may betide:
Or if their destinies, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signified,
'Tis so in thine; for that fair antique shield
Borne by thy predecessors long ago,
Depainted with a clear pure *Argent field*,
The innocency of thy line did shew.
Three sable crescents, with a chevron gul'd,
Tells that black fates obscur'd our house's light;
Because the planet that our fortunes rul'd,
Lost her own lustre, and was darken'd quite:
And, as indeed our adversaries say,
The very name of *Wither* shews decay.
But yet despair not; keep thy *White* unstain'd,
And then it skills not, what thy *crescents* be!
What though the Moon be now increas'd, now wan'd;
Learn thence to know thy life's inconstancy;
Be careful, as thou hitherto hast been,
To shun th' *Abuses* man is tax'd for here;
And then thy soul, that's now eclips'd with sin,
When Moon and Sun are darken'd, shall look clear;
And whatsoe'er thy English name may threat,
The "Harvest's son" the Greeks entitle thee.

Ere thou shalt want, thy Hare will bring thee meat,
And to kill care, herself thy make-sport be:
Yea, yet, though Envy's mists do make them dull,
I hope to see the waned orbs at full.

N. B. For the better understanding of this Epigram, note, that his arms are, in a field Argent, a chevron gules, betwixt three crescents sable: his name, according to the Greeks, is Τυιθερος, *and his crest is a Hare with three wheat-ears in her mouth.*

ART. CXLI. *A Satyre. Dedicated to his most excellent Majestie. By George Wither, Gentleman.*

Rebus in adversis crescit.

London. Printed by Thomas Snodham for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull, neare Temple Barre. 1615. *Duod. not paged, but about pp.* 87.

THIS satire consists of nearly 1000 lines, and is subscribed by "Your Majestie's most loyal subject, and yet prisoner in the Marshelsey, Geo. Wyther." It is an appeal to the King from his confinement, in consequence of his Satires, entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt." It begins thus:

"*Quid tu, si pereo?*

"What once the poet said, I may avow;
'Tis a hard thing, not to write Satyres now;
Since what we speak, abuse reigns so in all,
Spite of our hearts, will be satirical.
Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My unsmooth'd lines their rudeness do not change;

Nor be distasteful to my gracious King,
That in the cage my old harsh notes I sing,
And rudely make a satyre here unfold,
What others would in neater terms have told.
And why? my friends and means in court are scant;
Knowledge of curious phrase and form I want.
I cannot bear't to run myself in debt,
To hire the groom, to bid the page intreat
Some favour'd follower to vouchsafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his Lord:
I cannot soothe, tho' it my life might save,
Each favourite, nor crouch to every knave:
I cannot brook delays, as some men do,
With scoffs and scorns, and take't in kindness too.
For ere I'd bind myself for some slight grace
To one that hath no more worth than his place,
Or by a base mean free myself from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double:
'Cause to be forc'd to what my name disdains
Is worse to me than tortures, racks and chains;
And therefore unto thee I only fly,
To whom there needs no mean but honesty:
To thee, that lov'st not parasite nor minion,
Should, ere I speak, possess thee with opinion;
To thee, that dost what thou wilt undertake,
For love of justice, not the person's sake;
To thee that know'st how vain all fair shews be,
That flow not from the heart's sincerity;
And can'st, though shadowed in the simplest veil,
Discern both love and truth, and where they fail;
To thee I do appeal, in whom, Heaven knows,
I next to God my confidence repose!
For can it be thy grace should ever shine,
And not enlighten such a cause as mine?

Can my hopes, fix'd in thee, great King, be dead?
Or thou those satires hate thy Forests* bred?
Where shall my second hopes be founded then,
If ever I have heart to hope again?
Can I suppose a favour may be got
In any place, when thy court yields it not?
Or that I may obtain it in the land,
When I shall be denied it at thy hand?
And if I might, should I so fond on't be,
To take 't of others, when I miss't of thee?
Or if I did, can I have comfort by it,
When I shall think my Sovereign did deny it?
No, were I sure, I to thy hate were born,
The love of half the world beside I'd scorn!
&c. &c. &c. &c.

ART. CXLII. *The Nature of Man. A learned and usefull tract, written in Greek by Nemesius, surnamed the philosopher; sometime Bishop of a city in Phœnicia, and one of the most ancient fathers of the Church. Englished, and divided into sections, with briefs of their principall contents; by Geo. Wither. London, printed by M. F. for Henry Taunton in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet-street*, 1636. 12mo.

IN the imperfect list of Wither's voluminous publications, as given by Wood, †the above is very slightly noticed. To his report, therefore, it may be added,

* I presume the poet means the Holt Forest, which I think is near Bentworth in Hampshire, the place of his nativity. See a description of that country in White's Hist. of Selborne.

† Athen. Oxon. II. 396.

that the translation extends to 660 pages, besides a preface to the reader, concerning the author of the book, touching the contents thereof, and the translation of the same; with a dedication "to his most learned and much honoured friend, John Selden, Esq. by his unfained friend, and true honourer, Geo. Wither; dated from his cottage under the Beacon-hill, neere Farnham, May 23, 1636." From this dedication the following complimentary passages are extracted, nor will they be deemed hyperbolical by readers of the present day.

"Sir,

"I am not carefull to annexe your other titles; for they are not so much honour to you as they are honoured by you: and your bare name sounds more honourably in my judgment, than that which the breath of others can adde unto it. I have made bold therefore (though without your knowledge) to send abroad with your name prefixed, this ancient Greek Father, newly taught to speak English, that he may receive your approbation where he well expresseth his meaning, and your correction hereafter where he proves defective. For I presumed you might by this means be provoked to the perusall thereof, notwithstanding your many studies.

"Your candour and singular humanity make me confident in this attempt. For though my author be a stranger to most moderne students, you (from whom no such worthie is obscured) are his familiar acquaintance: and in whose *name* could I have more properly brought this ancient among my countrymen to be entertained with respect, then in *yours*, who

are the truest lover of antiquities, and he who hath best shewed the right use of them to this age?

"I think not you to be any whit honoured by this dedication; but that I have rather magnified my selfe, in making it an occasion to signifie that I have so noble a friend."

T. P.

ART. CXLIII. *Britain's Remembrancer, containing a narration of the Plague lately past; a declaration of the mischiefs present; and a prediction of judgments to come (if repentance prevent not). It is dedicated (for the glory of God) to posteritie; and, to these times (if they please) by Geo. Wither.*

Job, xxxii. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22, [*quoted at length.*]

Reade all, or censure not:

For "he that answereth a matter before he heare it, it is shame and folly to him." Prov. xviii. 13.

Imprinted for Great Britaine, and are to be sold by John Grismond in Ivie-Lane CIↃ IↃ CXXVIII. pp. 574. 12*mo.*

THIS book of Wither commences by a dedicatory epistle in verse, of eleven leaves, "To the King's most Excellent Majestie." This is succeeded by a "Premonition," in prose. After this the poem opens, consisting of 8 cantos; each canto preceded by an "Argument," in a measure of eight syllables; and it ends with a "Conclusion," occupying nearly six leaves. The above title page is preceded by an engraved one, repre-

senting a glory, and beneath it, in the clouds, figures of Mercy and Justice. Still lower, in the clouds, are an army marshalled in order of battle; two armed knights on horseback, encountering each other with spears; wild beasts devouring each other; a Cupid discharging a dart from his bow; a dead body prostrate, and covered with plague-spots: two armed knights standing with their spears in their hands, conversing; a personification of Pestilence, hurling a javelin; a blazing star; and various chimeras flying in different directions. Across the page, directly beneath this curious medley, runs a scroll, inscribed "*Britain's Remembrancer.*" The lower compartment is filled by a bird's-eye view of England and Scotland, with the sea and ships; one of which, as if setting sail from Lynn, or thereabouts, is set on fire by a flash of lightning from the clouds above the scroll. The dedication is expressed in terms rather bold for the time; of which the following may be taken as specimens.

"Most Royall Sir:

"Because I doubted who might first peruse
These honest raptures of my sleighted muse;
Observing it the quality of most
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust;
And that, according to the wits of those
Who censure first, the common censure goes;
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,
Some glaring *comets* on my lines reflect;
Awhile I pawsed, whether trust I might
My plaine-paced *measures* to their partiall sight,
Who may upon them (ere you reade them) seize,
And comment on my text as they shall please,

Or sleight, or scoffe; such men were knowne to me;
And being loth they first of all should be
My *judges*, here I offer to your eye
The prime perusall of this *poesie*. . .
I doe not fear the *world* deprive me can
Of such a mind as may become a *man*.
And sure I am, tho' many seeke to spight me,
That every dog which barketh canot bite me.
I know of *want* the utmost discontents;
The cruelty of *close imprisonments*;
The bitternesse of *slanders and disgrace*.
I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,
Nor in close prison to be lodg'd agen:
I doe not feare those *criticks* of your court,
That may my good intentions misreport;
Or say it mis-beseemeth me to dare
With such bold language to salute your eare;
I feare not any man that would abuse,
Or in her lawfull flights affront my *Muse*,
Because, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke
Against some passage in the following booke:
For, when she pleaseth, she hath meanes to pay
Those *buzzards*, that would interrupt her way.
She dares not onely, hobby-like, make wing
At *dorrs* and *butterflyes*; but also spring
Those fowles that have beene flowne at yet by none;
Ev'n those, whom our best *hawks* turne taile upon.
Not only at crowes, ravens, dawes, and kites,
Rookes, owles, or cuckowes, dare she make her flights,
At wily magpies, or the *iay* that vaunts
In others' plumes: or, greedy cormorants;
Or those, who being of the kestrell-kinde,
Unworthily aspire, and fan the winde
For aerie *titles*; or, the birds men rate

Above their value, for their idle prate:
As wag-tailes, busie tit-mice, or such like;
But with her pounces, them dares also strike,
That furnish courtly tables: as our gull,
A bird much found among the worshipfull.
Our dottrels, which are caught by imitation;
Our woodcocks, shadowing out that foolish nation,
Who hide their heads, and think secure they be,
When they themselves their dangers doe not see.
Our strutting peacockes, whose harsh voice doth show
That some sharp stormy wind will shortly blow.
Our hernshawes, slicing backward filth on those
Whose worth they dare not openly oppose.
Our traiterous mallards, which are fed and taught
To bring in other *wild-fooles*, to be caught;
Those *fowles*, that in their over-daring pride,
Forget their breed, and will be *eglifide*:
Our British barnacles that are a dish,
That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.
E'en these, or any *fowle* she durst surprise,
If they dare crosse her, when to check she flies.
Beleeve not those, who reasons will invent,
To make this volume seeme impertinent:
For what is of more moment than a story
Which mentioneth to God Almightie's glorie,
His judgments and his mercies?—
Sure nothing is more worthy of regard;
And though a foolish tale be sooner heard;
Yet, in respect thereof, the glorious things
That stand upon record of earthly *kings*,
Appeare to mee as vaine as large discourses
Of childish *May-games*, and of *hobby-horses*."
&c. &c.

In his "Premonition," after complaining of the evil constructions that had been put on his former pieces, (alluding particularly to his "Abuses Stript and Whip'd,") he proceeds to anticipate a number of objections which he foresees will be made to the present work. From the last of these, it appears, that however adventurous he might be himself, he could not find a printer equally bold: or who would with equal readiness set at defiance the pillory and the Marshalsea. "If you find (says he) anie thing which may seeme spoken out of due time, blame not mee altogether; for it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this booke printed: and it hath cost me more money, more paines, and more time to publish it, than to compose it: for I was faine *to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand*, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* of this kind."

The execution of the poem itself is very unequal. Amid a very great abundance of dross, there are many masses of sterling gold. At intervals we are surprised by flashes of a very vivid imagination, and many of the descriptions are highly-finished and pathetic pieces of poetry. But from the whole poem, when considered altogether, I think it fully appears, that either he was under the influence of a most extraordinary degree of enthusiasm; or, rather, that imprisonment, and irritation of mind, had disordered his intellect. For visions, and ecstasies, and supernatural revelations and impressions, are introduced not as by a *licentia poetica*, but as real matters of fact, which were made the springs and motives of

all his actions. It was one of these supernal admonitions which induced him to continue in London during the whole time of the plague; and another, which peremptorily commanded him to publish his book, in spite of every opposition he might meet with.

The following may be taken as a specimen of the poem, from Canto 2. It records pestilential symptoms.

"On some this Plague doth steal insensibly,
Their muddy nature stirring secretly
To their destruction. Some, it striketh so
As if a mortall hand had with a blow
Arrested them, and on their flesh hath seene
A palme's impression to appearance beene.
One man is faint, weake, tickly, full of feare,
And drawes his breath where strong infections are,
Yet scapes with life. Another man is young,
Light-hearted, healthy, stout, well-temper'd, strong,
And lives in wholesome ayre, yet gets a fit
Of this *land-calenture*, and dies of it.
Some are tormented by it, till we see
Their veines and sinewes almost broken be,
The very soule distracted, sense bereft,
And scarce the smallest hope of scaping left,
Yet soone recover. Other some, againe,
Fall suddenly, or feele so little paine
When they are seized, that they breathlesse lye,
Ere any dying symptomes we espy.
On some, an endless drowsinesse doth creepe;
Some others cannot get one winke of sleepe.
This useth, ev'ry day, preservatives,
Yet dies; another taketh none, yet lives.

Ev'n thus uncertainly this sicknesse playes;
Spares, wounds, and killeth, many sev'rall wayes."

The following extract from Canto 4 describes a scene of peculiar horrors, during the most calamitous period of the plague:

"Ev'ry place with sorrowes then abounded;
And ev'ry way the cryes of mourning sounded.
Yea, day by day, successively till night,
And from the evening till the morning light,
Were scenes of griefe, with strange variety,
Knit up in one continuing tragedy.
No sooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knels,
And many sadly-sounding passing-bels,
Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles
To me gave notice that some early soules
Departed whilst I slept: that other some
Were drawing onward to their longest home,
And seemingly presag'd, that many a one
Should bid the world good night, ere it were noone.
My chamber entertain'd mee all alone,
And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.
Yet, through the darksome, silent night did flye
Sometime, an uncouth noise, sometime a cry;
And sometime mournfull callings pierc'd my roome,
Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.
Glad was I, when I saw the sun appeare
(And with his rayes to blesse our hemisphere)
That from the tumbled bed I might arise,
And with more lightsomenesse refresh mine eyes:
Or, with some good companions, read or pray,
To passe the better, my sad thoughts away:
For, though such thoughts oft usefull are and good;
Yet knowing well I was but flesh and blood,

I also knew man's natural condition
Must have in joys and griefes an intermission,
Lest too much joy should fill the heart with folly,
Or, too much griefe, breed dangerous melancholy."

Wither thus proceeds to paint, in dread array, the chariot of Death.

"My fancy did present to me that houre
A glimpse of Death, ev'n in his greatest power.
Methought I saw him in a charret ride
With all his grim companions by his side,
Such as Oblivion and Corruption be.
Not half a step before him—rode these three
(On monsters back'd) Paine, Horror, and Despaire:—
Next unto *Death* came *Judgment*;—after whom
Hell, with devouring jaws did gaping come—
Death's carr, with many chaines, and ropes, and strings,
And by a multitude of severall things,
As *Pleasures*, *Passions*, *Cares*, and such as they,
Was drawne along upon a beaten way,
New gravell'd with old bones: and *Sin* did seeme
To be the foremost beast of all the teeme:
And *Sicknesse* to be that which haled next
The charret wheele: for none I saw betwixt.
Time led the way: and *Justice* did appeere
To sit before, and play the charioteer.—
There was of trumpets and of drums the sound;
But in loud cries and roarings it was drown'd,
Sad *elegies* and songs of lamentation
Were howled out, but moved no compassion;
Skulls, coffins, spades, and mattocks, placed were
About the charret. Crawling *wormes* were there;
And whatsoever else might signifie
Death's nature, and weak man's mortalitie."

Surely those who affect to despise the poetry of Wither, must do justice to the spirit and imagination employed in this description. The grim monarch rides in a horrible majesty worthy of the pen of Dante. But, as is too frequently the case, his judgment was not equal to his fancy. He has gone on too far with the description, till it wearies the mind. He has not been content with describing a countless multitude who preceded the chariot, of those who had died in the preceding year, but he tells us, he could scarce distinguish a score of them from the far greater number of "beasts and birds, and fishes," which had also served to satiate the appetite of the ravenous tyrant! However, such as he *could* distinguish, he proceeds to enumerate; foremost among whom is King James, then the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Lenox, Marquis of Hamilton, &c. &c.

The following description will need no apology for its insertion, notwithstanding its defects: unless it should be thought too horribly accurate.

"As to and fro, I walked that I might
On ev'ry ruthfull object fix my sight,
Upon those Golgothas I cast mine eye,
Where all the common people buried lye.
Lie buried did I say? I should have said,
Whose carkasses to bury graves were laid.
Lord! what a sight was there! and what strong smells
Ascended from among death's narrow cells!
You scarce could make a little infant's bed
In all those plots, but you should pare a head,
An arme, a shoulder, or a leg away,
Of one or other, who there buried lay.

One grave did often many scores enclose
Of men and women; and it may be those
That could not in two parishes agree,
Now, in one little roome, at quiet be.
You, lay a heape of skulls; another there;
Here, half unburied did a corpse appeare;
Close by, you might have seene a brace of feet
That had kick'd off the rotten winding-sheet.
A little further, saw we other some
Thrust out their armes for want of elbow roome.
A lock of woman's haire, a dead man's face
Uncover'd; and a ghastly sight it was.
Oh! here, here, view'd I what the glories be
Of pamper'd flesh.——
————————And all they that goe
Unbetter'd from such objects, worse doe grow."

The poem is, altogether, though of no rarity, a piece of great curiosity; since it details, at considerable length, many of the opinions and modes of thinking prevalent in the age in which it was written. It also enumerates the various opinions which prevailed respecting the origin of the plague, and the methods made use of to stop its progress. But perhaps no part of it is more curious than the account given by the author of the appearance of the several edifices and streets, theatres, and other public places of resort, during the period when the city was almost deserted. Many descriptions of churches, and public buildings occur incidentally, and many customs are mentioned in the same way; accounts of which are now, perhaps, no where else to be found. The author gives us a kind of tour through the city; beginning at the inns of court, and proceeding to the

Exchange, Old St. Paul's, the Theatres, &c. all of which he contrasts, in their state of silence and desertion, with the appearance they had made a few weeks before. But as this article has already been extended, perhaps beyond its due bounds, it is necessary to bring it here to a conclusion.

Beccles. W. T. SPURDENS.

ART. CXLIV. *Halelujah: or Britans Second Remembrancer, bringing to remembrance (in praise-full and pœnitentiall Hymns, Spirituall Songs, and Morall Odes) Meditations advancing the glory of God, in the practise of pietie and vertue: and applyed to easie Tunes, to be sung in Families, &c. Composed in a three-fold volume by George Wither. The first contains Hymns occasionall: the second, Hymns temporary: the third, Hymns personall. That all persons, according to their degrees and qualities, may at all times, and upon all eminent occasions, be remembered to praise God; and to be mindfull of their duties.*

"One woe is past; the second, passing on;
Beware the third, if this, in vain, be gone."

London: Printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, at the Bell in Pauls Church-yard, 1641. 12*mo. pp.* 487, *beside prefixes and table of contents.*

FEW books, of a cotemporary date, can more readily be procured than Wither's *first* Remembrancer, in 1628; few, it is believed, can be more difficult of attainment than this his *second* Remembrancer, licensed in 1640. Herbert had a copy among his

bibliographical rarities, which went to Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, who has said "there are some things interspersed in it, no where, perhaps, to be surpassed."* The copy now used, was derived from the duplicates of the Ashridge library, which were sold at King's auction-room in August 1800. It appears to have belonged to John, second Earl of Bridgewater, so amiably recorded for undeviating affection to the memory of his angelic wife;† and it is very remarkable, that at p. 404, the leaf is folded down, and several alterations are made in a handwriting of his time, with an obvious view of rendering the following pious meditation more conformable to personal feelings, sentiments, and resolutions. Presuming that these manuscript corrections were made by Lord Bridgewater,‡ (for I do not trace them on any other page of the book,) it cannot be otherwise than interesting to see them subjoined. I therefore insert these additions between brackets:— where *him* is printed in italics, *her* seems to have been intended for its substitute.

PART 6. HYMN XXVII.

"*For a Widower, or a Widow, deprived of a loving yoke-fellow.*

"That such as be deprived of their most deare companions, may not be swallowed up in excessive

* See Extracts from Wither's Juvenilia, 1785, p. 15.

† Birkenhead, the wit and loyalist, wrote an anniversary poem on the Nuptials of John, Earl of Bridgewater, 23 July, 1652. Vide Athenæ, II. 640.

‡ They are in the Earl's own hand-writing. *Editor.*

griefe, and so forget their Christian hopes and duties; this Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their naturall passions, and remembers them of things not to be forgotten in their sorrow.

Sing this as "I loved thee once."

"How neer me came the hand of Death,
When, at my side, he struck my dear! [*life!*]
And took away the precious breath
Which quick'ned my beloved peer! [*wife!*]
How helplesse am I thereby made!
By day, how griev'd! by night, how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
Alas! how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key:
Those eies which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day:
Those, now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen:
But what I once enjoy'd in them,
Shall seem, hereafter, as a dream.

All earthlie comforts vanish thus:
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravish'd be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankfull use of what we had.

I, therefore, do not so bemoan
(Though these beseeming tears I drop)

The losse of my beloved one,
As they that are depriv'd of hope:
But, in expressing of my grief,
My heart receiveth some relief;
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord! keep me faithfull to the trust
Which my dear spouse repos'd in me:
To *him* now dead, preserve me just
In all that should performed be.
For, though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithfull friend.

Those helps which I through *him* enjoy'd,
Let thine [*thy*] continuall ayd supplie;
That though some hopes in *him* are void,
I always may on thee relie.
And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single-state remain,
Unto thine honour let it be;
And for a blessing unto me.
[*And let not me e're wed againe,*
But in a single state remaine;
Lord, to thine honour let it be,
And satisfaction unto me."]

Such was not only the sanctified prayer but the exemplary practice of the noble Earl; who left this memorial on his tomb, as a test of inviolate fidelity, that he had sorrowfully worn out a widowhood of three-and-twenty years.

Wither inscribes his estimable volume "to the

thrice-honourable high courts of parliament, assembled in the triple empire of the British Isles;" and he remarks, what was not indeed peculiar to his own time, "so innumerable are the foolish and prophane songs now delighted in (to the dishonour of our language and religion) that Halelujahs and pious meditations are almost out of use and fashion: yea, not in private only, but at our publike feasts and civil meetings also, scurrilous and obscene songs are impudently sung, without respecting the reverend presence of matrons, virgins, magistrates, or divines." In an address to the reader he further says—"I have observed three sorts of Poesie, now in fashion. One, consisteth merely of rhymes, clinches, anagrammatical fancies, or such like verbal or literal conceits as delight schoolboys and pedantical wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding, or stirre up good affections. These rattles of the brain are much admired by those, who being men in years, continue children in understanding. Another sort of Poesie, is the delivery of necessary truths and wholesome documents, couched in significant parables; and illustrated by such flowers of rhetoric as are helpfull to work upon the affections. These inventions are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle region of knowledge. A third Poesie there is, which delivers commodious truths, and things really necessary, in as plain and in as universal termes as it can possibly devise. This is not so plausible among the wittie, as acceptable to the wise; because it regardeth not so much to seem elegant, as to be usefull for all persons in all times. To this plaine and

profitable Poesie I have humbly aspired, and especially in this book; imitating therein, though coming infinitely behind them, no worse patterns than the holy prophets."

What Wither professed to undertake, it is no mean praise to say, that he meritoriously accomplished.

T. P.

ART. CXLV. *Opobalsamum Anglicanum: an Englishe Balme, lately pressed out of a Shrub, and spread upon these Papers, for the cure of some Scabs, Gangreeves, and Cancers, indangering the Bodie of this Common-Wealth; and, to whom it is now tendred, by the well-affected English, in a double-speech, disjunctively delivered, by one of their fellowship, both to the faithfull and malignant members of the representative-body of this kingdome. Penned by the author of Britain's Remembrancer, Geo. Wither, Esquire. Psalm* cxli. 5, 6. *Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be a kindnesse; and let him reprove me, and it shall be an excellent oyle, which shall not breake my head, &c.—When their judges are overthrowne in stonie places, then shall they heare my words, &c. Printed in the Yeare* 1646. *4to. pp.* 24. *doub. col.*

IN this piece the prolific Muse of Wither has threaded 2030 lines in verse, including "the preface," which opens with the successes of Fairfax, obtained early in 1646.

"Great hopes I had, of perfecting ere this,
My *Vox-pacifica*,* and songs of peace:

* His *Vox-pacifica* was printed in 1645. *Editor.*

For Fairfax, with his victories begun,
So stoutly and successefully went on,
That neither summer's heat nor winter's cold,
Brigade nor army, fortified hold,
Nor force, nor policie; no, nor their wiles,
Who did oppose in secret, all the whiles,
Could bring his brave proceedings to a stand,
Till he had marched quite throughout the land,
As in a triumph; and had brought ev'n those
Presuming, and proud bragadocean foes,
Who had despiz'd, and sleighted his beginnings,
To be the sad spectators of his winnings;
And to be prostrate suitors unto them,
For life and mercy, whom they did contemn."

The preface, after some further lines, has a long simile on the subject of the Gangreve. The poem is divided into two speeches; the first is

"*The Speech of the well affected English to the faithfull Peers, and to their constant Trustees, being Members of the Honourable House of Commons.*

"Starres of the great and lesser magnitude,
Behold us not as if we would intrude
Upon your orbs; nor think this throng appears
To interrupt the motion of your spheares;
To hinder your aspects; or take offence
At anie late effect, or influence,
Derived from your power; or, at ought done
By you in both, or either house alone,
When violence their motion suffers not,
Whereby prodigious things may be begot:
For so heroick, and so noble ever,
Hath been your prudence, and your stout endeavour,

To keep upright the wheels of Charles his wain,
And ev'ry harmfull vapour to restrain,
Exhal'd by meteors, to the wrong of them,
Whose habitations are within your clyme;
That we confesse with praise, and admiration,
Your constant labours in the preservation
Of this distracted empire, and present
All humble, and all due acknowledgement,
For persevering, through those manie stops,
Obstructing the fruition of our hopes."

This strain of panegyric has but little to awaken interest now: curiosity will be more indulged with the next extract, where the name of another poet, whose soft and easy verses ever please, is mentioned.

"Are none of those, think you, permitted yet,
In either House of Parliament to sit,
Who, when the city should have been betray'd,
Did know of it? Think you, when WALLER said,
(To strengthen his confederates) that, he
Knew many, who thereto would aiding be
In either House? Think you he should have had
His pardon; if none fear'd he could have made
The saying true? Or that, he naming none,
Should into banishment, so cheap have gone;
Unlesse, because he could have nam'd so many,
That, if the Houses should have question'd any,
It might have brought upon us at that season,
A danger, almost equalling the treason?
What e're ye think, we think this was the cause,
Why he, who was in breaking of the laws
The Principall, escap'd with life; when they
That Accessaries were, their debts did pay;

And, are we bound to think now Waller's gone,
That here of his confederacie are none,
While we perceive delinquents so defended,
As yet they are, and we so ill befriended?
Who in both Houses would have scorned more
To hear such questions asked, heretofore,
Then Strafford and the prelate,* who are now
A headlesse paire? And which is he of you
Among the Commons, who enjoy'd a name
More honourable, and a fairer fame
Then Hotham had? Which of you stood so strong
A charge as he? Or held it out so long
Without recording? Or, engag'd this nation
Unto him, by a greater obligation
Then he did, for the time? And, yet at last,
You saw he fell; because he had not plac't
The structure, (though twere strong upon these rocks,
That could abide reiterated shocks;
And if men, in desert so eminent,
('Till we discover'd in what path he went)
Fell from that bravery in resolution,
And so much constancie in execution,
Then well may we distrust that, some of those
Who, at this present, make fair seeming showes,
May possibly be false? At least when they
Have trodden heretofore beside the way,
And are at present probably suspected;
Though, they in some things, faithfully have acted?
Since we have oft experience had, that none
Have to the Commonwealth more mischief done,
Then some, who for a while have had the fame
Of patriots, and did but play that game,

* Archbishop Laud may here be supposed. *Editor.*

Till they had opportunity to catch
That grace at court, for which they lay at watch."

This prosaic truth has been repeated a thousand times, and will continue to be applied by party writers to the end of time. It is the pinnacle of ambition always assigned the noisy politicians, and the greater majority have proved the random satire well founded. Another specimen will be necessary from the beginning of what may be styled the second part, as a comparison with that already given.

" *The Speech of the Wel-affected, to their perfidious Trustees, dishonouring the Parliament, by the same, or by not acting cordially therein.*

" Stand off, ye traytors; that, we may not smutch
A blameless-member, whilst your faults we touch;
Stand further off, we say; lest while we speak,
Some foolish-fellow may our words mistake;
And think, we have a purposed intent
To lay aspersions on the Parliament.
Stand yet a little further from among them,
That ev'ry man may see we would not wrong them,
But rather do them honour by assaying,
To help prevent their scandall and betraying,
By making ev'ry wronged subject know,
For whom their troubles and oppressions flow.
So, being singled out, as you are now,
None but a brainlesse-foole, or some of you,
Can be so impudent, as to apply
Our checks to that High Court's indignitie;
Or seems displeas'd because our minds we say
As fearlessly, as honest freemen may;

Since we presume no further, then to do
That which necessity compels us to;
And that which, being longer time delaid,
Must come too late and quite in vain be said.
When first this Parliament conven'd together,
Who call'd for such as you? How came you hither?
Confesse the truth, are not you some of those,
Who made the Burgers drunk when you were chose?
Or bribed them with hopes, that when you die
You would bequeath their town a legacie?
Or be at least so neighbourly unto them,
As none of those discourtesies to do them,
Which must undoubtedly have been expected,
If they your profer'd service had neglected?"

The allusion of the author to himself, at the concluding part of the poem, makes it necessary to extend this article to a greater length than was intended; but, as incidental to the life of the poet, it may not appear uninteresting. At the end of the speech, describing the various effect it had on the party addressed,

"Some threatned him whom justly they suspected
To be the penner of it, and then swore
If they could help it he should write no more.
Some did advise to apprehend, and call him
To some Committee, and there soundly maul him,
That others may take warning, how they dare
Speake truth to them, who love no truth to heare.
But others minding what a vote had past,
In that Committee, which abus'd him last,
And being fearfull, that his good intent
Would, ere long time, unto the Parliament

So evident be made, that their despight
Would rather on their heads than his alight,
They waved that, and being at a stand,
In thinking what they best might take in hand,
At length, 'come let us smite him with the tongue,'
Said one of them, who knew what doth belong
To deep revenge, and, let us daily strow
Some scandalls of him wheresoe'er we go."

Wither appropriates above 120 lines to speak of himself, and seems to have intended it as a justification, or explanation, of his meaning. He says,

——————" I, as heartily as any one,
According to my faculties have done;
And showne these times, and those perhaps, to come,
That Poesie may have an usefull roome
In great affaires, and poets fill their place,
Whether the times be generous, or base.
Though I no pardon find, assur'd I am
This work would not have done the author shame,
In better times: nay, if an Irish-bard
Had sung thus much to them, they would have heard
His numbers with respect; and manie things
Bestow'd, beside a harp with silver strings.
But, I shall think my game hath well been plaid,
If I with mischief shall not be repaid
For my good will; nor left when I have done
To bear the burthen of despights, alone.——

—————— —————— ——————

My next, oh! noble friends! and last request
Is this, that if I should be so opprest
As is intended, you would thinke upon
Those, whom by serving you, I have undone;

That *halfe of me* (who had a share in that,
Which I adventur'd freely, for the State)
And those *branch'd from us*, who thereby are left
No means of bread, or breeding; but bereft
Of all their outward helps: Oh! let them find,
More grace than yet I do: yea, be so kind,
That unto them may truly payed be
What on the publike faith you owe to me
In debts, on faire account, due from this nation,
By private and by publike obligation.
My naturall affection makes me feare
This motion needfull: therefore, have a care
You sleight it not; for doubtless if you do,
God will require it and requite it too;
Yea, if you shall forget what I prefer,
God will remember your Remembrancer.
And when your children shall with hunger pine,
Provide abundance of good things for mine.
Thus hopes, and thus believes,

GEO. WITHER.

Fiat voluntas Dei."

To this is added rather more than a page in prose as "The Printer to the Reader," signature "*Benevol. Typographus.*" It appears to be intended as a further declaration of the author's political creed. "He protesteth he is neither for, or against, the Presbyterians, Independents, Scots, English, King, Parliament, Members, or People, more or less, then according as he (in his judgment and conscience) thinks it may conduce to the wrong or right way from or toward the truth of God, and the peace of the kingdom; with a charitable respect, so farre as is possible, to the remedy of our general distempers,

without the wrong, or disquiet of any person, who wilfully draweth it not upon himself."

J. H.

ART. CXLVI.—*Amygdala Britannica, Almonds for Parrets. A Dish of Stone-fruit, partly shel'd and partly unshel'd; which (if crack'd, pick'd, and well digested) may be wholsome against those Epidemick Distempers of the Brain, now predominant; and prevent some malignant diseases likely to ensue. Composed heretofore by a well-knowne moderne author; and now published, according to a Copie found written with his own Hand. Qui bene latuit, bene vixit. Matth.* xiii. 13, 14, 15. [The three verses quoted.] *Annno CIↃ IↃ CXLVII. 4to. Double Col. pp.* 10.

A prophetical rhapsody, by George Wither, in 890 lines, of which he gives the following account.

" When Wisemen found plain dealing did offend,
In hieroglyphicks they their musings pen'd;
And to the meek conveighed in a cloud
Thee light, which was disdained by the proud;
That so the scorner hearing might not hear,
Nor seeing, see, what plainly doth appear;
For just it is, that they should lose their sight,
Who would not see their safety when they might.
'Tis much observed, that this generation
Hath taken up the Parret's inclination;
Who loves on shells to exercise his beak,
And words not understood delights to speak;
We therefore (since the labour may be spar'd)
For private entertainment have prepar'd

This dish of Stone-fruits; whereof there are some,
That yield a kernell, better then the plumb;
And such that if they well digested bee,
Will clear their eyes who have a mind to see.
Here, till affairs are wholly mis-transpos'd,
You shall perceive, in parables disclos'd,
Upon what actions, and contingencies,
The fortune of this British Empire lies;
And by what symptoms you may truly know,
Which way the public fate will ebb, or flow.
Thus he conceives who seriously hath weigh'd
Those things; and in these words his thoughts array'd."

After this introduction the poem proceeds.

"All things terrestial have their dates,
Kings, kingdoms, and the greatest states;
And warnings do appear to some
Of all such changes ere they come;
Whereby, were timely means essay'd,
Plagues might be scaped or allay'd;
And, peradventure, to that use
This which ensueth may conduce.——
A time draws near in which you may,
As you shall please, the Chess-men play;
Remove, confine, undo, or take,
Dispose, Depose, undo, or make,
Pawn Rook, Knight, Bishop, Queen, or King,
And act your wills in every thing:
But if that time let slip you shall,
For yesterday in vain you call.
A time draws near, in which the sun
Will give more light than he hath done;
Then also, you shall see the moon
Shine brighter than the sun at noon;

And many stars, now seeming dull,
Give shadows like the moon at full.
Yet then shall some, who think they see,
Wrapt in Egyptian darkness be.
  A time draws near, when with your blood,
You shall preserve the viper's brood,
And starve your own; yet fancy than,
That you have play'd the Pelican:
And when you think the frozen snakes
Have chang'd their natures, for your sakes,
They in requital, will contrive
Your mischief, who did them revive.——
——— that discern you may
When these approach; and which are they;
And what to do when they are known,
Here they in easy types are shown;
Or by those tokens, which fore-hint
What you should labour to prevent.
  When you see many things effected,
Which were not feared, nor suspected:
The mountains sink, the vallies clime,
Stars rise and set before their time,
Gross meteors, from the mud exhal'd,
To highest spheres, and planets call'd;
And utter darkness termed light,
Then bid your happy days good night.——
  When you shall see Death richly clad
With what the living should have had;
And then behold a church bespread
With rags, and reliques of the dead;
Exposing that to open scorn,
Which was in publick triumph born;
If then, with seriousness you heed
The simple doer, and the deed,

It shall occasion shame to some,
Who thought much honour'd to become;
And let a just occasion in
To rake up what might hid have bin.
When blocks, and stones, offence shall take,
And riots in your cities make,
Beware: for if heed be not took,
A spark shall casually be strook
From some rough flint, which will devour
Your wealth, your glory, and your power;
That future times may not despise,
The wrath and spleen of ants and flies.——
Ere long the welfare of this land
Upon a ticklish point will stand;
And, at that time, if you perceive
The body representative
Act by two factions, and admit
Their grandees to invassall it
To their designs, and captivate
Their equalls, you, shall, after that,
Find little comfort till you see
Extracted a third party bee
From out of those, to search into
Their actions, and with courage do
As they find cause; but then you shall
Perceive a turn will joy you all.
And to draw nearer to the But,
At which all these our shafts are shot,
When these two diamonds of this land,
Which are the basis whereon stand
The public welfare, polish shall
Each other; and quite rub off all
The rotten pieces, rags, and flawes,
Which disesteem upon them draws;

And perfect make in every thing
Our ancient threefold *Gimell-ring*,
That's lately broke; then, you shall see
A change, that worth your praise will be;
And he that gives you stones to crack,
Which cause perhaps your hearts to ake,
Will, when that blessed season comes,
Give you a dish of sugar-plumbs.
But know that while this Emperie
Neglects her triple-trinitie;
To wit, three realms beneath one throne,
Within each realm three states in one;
And Godhead one in persons three,
You shall not without trouble be;
Or possibly attain to that
Which your well-willer aimeth at,
Till you shall purely God adore,
And to the common use restore
At least th' Essentials of that power,
Which makes your earthly saving tower;
With which the stronger might be made,
And fairer too, if you could add,
To strengthen, and adorn the same,
Some parts of the Venetian frame.——"

These extracts are fully sufficient to gratify curiosity, and the author has already occupied a larger space in the CENSURA than has been assigned to works of more interest, and writers of superior merit.

The two former tracts noticed by me were given conformably to the list in Wood, but I am inclined to assign the "Opobalsamum Anglicanum" precedence of "What Peace to the Wicked." The first

commences with reference to the "Vox Pacifica," then lately published; notices the victories of Fairfax, which were early in 1646; and concludes with the humble strain of a suffering supplicant: while the conclusion of the last is in the rank strain of contempt and defiance, and his "take this and consider of it till more comes," implies a threat to awaken fear for the accomplishing that by other means, which he had not succeeded in by passive submission. The doubt is scarcely worth solving.

J. H.

ART. CXLVII.—*Carmen Expostulatorium; or a timely Expostulation with those both of the city of London, and the present Armie, who have either endeavoured to ingage these kingdoms in a second warre, or neglected the prevention thereof. Intended for averting (if it may be possible) of that general destruction thereby threatened; and to that purpose, hastily (upon the immergent occasion) published by Geo. Wither. 2 Cor. xi. 19, Suffer fools gladly, seeing ye your selves are wise. Printed in the Yere CIↃ IↃ C xlvii. 4to. 14 leaves.*

Rather more than 870 lines from this fluent writer, in which he inquires "have you crack'd all my Almonds?" and alludes, I conceive to the same tract afterwards;

> "As you by *Riddles* intimation had,
> Though you of them but small accompt have made."

This expostulation must have issued from the press about August 1647, as "the immergent occasion" was the approach of Cromwell with the army to the metropolis; and the arrival of the detachment under the command of Rainsborow and Hewson, at Southwark, appears to have suspended the labours of the poet.

"———————— I have more,
Yea many things materiall, yet in store;
But, whil'st this *line* is writing, I am told,
Our *line* is entered and our southerne-hold,
And therefore here I pawse."————*

J. H.

ART. CXLVIII.—*The life and acts of the most famous and valiant Campion, Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerstie, Maintainer of the Liberty of Scotland.*

Cicero 2 De Finibus.

Laudandus est is, qui mortem oppetit pro
Republica, qui doceat chariorem esse patriam
Nobis, quam nosmetipsos.
Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit, habet.

Edinburgh, Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be sauld at his buith on the north syde of the gait a little beneath the crosse. Anno Dom. 1611. *4to. pp.* 317.

This is not among the several editions mentioned by Pinkerton. S. E. B.

* See list of Wither's Works on *British Bibliographer*, and in Longman's *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica.*

ART. CXLIX.—*Mischief's Mysterie; or Treason's Master piece: the Powder Plot, invented by hellish malice; prevented by heavenly mercy; truly related, and from the Latin of the learned and Reverend Doctour Herring, translated and very much dilated by John Vicars.*

Underneath a wooden cut, representing King James with a crown on his head, sitting on a throne under a rich canopy, with his sceptre in one hand, and the other held out for a letter which an eagle has brought, and which Cecil is receiving, whereon are these lines.

> "The gallant eagle, soaring up on high
> Beares in his beake treason's discovery.
> Mount, noble eagle, with thy happy prey,
> And thy rich prize to th' King with speed convey."

London. Printed by L. Griffin, dwelling in the Little Olde Bayly neare the signe of the King's Head. In two parts. 1617. *pp.* 120.

It is dedicated to Sir John Leman, Kt. Lord Mayor of London, and to Sir —— Craven, Kt. Alderman and President of Christ's Hospital, with Mr. Richard Heath, Treasurer, and all the Governors. He was induced to do it by three motives; 1st. being the high-topt cedars of Lebanon, chief magistrates of the famous city of London, and pious professors of Christ's verity, they should have had no small part, yea, too great and insupportable a portion, and pondrous burden of sorrow and lamentation in this uparallelled project of the powder

treason; the 2d. was, that he received his education in Christ's Hospital, of which they were the patrons; and the third motive was, that it might be received as a small pledge of his obliged duty; and as a symbol of his service, which was and ever should be wholly at their lordship's and worship's command.

To the poem is also prefixed a poetical address by the translator, and some commendatory verses by his friends, one of which was by a Thomas Salisbury, a M.A. of Cambridge; and another by Joshua Sylvester, with a short address to Momus, or the Carping Catholick.*

There is then another wooden cut, in the middle of which is a circle containing the view of a church with two crowned heads; and round it are the heads of a bishop and several figures blowing with all their force in vain against it. Underneath which are written six verses, beginning,

"Enclos'd with clouds of ignorance and error,
Rome, Hell, and Spain do threaten England's terror."

The character of Guy Fawkes may be considered as a fair and sufficient specimen of the poem.

"——— A man to mischief prompt,
Swift to shed blood, and soon with treason stain'd;
With envy stufft, and puff'd; else malcontent,
Dissembling Simon, double-diligent;
Whose name he ever changeth with his place
Of residence, like Neptune Proteus,

* A. Wood says, another was by Nathan Chamber of Gray's Inn, &c. Wood's Ath. II. 154. *Editor.*

His name and shame equal in his disgrace;
Foster sometimes, Johnson, and Brunius,
His name not nature, habit not his heart,
He takes, forsakes, as best befits his part."

Prefixed to the second part is another wooden cut, representing the Parliament House, with Guy Fawkes at the door with a key in one hand, and a dark lanthern in the other. Several courtiers appear discovering him; and many stars are seen in the hemisphere.

"Infernal Fawkes with demoniacke heart,
Being ready now, to act his hellish part,
Booted and spurr'd with lanthern in his hand,
And match in's pocket, at the doore doth stand;
But wise Lord Knevet, by divine direction,
Him apprehends, and findes the Plot's detection."

There is a poetical dedication to Mr. Jay, Alderman of London, and Governor of Christ's Hospital; and at the end are several smaller poems; as a Paraphrase on the 123d Psalm; an Epigram against the Jesuits; epitaphs to the memory of Prince Henry; and some verses to the Queen with an enigmatical riddle.*

Aylesbury, 27 Oct. 1806. J. H.

* A. Wood says, that "Vicars afterwards making some additions to this translation, repaired to Dr. Sam. Baker, chaplain to Laud, Bishop of London, to have it licensed, but was denied for several reasons."

Vicars was a native of London; and died 1652, aged about 72. He was deemed a tolerable poet by the Puritans, but not by the Royalists, being, as they said, inspired "by ale or viler liquors." *Wood's Ath. II.* 153. EDITOR.

ART. CL. *Fortunes Fashion, Pourtrayed in the troubles of the Ladie Elizabeth Gray, wife to Edward the Fourth. Written by Tho. Sampson. London: Printed for William Iones, and are to be sold at his shop at White-crosse streete end by the Church. 1613. 4to. containing pp. 45, with the device of an anchor, sprigs of laurel, &c. round which is "Anchora Spei."*

THE author of this historical poem, (evidently written after the manner of "The Myrroure for Magistrates;") is supposed by Wood to be a descendant from the noted Thomas Sampson, dean of Christ-Church, Oxford. Of his life and situation I have been unable to collect any particulars; yet so far as relates to his literary labours, I conceive this to be his only production.

"Fortune's Fashion" is dedicated to Mr. Henry Pilkington, of Gadsby in the county of Leicester, gentleman: it is preceded by "an argument for the better understanding of the readers," and consists of stanzas of six lines each. Although its poetical merit will not, the rarity of this book may in some measure excuse a few extracts: according to the argument we see the unhappy sufferer "newly risen out of her grave, and in the extremity of her grief, speaking as followeth:"

"Some time I was, unhappy was that time,
Wherein I liv'd, and never tasted joys,
That did not wither, ere they were in prime;
Honours are such uncertain, fading toys.

I was King Edward's wife, a wofull queen,
As in this history may plain be seen.

O had my love in my first choice remain'd,
How happy had I been, from grief how free?
Of wofull haps I never had complain'd:
But that must needs be that the fates decree.
The cottage seated in the dale below
Stands safe, when highest tow'rs do overthrow.

My youth was bless'd in love with equal choice,
The matter fit prepared for love's fire;
In which while I consum'd ne'er did my voice
Nor thoughts consent to wish my fortunes higher.
Thus in the valley whilst my love did rest,
My love, though lowly, none more highly blest.

But fatal powers with unreserv'd decree,
Whom hecatombs of pray'rs may not persuade
To add one minute to the bliss they see,
Or spare one day, what but a day was made:
Their course is fix'd, and cannot be prevented,
They best abide their might that are contented.

Whose pow'r in me distressed erst was known,
When Edward fourth of name obtain'd the crown;
And put sixth Henry from his regal throne,
Raising himself by casting others down.
Greedy Ambition, endless in desiring,
On others ruin foundeth her aspiring.

Then first began the ground-work of my woe;
Then lost I him that had my prime of love;
And then the prime of sorrows I did know,
In prime of joy, that did more sorrows move.
The daintiest palate with exactest skill,
Distastes the relish of the bitter pill.

Then was my husband slain on Henry's part,
Then was I left a widow desolate:
Yet once again love chose another dart,
Whose golden head I thought would raise my fate:—
King Edward's love I mean; but what ensu'd?—
The crown I gain'd I ever after ru'd."

Having continued her sad tale even to the time of her interment,

——"this queen return'd unto her rest,
And vanish'd."

The author, then, in a few more stanzas takes leave of his readers, and concludes.

"Thus have you heard, although abruptly pen'd,
The fortunes of this queen, and of her friends:
Princes as well as beggars do depend
On the Almighty's will: whate'er he sends,
None can prevent, or alter his decree,
So firm, so sure, his secret judgments be."

P. B.

ART. CLI. *Rub and a Great Cast: and Runne, and a Great Cast. The second bowle. In 200 Epigrams. By Thomas Freeman. London.* 1614. *4to.*

FOR this odd title, which would seem to have travelled from the bowling-green, the author assigns a fanciful reason in the following lines:

"Sphæra mihi, calamus; mundi sunt crimina nodi,
Ipse sed est mundus sphæromachia mihi:
Sive manere jubes, lector, seu currere sphæram
Lusori pariter, curre maneque placeat."

THOMAS FREEMAN was a Gloucestershire man, and born near Tewksbury, about 1590. At the age of sixteen, he became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. B. Retiring from thence to London, he set up for a poet, says Wood,* and was shortly after held in esteem by Daniel, Donne, Shakspeare, Chapman, and others. To the poets here named, and also to Spenser or his Fairy Queen, and Nash, he has severally addressed epigrams; but it is not hence to be affirmed that he was personally acquainted with all of them. In Vol. IV. of his Poetical History, Mr. Warton has given a specimen of our author's humour, which acquaints us, even in his time, that "London itself seem'd going out of Town." In the last edition of Mr. Ellis's Specimens, a more favourable instance has been shewn of Freeman's poetical talents. The following extracts will serve to ascertain the general tenor of his epigrammatic effusions.

EPIG. 6.

In Mopsam.

"Mopsa had not (I heard her when she swore)
The tooth-ach not these twenty yeares and more.
And well may Mopsa sweare, and sweare but truth,
'Tis above twenty since she had a tooth."

* Athen. Oxon. I. 398.

EPIG. 10.

In Fimum.

"Fimus is coach'd, and for his further grace,
Doth ask his friends—'how he becomes the place?'—
Troth, I should tell him 'the poore coach hath wrong,
And that a cart would serve to carry *dung*."

EPIG. 12.

In Photinum.

"I met Photinus at the Chancelor's court,
Cited (as he said) by a knave relator;
I askt him, 'wherefore?' he, in laughing sort,
Told me—'it was but for a childish matter:'—
How-ere he laught it out, he lyed not;
Indeed 'twas *childish*, for the *child* he got."

EPIG. 17.

Vilior Alga.

"So fares the world, we love our friends, if rich:
If not, then not: so wary wise wee grow,
Wee question not the manner, but how much
A man is worth: we ask no other how:
Yet friendship's prais'd, and vertue gets good words;
That's all the goodnesse this vile age affoords."

EPIG. 18.

In Peg.

"Peg would play false but that she stands in feare
'Twill prove, within three quarters of a yeare:
She fancies, though she followes not, the game,
'Tis not for feare of *sinne* but feare of *shame*."

EPIG. 12.

Patruo suo colendiss. Rich. Freeman, generoso.

"To whom may I these rimes more truly send,
Then unto you, where they were bred and born?
Should all forsake them, you must be their friend;
If good, your praise; if bad, (t' escape from scorne.)
To Bucklersbury, or Tobacco-takers,
Or Flax-wives vent them, or neere home you may
To Tewkesbery amongst the mustard-makers;
Or fire them, or send them quite away:
Your only sweet course for Virginia ship them,
For by the *statute* you are bound to keep them."

EPIG. 22.

In Hylam puerum immature mortuum.

Hylas a child and dead; how should it come?
Surely his thread of life was but a thrum."

EPIG. 28.

Videntur et non sunt.

"Some men go brave, and some againe go bare,
When neither of them seeme the men they are;
I know rich lads go patcht in leather pelts,
And hood their heads under some greasy felts;
Againe, I know some silke lads, coineless ever,
Bear high their heads in some fresh-colour'd beaver,
And silver shoe-strings o're their toes do wear;
Such shoe-strings as a man may safely swear
Are better than their purse-strings, ten to one;
For they can show some silver, these can none."

EPIG. 29.

Velle paupertatis suæ.

"'Tis strange, now I am poor, what I would do,
What hospitals, what alms-houses uprear;

Build Upton-bridge in Worc'stershire anew;
Give topless Paul's one more sky-threatning spire;
Bring Thames to Oxford, Wye into North-Wales,
Avon to Severn; all, to carry sailes
Quite from the sea into the Continent:
Helpe widowes, orphanes, maimed, and the poor;
With Wadham build a colledge for the godly;
Erect, (so farre surpassing all before)
A library, with all-praise-worthy Bodley:
Nay more, what learned Bacon left undone,
Engirt Great Brittaine with a brazen wall:
On thousand good deeds now my mind doth run,
Now I can nothing; now I would do all:
I can so little, and would do so much,
Sure I am too well given, to grow rich."

EPIG. 35.

Epitaphium meretricis.

"Graves are gone on, commonly we see,
'Tis no offence to them that buried be:
Why then this grave is for the common *tread*;
And so was she too that therein lies dead."

EPIG. 36.

In Luscum morionem.

"Luscus, that Minotaur, thy monstrous wit,
Lies in that lowzy labyrinth, thy head,
So close, as no art can discover it,
Now, whilst thou'rt living, nor when thou art dead:
A longer thread then Ariadne's twine,
Shall ne're find Wit in that same pate of thine."

EPIG. 40.

In Swadde.

" Swadde's in commission, yét but beares the name,
For all the roast is ruled by his dame:
She examines, bails, binds over, and releases,
Remits and mittimusseth whom she pleases:
To all that come to him for wrong's redresse,
His wife's the justice—he but of the *peace*."

EPIG. 42.

In Elizabetham.

" Besse doth Actæonize her husband's crowne,
And, trimming his head, proves she trimmes her owne;
And yet her head is still attir'd but badly.
'Besse (once quoth I) I would the reason, gladly:'
'Mine owne, (quoth she) do you not that descry?
My husband's mine, and that same head trimme I.'

EPIG. 43.

In Fungum.

" Fungus the usurer's dead, and no will made;
'Whose are his goods?'—they say no heire he had;—
Sure I should thinke (and so hath law assign'd)
They are the devil's—for he's next of kind."

EPIG. 46.

In Dol pregnantem.

" Dol, learning *propria quæ maribus* without booke,
Like *nomen crescentis genitivo* did looke."

EPIG. 50.

In Flavium.

" When Flavius once would needs praise *Tin*,
His braine could bring no reasons in,
But what his belly did bethinke,
Platters for meat, and *Pots* for drinke."

EPIG. 57.

Aquæ-ductus per Magistrum *Middletonum* omnium (qui unquam fuerint) civitati utilissimus.

" London is like to have no more strong beere,
All long of my Lord-Mayor as we heare:
His Brother rather may the cause be thought,
That so much water* to the Towne hath brought."

EPIG. 58.

Sine sanguine et sudore.

" Rafe challeng'd Robin—time and place appointed,
Their parents heard on't:—Lord, how they lamented!
But (God be thankt) they were soon freed of feare;
The one nere-meant, the other came not there."

EPIG. 59.

In Mathonem.

" Though great men's houses make it knowne,
How Bucks-horns stand the hall in steed,
To hang up hats and caps upon;
Yet every where there's no such need:
For what needs it in Matho's hall?
His head, his horns, may serve for all."

* Alluding to the New River, brought by Sir Hugh Middleton from the springs of Chadwell and Amwell, near Ware, to London; which was completed in 1613, when his brother, Sir Thomas Middleton, was Lord-Mayor elect,

EPIG. 64.

In jactabundum gentis suæ.

No father's deeds can dignify the son,
Nor can we call that ours, we have not done."

EPIG. 66.

In Cæliam.

" No, hang me Cælia, if I'll be thy guest;
We scarce begin to eate, but thou to chide;
This goose is raw, that capon is ill drest,
And blam'st the cooke, and throw'st the meate aside;
When we sit judging, that would rather eate,
No fault o' th' cooke, 'tis thou would'st save thy meate."

EPIG. 73.

In Cloeon.

" 'Tis one of Cloe's qualities,
That ever when she sweares, she lies:
'Dost love me, Cloe?' sweare not so,
For when thou swear'st, thou liest I know:
'Dost hate me, Cloe?' prethee sweare,
For then I know thou lov'st me deare."

EPIG. 75.

Honores mutant mores.

" When I and some of my comrades were poor,
O Lord, how we lov'd one another then!
We lov'd as, I thought, no men could love more;—
But since the most of them are grown rich men,
And I stick fast still to my poverty,
They fly from mee; and, or I skarse am knowne
Or quite forgotten:—what an asse am I;
The case is partly mine, but more their owne:
And their offence may well forgiven be,
That have forgot themselves as well as me."

EPIG. 76.

In Thuscum.*

"Thuscus writes faire, without [or] blurre or blot,
The rascall'st rimes were ever read, God wot;
No marvell:—many with a swan's quill write,
That can but with a goose's wit endite."

EPIG. 80.

"I have some kinsfolke rich, but passing proud,
I have some friends, but poore and passing willing;
The first would gladly see me in my shroud,
Which in the last would cause the tears distilling.
Now which of these love? so God me-mend,
Not a rich *kinsman*, but a willing *friend*."

EPIG. 81.

"Crispus could helpe me if he would,
Charus would helpe me if he could;
Would Crispus Charus' minde did beare,
Or Charus but as wealthy were."

EPIG. 83.

In jactantem Poetastrum.

"One told me once of verses that he made,
Riding to London on a trotting jade;
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case,
Ev'n by his verses, of his horse's pace."

T. P.

ART. CLII. *A Satyricall Dialogue, or a sharplye invective Conference betweene Alexander the Great*

* *Forsan* Davies of Hereford, a poet and writing-master; whose Microcosmos has been noticed in this volume.

and that trulye woman-hater Diogynes. 4to. no date.

DEDICATION, signed Wm. Goddard.

ART. CLIII. *A Neaste of Waspes lately found out and discovered in the Low Countreys, yealding as swete hony as some of our English bees. By Will. Goddard. Dort.* 1615. *4to.*

IN consequence of this production the following quaint lines were addressed by Henry Fitz-Geffrey "to his ingenious friend, *Will Goddard*, of his booke entituled Waspes."

"True epigrams most fitly likened are
To Waspes, that in their taile a sting must beare:
Thine being Waspes I say, who'st will repine,
They are not epigrams are not like thine."

ART. CLIV. *A Mastif Whelp, with other ruff Island like Currs fetcht from amongst the Antipedes: which bite and barke at the fantasticall humorists and abusers of the time. 4to. no date.*

DEDICATED to his loving friends, Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, by *Wm. Goddard.* The publication consists of 126 epigrams, entitled satires.

ART. CLV. *Linsi-Woolsie: or Two Centuries of Epigrammes. Written by William Gamage; batchelour in the artes. Patere aut abstine. Printed at Oxford by Jos. Barnes,* 1613. *12mo.*

ANOTHER title-page bears the date of 1621, but it

is not likely that the book had more than one impression, as it consists of the saddest trash that ever assumed the name of epigrams; and which, with a very slight alteration, well merits the sarcasm bestowed by Shenstone on the poems of a Kidderminster bard:

"Thy verses, friend, are *linsey woolsey* stuff,
And we must own—you've measur'd out enough."

From their having been printed at Oxford and penned by an A. B. it is probable, however, that GAMAGE was entitled to an incidental notice in Athenæ Oxonienses, which he has not obtained. His volume is dedicated to Katherine, Lady Mansell. The following epigrammatistic compliments were offered to coeval writers, and might, in part, have served for poesies to their rings.

"*To ingenious Ben Jonson.*

"If that thy lore were equall to thy wit,*
Thou in Apollo's chaire might'st justly sit."

"*To the ingenious poet, Mr. Wm. Herbert, of his booke intituled The Prophesie of Cadwalader.*†

"Thy royall prophesie doth blaze thy name:
So poets must, if they will merit fame."

* It is remarkable that this opinion runs directly counter to the judgment of modern critics, who concur in thinking it the fault of learned Ben, that he studied books where he should have studied men. See Mr. Nevé's elegant remarks on our ancient poets.

† Herbert's prophesie of Cadwallader was printed in 1604. See *ante*.

"*To the most famous and heroike Lady Mary, L. Wroth.**

"Thy worthy Husband ladifies thee *Wroth*,
Pray be not so with my poore pen to place
'Fore R the O; then justly Lady *Worth*
I might thee stile—worth what? hie honours Grace."

"*To the ingenious Epigrammatists Jo Owen and Jo. Heath,† both brought up in New College Oxon.*

"Though you were both not of one mother bore,
Yet nursed were you at the self-same brest,
For fluent genius, and ingenious lore,
And the same dugges successively have prest:
'Tis true ye are but fosterers by birth,
Yet brothers right in rime's conceiptfull mirth."

T. P.

ART. CLVI. *A Wife: now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye: being a most exquisite and singular poem of the Choise of a Wife. 4th Edit. London.* 1614. *4to.*

THIS, which professes to be the fourth, is the earliest impression I have seen of this once popular production, and the preface bears date May 16, 1614.

* This lady was niece to the illustrious Sir Philip Sidney, and wrote a romance called *Urania*. See *Restituta*. She married Sir Thomas Wroth, himself a writer of epigrams, and in good esteem (says Wood) for his poetry and for his encouragement of poets. Athenæ, II. 257.

† For some account of Heath and his epigrams, see *postea*. Owen is pretty generally known, by the numerous editions of his Latin epigrams, or by his translators, Pecke and Harvey.

Mr. Neve, in his notices of the author,* says, that 1614 was the first year of its publication; but I am not without suspicion that it appeared in print before the death of Overbury, which took place in October 1613. Successive editions were published in many succeeding years: that in 1615, had the following title—

New and choice Characters of severall Authors: together with that exquisite and unmatcht poeme The Wife; written by Syr Thomas Overburie. With the former Characters, and conceited Newes, all in one volume; with many other things added to this sixt impression. London: Printed by Tho. Crede for Laurence Lisle, &c. 1615. *Small* 8vo.

To the early edition of Overbury's Wife, cited above, the verses of Sir Henry Wotton "on a happy life," were appended. In this sixth impression appeared the characters of "a Tinker, an Apparatour, and an Almanac-maker," which were claimed by J. Cocke, as his literary property, in a prefix to the *Essaies of Stephens*, 2d edit. 1615. "Newes from the Country," was printed as Dr. Donne's in 1669; and several stray effusions by other writers were probably engrafted on the publisher's original stock, and employed to enlarge this oft-reprinted book, of which the title was thus altered in a copy now before me.

Sir Thomas Overbury his Wife. With additions of new Characters; and many other Wittie Conceits never before printed. The fifteenth impression. London: Printed by R. B. for Robt. Allot. 1632. 12*mo.*

* See Cursory Remarks on Ancient English Poets, 1789, p. 27.

Twenty-five copies of commendatory verses are prefixed; with an elegy on Wm. Lord Effingham, a complimentary poem ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ, and an elegy on the death of that Lady. Mr. Granger says, that the book had gone through sixteen editions in 1638, and that the last was published in 1753: sed quære? The fate of Overbury is sufficiently known: the merits of his principal production have been thus stated by the accomplished Mr. Neve. "In Overbury's poem of The Wife, the sentiments, maxims, and observations with which it abounds, are such as a considerable experience and a correct judgment on mankind alone could furnish. The topics of jealousy, and of the credit and behaviour of women, are treated with great truth, delicacy and perspicuity. The nice distinctions of moral character, and the pattern of female excellence here drawn, contrasted as they were with the heinous and flagrant enormities of the Countess of Essex, rendered this poem extremely popular, when its ingenious author was no more."

As some edition of the poem may at all times be obtained by every poetical reader, a single stanza may be sufficient to introduce here, as a specimen of it.

"Woman's *behaviour* is a surer bar
Than is their *no*; *that* fairly doth deny
Without denying; thereby kept they are
Safe ev'n from hope:—in part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent been only tried;
He comes too near, who comes to be denied."

The popularity of Overbury's poem gave rise per-

haps to most of those which are here noticed in succession.

T. P.

Art. CLVII. *The Husband. A poeme expressed in a compleat man. London: Printed for Lawrence Lisle, dwelling at the Tygres Head in Paul's Church-yard.* 1614. *Small 8vo.*

This production is believed to be just as rare as the former is common: it being doubted whether any other copy exists than that now resorted to, which passed through the libraries of Major Pearson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Woodhouse, into the liberal hands of Mr. Hill. The anonymous writer inscribes his imitative poem "to his truly honored friend M. Anth. Croftes," and dates his offering dedicatory June 29, 1614. A short "epistle to the reader" follows, in which the poet desires not to be condemned as an imitator, "though the work precedent and work-master, were both alike excellent." Verses of commendation then succeed, by Ben Jonson, I. C. Ra. Wyn; Jo. Calve: A. H. Philomus: R. V. M. Freeman. The former of these encomiums I transcribe, as it does not appear to be collected among the works of learned Ben.

"*To the worthy author, on the Husband.*

"It fits not onely him that makes a booke
To see his worke be good; but that he looke
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
Least a false praise do make theyr dotage his.
I do not feele that ever yet I had
The art of utt'ring wares, if they were bad;

Or skill of making matches in my life:
And therefore I commend unto the *Wife*
That went before—a *Husband*. She, Ile sweare,
Was worthy of a good one, and this here
I know for such, as (if my word will waigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage day."

Though the name of the author is not unveiled, it is likely the law was his profession, as three of his friendly encomiasts sign their verses from the Inner and Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn. There is much quibble also in his composition, and a sententious quaintness in his style that renders his meaning very dark indeed. This will be sufficiently shewn by taking two stanzas in immediate succession.

" Fame is our hackney, not the journey's end,
He runs together; when we move our selves;
Goes backward, if the ryder him offend;
And with incessant speedines he delves
The grave of good's oblivion: much trust
In fame deceives; too little makes men rust.

Take therefore such a man, that hath bestridde
The lacke* of fame, where he is best beknowne:
Stipendious† voyces ever will out-bidde
The common rumor, which report is growne
A tryall now, t' approve good and condemne:
For sinnes it calls sinnes, though it nourish them."

T. P.

* This should probably be *back*: but the printer afforded no table of errata.

† Stipendious seems to be used in the sense of stipendiary.

ART. CLVIII. *The Description of a Good Wife: or a rare one amongst Women. London. Printed for Richard Redmer, &c.* 1619. *Small* 8vo.

THIS is understood, from Mr. Malone, to be the performance of Richard Brathwaite; a noted wit, poet and justice of peace, says Wood.* It is superior, as a composition, to the preceding poems: has more perspicuity of design, more skill of method, and more harmony of metre. The argument may serve to explain the author's intention.

"In pursuit of Love's inquest,
Heavy-eyed Musophilus,
Restless, takes himselfe to rest,
And displays his fortunes thus:—
In his sleepe (death's shade) appears
Age, the honour of man's life,
Old in hours as well as years,
Who instructs him in a Wife:
And in brief assayes to show
Who is good, who is not so.
Next, his choice he shews his son,
(Lest he should his choice neglect)
What by him ought to be done
To his Wife, in each respect;
Who, though she should ever fear
To give cause of just offence,
Yet he ought not domineer,
'Cause he has preeminence:
For that conquest's worthy no man,
Where the triumph's o'er a woman."

The following passages are extracted from many pages of Direction for the Choice of a Wife.

* Athen. Oxon. II. 516.

"Chuse one that's wise, yet to herself not so,
Loving to all, familiar to few,
Inwardly fair, though mean to outward show,
Seldom conversing in a publique view;
Nor young, nor old, but has of years enow
To know what huswife means, and such an one
As may supplie the place when thou'rt from home.

Chuse one who makes it greatest of her feare
T'incur suspicion, that esteems her name
Before a world of treasure; that can beare
Affliction with indifference, and thinks shame
A matron's comeliest habit; one, that's deare
In her Creator's sight, and feares to do
Ought that thy selfe will not assent unto.

Chuse one whom thou canst love, not for constraint
Of fortune or of friends; for what are these,
That thou by them shouldst measure thy content?—
No, no; in marriage thou thy selfe must please;
Or every day will be an argument
Of thy succeeding sorrow;—then, be wise,
Carve for thy selfe, yet hear thy friends advise.

Chuse one whose pre election can admit
None save thy selfe, that she can dearly love;
Yet so discreet, as she can silence it
Till th' time her parents shall her choice approve:
For that implies her modestie and wit;
While rash assents, whens'ever they do come,
Are ever seen to bring repentance home."

T. P.

ART. CLIX. *A Happy Husband: or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate. Together with a Wive's behaviour after Marriage. By Patrick*

Hannay, Gent. London: Printed by John Haviland for Nathaniel Butter, &c. 1619. *Small* 8*vo.*

This was reprinted with the poems of Hannay, in 1622, of whom a brief notice is given in Vol. III. of Mr. Ellis's Specimens. His present production is not without moral merit or wholesome advice; and may admit of a short extract from the rules laid down for a Wife's behaviour.

"If anger once begin 'twixt man and wife,
If soon not reconcil'd, it turns to strife,
Which still will stir, on every light occasion,
What might have ceas'd in silence; then, persuasion
Of friends will hardly end: for every jarre
Is ominous, presaging life-long warre:
And where two join'd do jar, their state decays;
They go not forward who draw divers ways.
Being yoakt together, your first care must be,
That with your Husband you in love agree:
As far from fondness be, as from neglect,
Mixing affection with a staid respect.
Thy own desert must him unto thee bind;
Desert doth make a savage to be kind:
It is an adamantine chaine to knit
Two souls so fast, nought can them disunite."

T. P.

Art. CLX. *A Wife not ready made, but bespoken: By Dicus the batchelor; and made up for him by his fellow shepheard Tityrus. In four pastorall eglogues. The Second Edition. London: Printed for A. R.* 1653. 8*vo.*

This is a poetical pleading for and against marriage, in which the opposite advocates display equal ingenuity. The tract has a dedication in verse by R. A. "to his honoured good friend Sir Robert Stapleton," the translator of Juvenal and Musæus. R. A. is *Robert Aylet, LLD.* who wrote several pieces of a graver cast on spiritual subjects, which were collected into a thick octavo volume, of unfrequent occurrence. The present little work exhibits a few lyric stanzas which invite transcription. They appear under the quaint title of "*A Mandee to Grammar-Scholars.*"

"In time of seed, no cost or labour spare;
Who soweth cheap,
Shall never reap
Things admirable, excellent, and rare.

One hour in youth, well-spent, may go for two:
When we grow old
Our studie's cold;
The things we learn in youth, in age we do.

Look but before, you plainly shall descry—
Honours attend
On them that spend
Their youth in sacred Muses' company:
When they that follow worldly vain delights,
In folly spend
What heav'ns do send,
And sit in mists of sad obscured night.

Hence, younger brothers by their studies raise
Their houses' name
To height of fame,
And build brave monuments of lasting praise.

Which th' elder finding ready built to hand,
Their genius please
In sloth and ease,
Or waste, in pride and riot, goods and land."

Two elegies are added on the deaths of Edmund Alleyn, Esq. of Hatfield in Essex, (son and heir to Sir Edward Alleyn, Bart.) and Mary his wife.

T. P.

ART. CLXI. *Eccho, or the Infortunate Lovers, a poem, by James Sherley, Cant. in Art. Bacc. Lond.* 1618. 8vo.

Primum hunc Arethusæ, nihi concede laborem.

FROM a MS. note to Astle's copy of Wood's Athenæ. The first date to any of Shirley's works, in Wood, is 1629. Wood says, he went from Oxford to Cambridge, where he presumes he took the degrees in Arts. He died 1666.

ART. CLXII. *Poems, &c. by James Shirley.*

Sine aliquâ dementia nullus Phœbus.

London: Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Princes' Armes in St. Paul's Church yard. 1646. 12mo. *pp.* 80.

Narcissus, or the Self-Lover. By James Shirley. Hæc Olim. London (as before) 1646. 12mo. *pp.* 54.

THE history of JAMES SHIRLEY, a fertile dramatic writer, is well known.

These poems are dedicated to Bernard Hyde, Esq. and have commendatory verses by Tho. Stanley, Tho. May, Geo. Bucke, Fra. Tuckyr, Ed. Powel; and two by Geo. Hill, the former in Latin.

Two or three specimens will be sufficient.

"*Presenting his Mistress with a Bird.*

Walking to taste the welcome Spring,
The birds, which chearful notes did sing
On their green perches; 'mong the rest,
One whose sweet warble pleased me best;
I tempted to the snare, and caught;
To you I sent it to be taught;
'Tis young, and apt to learn! and near
A voice so full of art, and clear
As your's, it cannot choose, but rise
Quickly a bird of Paradise."

"*The Passing Bell.*

Hark, how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell;
All the other sounds, we hear,
Flatter, and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind,
That our flesh must be resign'd;
And a general silence made;
The world be muffled in a shade!
He, that on a pillow lies,
Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life,
To meet the sacrificer's knife;
And for eternity is prest,
Sad bell-weather to the rest."

The poem of Narcissus consists of 131 six-lined

stanzas, and contains a large proportion of poetical passages, and many very harmonious verses.*

This poem begins as follows:

1.

" Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake:
Leave thy green couch, and canopy of trees!
Long since the quiristers of the wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise:
Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

2.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
And with their warbles charm the neighbouring air;
If not the sun, whose new embroidery
Makes rich the leaves, that in thy arbours are,
Can make thee rise; yet, lovesick nymph, away!
Thy young Narcissus is abroad to day.

3.

Pursue him, timorous maid; he moves apace;
Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
And help thy flight; see, how the drooping grass
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air;
Attempt, and overtake him; though he be
Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

4.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
Some rhetoric of thy tears to make him stay;
He must be a rock, that will not melt at these,
Dropping these native diamonds in his way;

* By the motto *Hæc Olim*, it is probable this is the same poem, as was originally published under the title of *Echo, or the Infortunate Lovers*, 1618, 8vo. See the preceding article.

Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this,
Who knows how soon? may help thee to a kiss.

6.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tears
Invent some other way to make him know
He need not hunt, that can have such a deer;
The Queen of Love did once Adonis woo;
But hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

7.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing;
Echo hath left her solitary grove;
And in a vale, the palace of the spring,
Sits silently attending to her love;
But round about, to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and tree she hid a snare.

8.

Now do the huntsmen fill the air with noise;
And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
Which with loud accents give the woods a voice,
Proclaiming parly to the fearful deer:
She hears the jolly tunes; but every strain,
As high and musical she returns again.

9.

Rous'd is the game; pursuit doth put on wings;
The sun doth shine, and gild them out their way:
The deer into an o'ergrown thicket springs,
Through which he quaintly steals his shine away;
The hunters scatter; but the boy, o'erthrown,
In a dark part of the wood complains alone.

10.

Him, Echo, led by her affections, found,
Joy'd, you may guess, to reach him with her eye;
But more, to see him rise without a wound,
Who yet obscures herself behind some tree:
He, vext, exclaims, and asking 'Where am I?'
The unseen virgin answers, 'Here am I!'

11.

'Some Guide from hence! will no man hear?' he cries:
She answers in her passion, 'O man, hear!'
'I die, I die!' say both; and thus she tries
With frequent answers to entice his ear
And person to her court, more fit for love,
He tracts the sound, and finds her odorous grove.

12.

The way he trod, was paved with violets
Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks:
In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,
And primroses are scatter'd in the walks;
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another galaxy emboss'd with stars.

13.

Two rows of elms ran with proportion'd grace,
Like Nature's arras, to adorn thy sides.
The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
While folding tops the chequer'd ground-work hides.
Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
Riding his glorious circuit to the west.

14.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
Into a spacious green, whose either side

A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
The clouds were busy, binding up his head;
The flowers here smile upon him, as he treads;
And but when he looks up, hang down their heads.

15.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
A place more suitable to her distress,
Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
Herself had in a careful posture thrown.

16.

But Time upon his wings had brought the boy
To see this lodging of the airy Queen,
Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy
Thorough a small window of eglantine;
And that she might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new dress her blubber'd face.

17.

With confidence she sometimes would go out,
And boldly meet Narcissus in the way:
But then her fears present her with new doubt
And chide her over-rash resolve away.
Her heart with over-charge of love must break;
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak."

Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, "Shirley was born in the city of London, near Stock's Market, 1594. Bred up at Catherine Hall in Cambridge, (where he studied some years) with

one Thomas Bancroft, as this poet tells us in his *Epigrams*, 4to. 1639: which Bancroft was of Swarston in Derbyshire, where his father and mother were buried, on whom he has an epitaph also, and an enigma on his birth-place. Shirley died in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, having been burnt out of his habitation in Fleet-street, in the great fire 1666."

"In his Dramatic Interlude, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles*, is the fine song, which old Bowman used to sing to K. Charles, and which he has often sung to me.

"The glories of our birth and state," &c.

and therein also the fine lines,

"Your heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."*

ART. CLXIII. *Pleasure's Vision; with Desert's Complaint: and a Short Dialogue of a Woman's properties, betweene an old man and a young. By Arthur Newman, of the Middle Temple, Gent. London, printed by G. E. for Thomas Bayly, and are to be sold at his shop in the middle-row in Holbourne, neere Staple Inne.* 1619. 12mo.

AN epistle dedicatory is inscribed to the right worshipfull and truly worthy Sir George Newman, Knight, and five copies of commendatory verses are

* See it in Percy's Reliques; and in Ellis's Specimens, III. 106

signatured, Marchadine Hunnis, Jo. Cookes, T. More, Pe. Lower, and G. Parre.

Of Arthur Newman no particulars appear to be known; but he is a writer who, from the brevity rather than the inferiority of his productions, may be deemed a minor poet. His verses are moral, harmonious, and pleasing; as will be shewn by the opening of *Desert's Complaint.*

"Late, wand'ring by a valley side
Where weeping streames did sadly glide,
Sith Sol's bright raies could not appeare
The place or ought therein to cheare,
I saw clad in a mourning weed
A man whose griefes my griefe did breed;
For desart desert there, alas!
Upon his brow ingraven was;
And coldly on cold earth he lay,
Like some fram'd picture of decay:
Or like an ancient monument
Which was erected, to prevent
Th' oblivion of some noble fact,
Which some dead worthy once did act,
And being ruin'd would inforce
All the spectators with remorce
To breath forth helples sighes, and then
To raile on time, and check those men
That let decay to disinherit
True worth of what it had by merit.
Thus did he lye, and like a swan
Dying, to ease his heart began
In sad laments to sing his woe,
And thus he, sighing, on did goe:—

" Where shall I runne? where shall I fly?
Where shall my plaints find remedy?
Where are mine ancient friends? and where
My followers that held me deare?
Where may my now-lost honors be?
Where is the time that favour'd me?
And where, and how, and what am I
That in this wretched state here lye?
Of former joys am I not reft,
And of the careles world quite left?
Are not my followers distrest,
Disdain'd, despis'd, poore and opprest?
Are not my chiefest friends all dead?
Are not my honors from me fled?
And is not strangely Time disguis'd?—
O yes; for by it I'm despis'd.
I am an out-cast, and dejected,
And see with griefe my rites neglected;
And many doe usurpe my place
Which me, themselves, and it deface;
And unto such I plainely see
The world doth give what's due to me:
If men despise and slight me so,
I cannot thinke where I may goe:
And what to do I know not, I,
Unlesse I cease to be, and dye.
I am not franticke, for I knowe
By sad experience of my woe,
My haplesse words are too too true;
Which they I feare too soon will rue.
If to the country I retire,
There dull and earthly minds require
Houses and acres, by which now
Desert is measur'd: therefore how

Can I, whom Fate hath seem'd t' ordaine
This reputation's want to 'plaine,
And all fraile outwards but to slight,
Of them crave favour, much less right?
Or my complaints and wrongs appease,
Since dull besotting error these
Doth so much blind, that they scarce see
The odds betweene the drone and bee?
And yet, if good on earth do dwell,
'Tis in a simple rusticke's cell."

The "dialogue of a Woman's properties," is conducted much after the plan of Sir John Davis's *Contention between a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid;* printed in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1611.*

T. P.

ART. CLXIV.—*The Curtaine Drawer of the World, or the Chamberlaine of that great Inne of Iniquity, where Vice in a rich embroidered gowne of veluet, rides a horse-backe like a Judge, and Vertue, in a thrid-bare cloake, full of patches goes a foote like a drudge. Where he that hath most money may be best merry, and he that hath none at all wants a friend he shal daily have cause to remember to grieue for. By W. Parks, Gentleman, and sometimes Student in Barnard's Inne.*

Trahit sua quemq; voluptas,
Attamen nocet empta dolore.

London, printed for Leonard Becket, and are to be sold at the Temple, neere to the Church, 1612. *4to. pp.* 62.

* See Censura, Vol. I. p. 164.

This volume has an address "to the reader," of 158 lines; then head-title "to this waxing, waning world, that sometimes hath bene better. To the riotous distempered, prodigious generation of her children, that never were worse. The world to her children." The work is interspersed with several pieces of poetry, and at the end "a meditation of the vanity of all vanity, shewing they are least wise that most use it," in heroic verse, of near seven pages.

ART. CLXV.—*Justa Funebria Ptolemæi Oxoniensis, Thomæ Bodleii Equitis aurati, celebrata in Academia Oxoniensi. Mensis Martii 29, 1613. 4to. Oxon.* 1613.

From this copious collection of funereal verses the five following copies are transcribed. The first, from the pen of Laud, who was afterwards archbishop of Canterbury; the second, third, and fourth, from that of Robert Burton, who wrote the Anatomy of Melancholy; and the fifth, in Greek, from the pen of Isaac Casaubon.

"Si sint vivaces hominum monumenta libelli,
Nomine si dignos Musa perire vetet:
Quàm famæ, (BODLEIE) tuæ, monumenta supersunt
Plurima? quamque tibi est debita longa dies!
Nec justum reor, ut mors, quæ tamen omnibus una
Dicitur, æquali sit tibi lege data.
Ergo mortalis quod vitæ fata negârunt,
Concèdet seræ posteritatis amor.
Et nova consurgens olim testabitur ætas,
Quam dignus fueris non potuisse mori.
GUIL. LAUD, *Sac. Theol. Doct. & Coll. Johan Præses.*"

" *In Bibliothecam Bodleianum.*

" Barbara Pyramidum silent miracula Memphis,
Aut olim quicquid Roma superba dedit;
Et Sophiæ templum Bizantia littora longe,
Jactare hinc cessent Justiniane tuum.
Ostentare suum Veneti, & Nidrosia templum
Desinat, aut Ædes Escoriale suas.
Argentina suas taceat Cremonaque turres,
Hispalis a Mauro coctile celet opus.
Omnis enim nostro cedat structura Lyceo,
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus."

" *Ad Bodleium.*

" Hic ubi triste Chaos quondam crassæque tenebræ
Cum blattis tineæ barbareisque fuit,
Aera per medium pendebat aranea filo,
Et fœdum visu, et nil nisi squalor erat.
Aurea resplendet nunc trabs, pictumque lacunar,
Luce novâ illustris Bibliotheca nitet.
Conspicui & varii pulchro stant ordine libri,
Disposita in classes quæque Camæna suas.—
Reddita Musa sibi est Bodlæ o Præside, fiunt
Deliciæ populi, quæ fuerant domini."

" *Ad Eundem.*

" Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara voce,
Ex quâ non librum Bibliotheca tenet?
Indus, Arabs, quicquid Græci, scripsere Latini,
Ethiopes, quicquid Persa Camœna dedit,
Aut olim Hebrœi, aut Syri, quodcunque Vetustas,
Galli, Itali, Hispani, quod nova lingua dedit:
Omnes Bodleius Thecam congessit in unam,
Mæcenatem uno te velut ore sonant,

Æternumque tuum resonabunt mænia nomen,
Mænia quæ sumptu sunt rediviva tuo.
Suavis odor famæ totum transibit in orbem,
Musa nequit mystæ non memor esse sui.
ROB. BURTON, *Art. Mag. ex Ædc Christ.*"

" Εις ΘΩΜΑΝ ΒΟΔΛΕΙΟΝ, Ιππεα επιφανεσταλον, ος την εν Οξονιᾳ Βιβλιοθηκην ανασκευασας, και αυξησας βιβλες αριθμᾳ χρειλες εις αυτην ανεθηκε.

" Τον μεγαν ενταυθοι μικρα χρονις αμφικαλυπλει
ΘΩΜΑΝ ΒΟΔΛΕΙΟΝ, τον μακαρεσσι φιλον,
Παιδοθενος μεγαλωσοφιης βεβολημενος οιστρω,
Ουποθ' εως κτεανων φεισατο, ς καματων.
Και δη λαμπροταλον καταγωγιον Οξονιησι
Μοισαις και Μοισεων δειμαμενος προ πολοις.
Εστα βιβλων γεμισας εξ αυτολιης δυσεωλε
Παντοδαπης γλωλτης, παντοδαπης ιδεας.
Κηδομενος παλων θησαυρον ον δ' ανεθηκε
Πασιν, λοις σοφιας εργα μετερχομενοις.
Διεγερου, στυ δε εν Διος ων, ενεργεσιαων
Νυν απεχεις μισθον, χ' α χαρις εκ αχαρις.
Ουνομα παρ περι πυστον, ιδε κλεος ερανομηκες
Εκ Μοισεων, παλων τ' ηρσο μεσοπολων.

ISAACUS CASAUBONUS scribebam in inclytâ Academiâ Oxoniensi, & in ipsâ Bibliotheca Bodleiana."

H. E.

ART. CLXVI.—*The Life and Death of Hector. One and the first of the most puissant, valiant, and*

renowned monarchies of the world, called the Nyne Worthies. Shewing his invincible force, together with the marvailous, and moste famous acts by him atchieved and done in the great, long, and terrible siege which the Princes of Greece held about the towne of Troy, for the space of tenne yeares. And finally his unfortunate death after hee had fought a hundred mayne battailes in open field against the Grecians: the which heerein is all at large described. Wherein there were slaine on both sides fourteene hundred, and sixe thowsand, fourscore, and sixe men. Written by John Lidgate, Monke of Berry, and by him dedicated to the high and mighty Prince Henrie the Fift, King of England. At London printed by Thomas Purfoot. 1614.* *Folio. pp.* 318. *Double columns.*

In the preceding article the works of a popular poet, universally sought for, being construed from the language of a sister kingdom into the vernacular tongue, for more general comprehension and accommodation of the English reader, seem a consistent labour, and the editor probably invited to it by the public voice: but in the present article a poem

* This title is in the centre of a wood cut, size of the page, the royal arms in an arch at top, with head, border of roses, and thistles; at the corners the four quarters of the globe represented with usual names and animals on escutcheons; on pedestals of each side whole-length figures of "Wisedome" and "Science." In a small compartment at top the figure of Fame, and in another at the bottom the author in his study writing, table, books, &c. Q. If same ornament was not used by an earlier printer, and described by Herbert; in whose work it cannot be easily referred to, from the want of a more copious index?

printed above a century, with a subsequent edition, not simply modernized, but transposed, and new modelled, from the heroic couplet into six-line stanzas, extending to the incredible number of above thirty thousand lines,† appears the most extraordinary instance of useless patience, unwearied perseverance, and distorted taste in an editor that can be recorded in our language, for which scarce any popularity of the author could furnish a reasonable pretence.

The poem was first printed by Pinson, in 1513, under the title of "The hystory, sege, and dystruccyon of Troy;" again by Marshe in 1555. These editions supplied all demands of the public until the regeneration in the present article, which commences with "The Epistle as it was dedicated vnto the high and mightie Prince Henry the Fift," consisting of thirteen seven-line stanzas; then follows,

"*Lenvoy.*

"Go forth, my booke, vaild with the princely grace
Of him, that is extold for excellence
Throughout the world, but do not shew thy face,
Without support of his magnificence:
And who so ere against thee takes offence,
Bee thou not stubborn with presumption;

† The following analysis of this perversion of genius may be worth preserving.

Book 1 contains 9 chapters, 799 stanzas.
2.....12.....1419
3..... 7..... 967
4..... 7..... 1241
5..... 3..... 599

6025 6-line stanzas.

But see thou arme thyselfe with patience,
And gently yeeld to their correction."

" *The Translator to his booke.*

" And sith thou art not limb'd with trees nor flowers
Of eloquence, but clad in white and blacke;
Thou must prepare thyselfe t'abide the showers,
Of them that of dislike occasion take:
And when thou likeliest art to go to wracke,
Seeme not gainst them thine error to defend;
But rather yeeld a little and give backe,
And pray them, that they will thy faults amend."

These lines may be found in Herbert, p. 258, and shew the harmony of versification possessed by the editor, or demi-author.

The following is part of the invocation to the Muse from " The Preface to the Reader," in fifty-six six-line stanzas.

" For thou art sayd of rhetoricke to beare
The onely praise, and patronesse for skill,
And eke of musicke; pleasant to the care,
Thou canst direct each instrument at will:
Deny not then, sweet Muse, thy ayd to mee,
And I shall rest beholding vnto thee.

Els will the clowds of ignorance enclose,
And round encampe my wits that are so bare,
And cause the rude (to poets vtter foes)
To laugh at me: But, such as learned are,
I will intreat what faults so ere they find,
To winke thereat, and keepe them in their mind.

And if that in my verses I have err'd,
(As no man but may erre what ere he be)

I must confesse I never yet deseru'd
To haue the praise for excellent poetrie.
For God he knowes when I this worke began,
I did it not for praise of any man."

It was to please the humour of his princely patron, on whom follows a heavy eulogium. The translation is described, I conceive, as having been begun in October 1412, with a minute detail of the altitude of Phœbus, the aspect of Lucina, &c. and at the conclusion of the volume appears to have been finished about March 1421, the eighth year being complete of Henry V. During this period, rather exceeding eight years, Lidgate translated a work, that had been the theme of Homer, Ovid, and Virgil, (who are respectively censured as wandering from the truth,) from a clark that wrote "true, just, and well, Guydo of Columpna," who did not neglect or alter the meaning of any one sentence of "Ditus and of Dares;" but which only establishes the truth of Shenstone's observation, that "a person of a pedantic turn will spend five years in translating, and contending for the beauties of a worse poem, than he might write in five weeks himself."

The name of Chaucer will sanction the concluding with a further extract.

"Chawcer, that my master was, and knew
What did belong to writing verse or prose,
Ne're stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
With scornefull eie the workes and bookes of those
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
At any man, to feare him or to daunt
His courage in that kind of exercise:
But rather vse their weakness to support,

And as he was well learned and very wise,
And able to instruct and to exhort
Such as did use to write, would winke and smile
At faults, and yet say nothing all the while.

So that if to describe him I should striue,
I must needs say (unless from truth I varry)
That neuer any man as yet did liue
Vntil this day, that worthy was to carry
His inkhorne in respect of poetrie:
But if within this land or realme there be

Such men as able be his steps to trace;
To them it is that I direct my booke,
And wholy to their skills referre my case,
With their judiciall eies thereon to looke:
Beseeching them to mend what is a mis,
And t'adde, or to diminish all that is

Superfluous, or else wanting. And although
They find therein no phrases that are new,
Nor eloquence (as they suppose) enough,
Yet I do hope that they shall find all true
In substance as mine author wrote the same,
Wherein I know I shall incurre no blame."

J. H.

ART. CLXVII. *The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets. Never before in any language truely translated, with a comment upon some of his chief places: Done according to the Greek by George Chapman.* At London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter. Fol.* An engraved Title-page by Wil-

* Seven Books were first printed by John Windet, 1608.

liam Hole, with figures of Achilles and Hector, &c.*

The Odysses of Homer. By the same. Printed at London. Fol. 1614, or thereabouts.

The Iliads and Odysses of Homer. Translated out of Greek into English, by Tho. Hobbes of Malmsbury. With a large Preface concerning the vertues of an Heroick Poem: written by the Translator. The Second Edition. London: Printed for Will. Crook, at the Green Dragon without Temple Barre. 1677. *Sm.* 8*vo.*

Homer's Odysses, by the same, &c. as before.

For a critical account of Chapman's version of Homer, the reader is referred to Warton's History of Poetry, III. 441. I will insert a few lines of the beginning, that it may be compared with Hobbes's.

" Achilles banefull wrath resound, O Goddesse that impos'd
Infinite sorrowes on the Greekes, and many brave soules los'd
From breasts heroique: sent them farre to that inviaible cave,
That no light comforts; and their lims to dogs and vultures gave.
To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom, first strife begun
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike sonne.
What God gave Eris their command, and on't that fighting veine?
Jove's and Latona's son, who fir'd against the king of men,
For contumely shewn his priest, infectious sickness sent
To plague the army, and to death by troopes the soldiers went.
Occasion'd thus, Chryses the priest came to the fleet to buy,
For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's liberty.

* This title is copied from Warton; the Editor's copy wanting the title-page.

The golden scepter, and the crown of Phœbus in his hands
Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the commands
Of both th' Atrides, who most rul'd. Great Atreus' sonnes (said he)
And all ye wel-greev'd Greeks, the gods, whose habitations be
In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priam's razed towne;
And grant ye happy conduct home: to win which wisht renown
Of Jove, by honouring his sonne (far shooting Phœbus) daine
For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chaine
Of my lov'd daughter's servitude. The Greekes entirely gave
Glad acclamations, for signe, that their desires would have
The grave priest reverénc'd, and his gifts, of so much prize embrac'd.
The generall yet bore no such minde, but viciously disgrac'd
With violent termes, the priest, and said; doterd, avoid our fleet,
Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning feet
Let ever visite us againe, lest nor thy godhead's crowne,
Nor scepter save thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne,
Till age deflour her. In our court at Argos (farre transfer'd
From her lov'd country) she shall ply her web, and see prepar'd
(With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more;
But, (if thou wilt be safe) be gone."

The same, by Hobbs..

"O goddess, sing what woe the discontent
Of Thetis' son brought to the Greeks; what souls
Of heroes down to Erebus it sent,
Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls;
Whilst the two princes of the army strove,
King Agamemnon and Achilles stout;
That so it should be was the will of Jove.
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo; who, incensed by the wrong
To his priest Chryses by Atrides done,
Sent a great pestilence the Greeks among;
Apace they di'd, and remedy was none.
For Chryses came unto the Argive fleet,
With treasure great his daughter to redeem;
And having in his hand the ensignes meet,
That did the priestly dignity beseem,

A golden scepter and a crown of bays,
Unto the princes all made his request;
But to the two Atrides chiefly prays,
Who of the Argive army were the best.
O sons of Atreus, may the gods grant you
A safe return from Troy with victory;
And you on me compassion may shew,
Receive these gifts, and set my daughter free;
And have respect to Jove's and Leto's son.
To this the princes all gave their consent,
Except King Agamemnon. He alone,
And with sharp language from the fleet him sent;
Old man, said he, let me not see you here
Now staying, or returning back again,
For fear the golden scepter which you bear,
And chaplet hanging on it, prove but vain.
Your daughter shall to Argos go far hence,
And make my bed, and labour at the loom;
And take heed you no further me incense,
Lest you return not safely to your home."

In contrast to these, I take the liberty of inserting an extract from a very modern specimen * of a translation of the Iliad, by a man of very high intellectual powers and attainments

A modern specimen.

"The stern resentment of Achilles, son
Of Peleus, Muse record,—dire source of woe;
Which caus'd unnumber'd ills to Greece, and sent
Many brave souls of heroes to the shades
Untimely, and their bodies gave a prey
To dogs and every ravenous bird: so will'd

* *Specimen of an English Homer in Blank Verse. London for T. Payne, &c.* 8vo. 1807. By Mr. Dunster.

The all-ruling providence of Jove, when first
In fierce dissension strove the king of men,
Atrides, and Achilles, goddess born.
What power their fury urg'd to fatal deeds?
Jove's and Latona's son.—He, by the King
Offended, a destroying pestilence sent
Among the host: the people victims fell:
And this, because Atrides dar'd insult
Chryses, his priest. To the swift ships of Greece
He came with costly ransom to redeem
His captive daughter: in his hands he bore
The ensigns of Apollo, Archer-god,
His wreath and golden sceptre. Much he sued
To all the Greeks, but chief his prayer address'd
To Atreus' sons, joint leaders of the host:
'Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks!
O may the gods, who on Olympus dwell,
Grant you the city of Priam to lay waste,
And home return triumphant. But to me
Release my much-lov'd daughter, and these gifts
Accept, in reverence of the power I serve,
Apollo, son of Jove, the Archer-god.'
The other Greeks at once, with loud acclaim,
Fully consent to reverence the priest,
And to accept the splendid gifts.—Not so
The son of Atreus, Agamemnou; much
The popular vote displeased him, and with scorn
The suppliant thus repulsing stern he spake:
'Beware, old man, lest midst our hollow ships
Now loitring, or again returning back,
I find thee, or that sceptre which thou bear'st,
And thy god's chaplet will avail thee nought.
Her I will not release: no, let old age
Find her, far distant from her native soil,

Still in my court at Argos doom'd to ply
The shuttle, or my couch submiss to tend.
Begone, then! nor provoke me more to wrath;
But, while thou may'st in safety, hie thee hence!"

As Chapman has translated the Odyssey in a more modern measure, I cannot refrain from giving a specimen of that also.

Extract from the First Book of the Odyssey by Chapman.

"The Man, O Muse, informe, that many a way,
Wound with his wisedome to his wished stay.
That wander'd wondrous farre, when he the towne
Of sacred Troy had sackt and shiver'd downe.
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions
He saw and knew. At sea felt many woes;
Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrowes
Himselfe and friends, in their retreate for home.
But so their fates he could not overcome,
Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
They perisht by their own impieties,
That in their hunger's rapine would not shunne
The oxen of the loftie-going sunne:
Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,
Tell us, as others, deified seed of Jove.
Now all the rest that austere death outstrove,
At Troy's long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;
Only Ulysses is deni'de accesse
To wife and home. The grace of goddesses,
The reverend nymph Calypso did detaine

Him in her caves: past all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse.
And when the gods had destin'd that his house,
Which Ithaca on her rough bosom beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his haven, Contention still extends
Her envie to him, even amongst his friends.
All gods took pitie on him: onely he
That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,
Divine Ulysses ever did envie,
And made the fix'd port of his birth to flie."

The same, by Hobbs.

" Tell me, O Muse, th' adventures of the man,
That having sack'd the sacred town of Troy,
Wand'red so long at sea; what course he run,
By winds and tempests driven from his way:
That saw the cities and the fashions knew
Of many men, but suffer'd grievous pain
To save his own life, and bring home his crew;
Though for his crew all he could do was vain.
They lost themselves by their own insolence,
Feeding, like fools, on the sun's sacred kine.
Which did the splendid deity incense
To their dire fate. Begin, O Muse Divine!
The Greeks from Troy were all returned home,
All that the war and winds had spar'd, except
The discontent Ulysses onely; whom
In hollow caves the nymph Calypso kept.
But when the years and days were come about,
Wherein was woven his return by fate
To Ithaca, (but neither there without
Great pain) the gods then pitied his estate,

All saving Neptune, who did never cease
To hinder him from reaching his own shore,
And persecute him still upon the seas
Till he got home. Then troubled him no more."

George Chapman died 1634, aged seventy-seven. Hobbes died Dec. 4, 1679, æt. ninety-two. It has been very justly observed that Hobbes's poetry is below criticism.*

Of the Sonnets at the end of Chapman's Homer, which are not so despicable as they have been represented by some critics, I will give two specimens.

" *To the most grave and honored Temperer of Law and Equity the Lord Chancellor,*† *&c.*

" That poesie is not so remov'd a thing
From grave administry of publike weales,
As these times take it, heare this poet sing,
Most judging Lord, and see how he reveales
The mysteries of rule, and rules to guide
The life of man, through all his choicest waies.
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applyed
For poesie's idle name, because her raies
Have shin'd through greatest counsellors and kings.
Heare royall Hermes sing th' Egyptian lawes
How Solon, Draco, Zoroaster sings
Their lawes in verse; and let their just applause
(By all the world given) yours by us allow;
That since you grace all vertue, honour you."

* To these old translations I might have added, that of the indefatigable book-maker John Ogilby, of which the Iliad was published about 1658, and the Odyssey, 1664. Wood says, that James Shirley was one of his drudges in these translations. John Ogilby was born near Edinburgh, 1600, and died in London, Sept. 4, 1676.

† Lord Ellesmere.

"*To the Happy Starre, discovered in our Sydnean Asterisme, comfort of learning, sphere of all the vertues, the Lady Wrothe.*

'When all our other starres set in their skies,
To vertue, and all honour of her kinde,
That you, rare Lady, should so clearly rise,
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your minde.
And let true reason and religion try
If it be fancie, not judicial right,
In you t' oppose the time's apostacie,
To take the soule's parte, and her saving light,
While others blinde and burie both in sense,
When 'tis the only end for which all live.
And could those soules, in whom it dies, dispense
As much with their religion, they would give
That as small grace. Then shun their course, fair Star,
And still keepe your way pure and circular."*

ART. CLXVIII. *Follie's Anatomie: or Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams. With a compendious history of Ixion's Wheele. Compiled by Henry Hutton, Dunelmensis. London: Printed for Mathew Walbanke, and are to be sold at Graies-Inne Gate.* 1619. 12*mo.*

HENRY HUTTON, we are informed by Wood,† was born in the county palatine of Durham, of an

* Phillips, in his Theatrum, records this lady thus: "Lady Mary Wroth, the wife of Sir Robert Wroth, an emulatress perhaps of Philip Sidney's Arcadia, by her *Urania*, a poetical history of the same nature, but much inferior in fame." She was niece to Sir Philip. See *Restituta*.

† Athen. Oxon. I. 450.

ancient and genteel family, passed some time at Oxford, either as an *hospes* or *qularian*, but minding the smooth parts of poetry and romance more than logic, departed it seems without a degree. His only publication is the present, which commences with verses to the reader, "upon the author his kinsman," by R. H. Verses by the author "Ad Lectores," and "to the worthily honor'd Knight, Sir Timothy Hutton." Nine satires follow: the first of which thus glances at the "Abuses stript and Whipt" of Geo. Wither, written probably in 1611,* though not published till 1613. They have been fully noticed in a preceding article of this volume.

"I urge no time with *Whipt stript Satyrs* lines,
With Furie's† scourge whipping depraved times:
My Muse (tho' fraught) with such shall not begin
T' uncase, unlace, the centinell of sin," &c.

The characteristics of a bravado or town-gallant are thus given.

* This probability I gather from the following passage, in Wither's "Warning-piece to London, discharged out of a loop-hole in the Tower;" and written in 1662.

"In *sixteen hundred ten and one*,
I notice took of public crimes;
With mine own faults I first begun,
Observ'd the changes of the times,
And what God had on me bestown,
Employed for the common good;
Therein I sought to find mine own,
Which was so oft misunderstood,
That I, for being so employ'd,
Have been three times nigh quite destroy'd."

† In some editions of Wither's "Abuses Stript and Whipt," the print of a Satyr occurs with a scourge, and is called *Vice's Executioner*.

" Compile a sonnet of your Mistrisse' glove,
Copy some odes, t' expresse conceited love:
Ride with your sweet-heart in a hackney coach,
Pick quarrells for her sake, set fraies on broach:
Use Musick's harmony, which yields delight,
Under your ladies window in the night.—
Black-friers, or the palace-garden* Beare,
Are subjects fittest to content your eare.
An amorous discourse, a poet's wit,
Doth humor best your melancholy fit.
The globe to-morrow acts a pleasant play;
In hearing it, consume the irkesome day.
Goe take a pipe of *To:* the crowded stage
Must needs be graced with you and your page;
Sweare for a place with each controlling foole,
And send your hackney-servant for a stoole."

To, is Tobacco, as again appears in his account of a tippling poetaster.

" Give him a cup of ale, a pipe of To,
And let him to his private study go.
Hee'l breake a jest when he has drunk a glasse,
Which shall for currant 'mongst the tapsters passe;
And rime to any word you can propound,
Although a metre for it nere were found;
Write panegyricks in the praise of's friend,
Make compleat verses on his fingers' end.
He has a subject he did late invent,
Will shame the riming sculler, Jack a Lent:†

* Qu. Paris-garden? A noted place for bear-baiting, near the Globe theatre in Southwark.

† " Jack a-Lent his beginning and entertainment," &c. was one of the multitudinous skits of John Taylor, the Water-poet.

'Tis writ in print; perhaps you'l see't anon,
'Twas made of Robin Hood and Little John;
'Twil be discover'd er't be long, and lye
Under the bottome of a pippin-pye."

The following lines in the same satire refer to Sir John Harrington's "Metamorphosis of Ajax,"* alias *a Jakes.*

"Jack out of office wee ere long shall finde
Ith' house of office, being mew'd, confinde;
Well though it be, yet for the Muses' sakes
Hee'l pen a pithie tractate of *A-jax:*
I wish he would reserve A-jax in minde;
'Twill serve but for A-jax, and come behinde."

I proceed to give a few selected specimens of the satirical Epigrams, which are in number 60.

"*Malsters ill measure. Ep. 3.*

"Such Malsters, as ill measure sell for gaine,
Are not mere knaves, but also *knaves in grain.*"

"*De Equisone. Ep. 4.*

"Can Equiso be wavering as the winde?
Faith, no: 'for he is of a *stable* kind."

"*An action of the cdse.*

"Shouldring a minstrell in a lane, I broke
His violl's case by an unlucky stroke;
Who swore he would complain to vent his grudge:
And what care I what any law will judge:
For why?—I will maintaine it, face to face,
'T can be no more but th' *action of the case.*"

* This very laughable but indelicate piece of pleasantry, was printed in 1596, and occasioned such displeasure in the royal circle, that the author was forbid the court for writing it. Vide Nugæ Antiquæ, I. xii.

" *Ep.* 17.

" A cuckold is a dangerous beast. Why so?
Nam cornu ferit ille: caveto."

" *De Vinoso. Ep.* 18.

" Vinosus is a verbe, his person's good,
And must be form'd in the *potential* mood;
In which sole mood we find each drunken man:
For commonly they're known by the sign *can.*"

" *De Conspicilio. Ep.* 29.

" An aged man which spectacles did use,
Having them filcht, begun one time to muse,
Fearing the thiefe would not his sights restore,
But rather plot how to deceive him more.
" Feare not, said one, the matter is but light,
And ten to one, but they will *come to sight.*"

The following turn from Martial has been very similarly rendered by Harington and by Prior.

" *In Lesbiam. Ep.* 38.

" The sanguine dye of Lesbia's painted face
Is often argued for a doubtful case:
The color's her's she swears; (not so some thought it)
And true she swears: for I know where she bought it."

" *De Milone. Ep.* 49.

" Milo doth vaunt he's strong, and yet contends,
To take the wall of open foes and friends.
Then sure he's weake who will in discord fall
For it; sith none but *weakest go to th' wall.*"

" *In Gulam. Ep.* 60.

" Base Gula, with his teeth and nails doth teare
The commons which he eateth any where:

Now we may say—what Gula doth assayle,
He will accomplish it with *tooth and nail.*"

"Ixion's Wheele" is the well-known mythological fiction drily versified. A single stanza will serve to shew the metre and the author's prodigal use of legal terms in the courts of the Muses.

"Suppose that earth impannel'd a *grand quest,*
And that the *barre of law* should reach this *act:*
It would be thought a *quære* at the best,
Sith *affidavit* of our conceal'd fact
Could not be made, whiles of each god's known shame
A sempiternall *probate* shall remaine."

The volume is closed by a "postscript to the affecting printer:" but, as the book is scarce, I have already given such parts of it as will best endure transcription. T. P.

ART. CLXIX. *Certain Selected Odes of Horace, Englished; and their Arguments annexed. With poems, antient and modern, of divers subjects, translated. Whereunto are added, both in Latin and English, sundry new Epigrammes, Anagrammes, Epitaphes. London. Printed by H. L. for Richard Moore; and are to be solde at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleetstreet.* 1621. *4to. pp.* 96.

THIS early translation of part of Horace, of which copies do not frequently occur, was by JOHN ASHMORE, as appears by the dedication and commendatory verses. Of the personal history of the translator I know nothing. He seems to have belonged

either to Yorkshire or Cheshire, by the names which are recorded in his book.

The Odes translated are Lib. I. Odes 1, 5, 13, 22, 23, 26. Lib. II. Odes 10, 14, 16, 18. Lib. III. Odes 9, 30. Lib. IV. Odes 3, 7, 8. Epode 2. I will give one specimen, which I select as the shortest.

"*Ad Melpomenen.* (Lib. IV. Ode 3.)

Whose birth Melpomeney
Thou smiling look'st upon,
No toyle in Isthmos him can make
A famous champion.

No stately steeds shall draw,
Contending for the prize,
His conquering charet going on
With joyfull shouts and cryes.

Nor good successe in warre
To th' Capitoll him brings
Adorn'd with bayes, because the threats
He batter'd of proud kings.

But waters that their course
By fertill Tiber take,
And woods with leaves thick-clad shall him
Renown'd by verses make.

The Gallants of great Rome
Amongst the crue recite me
Of lovely poets: Envie now,
With venim split, less bites me.

O Muse, that guid'st the strings
Of the sweet warbling lute;
O thou, that, if thou wilt, canst give
Swans notes to fishes mute!

It's thy free gift, that me
Her Poet Rome doth call:
It's by thee, that I breath, and please,
If ought I please at all."

At p. 29 is the following new title-page. *Epigrammes, Epitaphes, Anagrammes, and other Poems of divers subjects; in Latine and English. London. Printed, &c. as before.*

This is followed by the ensuing dedicatory verses to Sir George Calvert, [afterwards Lord Baltimore.]

" Excerptos variis ex hortis undique flores,
Naribus afflantes qui placuere meis,
Eque meo paucos collectos nuper agello
Connexosque, unum in do tibi fasciculum:
Queis si læta tui spiraverit aura favoris,
(Ambrosii quæ illis roris ad instar erit,)
Mista rosis noster calathis tibi lilia plenis
Hortus, et hyberno tempore, pulchra dabit."

The first of the poems is " A Speech made to the King's Majestie comming in his Progress to Rippon, the 15 of Aprill 1617, in the person of Mercurie." The rest are principally short addresses or epigrams to several of the author's patrons and friends, except a few more translations at the end, dedicated to Sir Thomas Wharton, son and heir of Philip Lord Wharton. The principal of which is " The Praise of a Country Life" from the second book of Virgil's Georgics. I will transcribe the last, not

only because it is short, but because it has some poetical merit.

Ex M. Antonio Flaminio, ad Agellum suum. Sic incipit "Umbræ frigidulæ," &c.

"Cool shades, air-fanning groves,
With your soft whisperings,
Where Pleasure smiling roves
Through dewy caves and springs,
And bathes her purple wings:

With flowers enamel'd ground,
Nature's fair tapestry,
Where chattering birds abound,
Flickering from tree to tree
With change of melody:

Sweet Liberty and Leisures,
Where still the Muses keep,
O! if to those true treasures,
That from your bosoms peep,
I might securely creep:

If I might spend my days,
Remote from public brawls,
Now tuning lovely lays,
Now light-foot madrigals,
Ne'er check'd with sudden calls:

Now follow Sleep that goes
Rustling i' th' greenwood shade!
Now milk my goat, that knows
With her young fearful cade,
The pail i' th' cooly glade;

And with bowls fill'd to th' brims
Of milky moisture new,

To water my dried limbs,
And t' all the wrangling crew
Of Cares to bid adieu!

What life then should I lead!
How like then would it be
Unto the gods, that tread
I' th' starry gallery
Of true felicity!

But you, O virgins sweet,
In Helicon that dwell,
That oft the fountains greet,
When you the pleasures tell,
I' th' country that excell!

If I my life, though dear,
For your far dearer sake,
To yeild would nothing fear;
From city's tumults take me,
And free i' th' country make me!"

After this there are still appended six pages, of small translations, with a dedication to Sir Richard Hutton, Judge of the Common Pleas.

Sir Thomas Hawkins of Nash, in the parish of Boughton Blean, Kent, published a Translation of Horace's Odes, in 1638.*

ART. CLXX. *The most Elegant and Witty Epigrams of Sir John Harington, Knight, digested into four bookes.*

Fama bonum quo non felicius ullum.

* Wood's Ath. II. 268.

London. Printed by T. S. for John Budge, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1625. *Sm.* 8*vo. not paged, but ends with sign. M.*

It seems that this collection had been already published in 1618; and it was appended to the third edition * of the Translation of "Orlando Furioso," in 1634, fol. but the fourth book had before been printed by itself in 4to. in 1615.

Sir John Harington was born 1561, and died at his seat at Kelston, near Bath, in 1612, aged 51. The Nugæ Antiquæ, which have been lately re-edited with so much elegance, and so much erudite industry, have so fully brought back his memory to the public notice, that it would be superfluous for me to repeat the circumstances of his life or character.

The epigrams, it must be confessed, although they appear to have once enjoyed some reputation, possess no poetical merit. They are flat, colloquial, rhymes, of that low tone, above which it seems to have been difficult for the genius of Harington to rise. But they may still be perused with some in-

* The first edition of this translation was printed in 1591 by Richard Field, fol. The title of the third edition is this: "*Orlando Furioso in English Heroical Verse. By Sir John Harington, of Bathe, Knight. Now thirdly revised and amended, with the addition of the author's Epigrams.*

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. Horace.

London. Printed by G. Miller for J. Parker, 1634. *Fol.*

This is an engraved title page, at the bottom of which is the poet's portrait, "æt. suæ 30, primo Augusti, 1591."

terest by the antiquary, the biographer, and the investigator of ancient manners, and customs; like those of Sir Aston Cokayne, which contain numerous cotemporary notices of his friends, neighbours and acquaintance. For this reason, I shall transcribe a few specimens.

The volume is dedicated to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in which it is said, by the publisher, (for it must be recollected that it was posthumous) "if in poetry, heraldry were admitted, he would be found in happiness of wit near allied to the great Sidney: yet but near; for the Apix of the Cœlum Empyrium is not more inaccessible than is the height of Sydney's poesy, which by imagination we may approach, by imitation never attain to."

EPIGR. 42. B. I.

An Epitaph in commendation of George Turberville, a learned gentleman.

"When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd,
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, tho' from thy corpse dissever'd;
There high in bliss, here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving;
My pen doth praise thee dead; thine grac'd me living."

EPIGR. 73. B. I.

Of his Translation of Ariosto.

"I spent some years, and months, and weeks, and days,
In Englishing the Italian Ariost;

And strait some offer'd epigrams in praise
Of that my thankless pains, and fruitless cost,
But while this offer did my spirits raise,
And that I told my friend thereof in post;
He disapprov'd the purpose many ways,
And with this proverb prov'd it labour lost:
Good ale doth need no sign; good wine no bush;
Good verse of praisers needs not pass a rush."

EPIGR. 36. B. II.

To Dr. Harvey, of Cambridge.

"The Proverb says, 'Who fights with dirty foes,
Must needs be foil'd, admit they win or lose.'
Then think it doth a doctor's credit dash
To make himself antagonist to Nash!"*

EPIGR. 64. B. II.

To Master Bastard,† a Minister, that made a pleasant Book of English Epigrams.

"Though dusty wits of this ungrateful time,
Carp at thy book of Epigrams, and scoff it,
Yet wise men know, to mix the sweet with profit
Is worthy praise, not only void of crime.
Then let not envy stop thy vein of rhyme;
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it:
A poet is one step unto a prophet;
And such a step as 'tis no shame to climb.

You must in pulpit treat of matters serious;
As best beseems the person, and the place;

* The celebrated Tom Nash, who had a long quarrel with Gabriel Harvey.

† Thomas Bastard, see CENS. LIT. Vol. II, p. 123.

There preach of faith, repentance, hope, and grace;
Of sacraments, and such high things mysterious:
But they are too severe, and too imperious,
That unto honest sports will grant no space.
For these our minds refresh when those weary us,
And spur our doubled spirit to swifter pace.

The wholesom'st meats, that are, will breed satiety,
Except we should admit of some variety.
In musick notes must be some high, some base.
And this I note, your verses have intendment,
Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,
To work in men's ill manners good amendment.
Wherefore if any think such verse unseasonable,
Their stoic minds are foes to good society,
And men of reason may think them unreasonable:
It is an act of virtue and of piety,
To warn us of our sins in any sort,
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport."

EPIGR. 26. B. III.

In commendation of Master Lewknor's Sixth Description of Venice. Dedicated to Lady Warwick, 1595.

"Lo; here's describ'd, though but in little room,
Fair Venice, like a spouse in Neptune's arms;
For freedom, emulous to ancient Rome,
Famous for counsel much, and much for arms:
Whose story, erst written with Tuscan quill,
Lay to our English wits as half conceal'd,
Till Lewknor's learned travel and his skill
In well grac'd stile and phrase hath it reveal'd.
Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame;
England, be kind, enrich'd with such a book;

Both give due honour to that noble dame,
For whom this task the writer undertook."

EPIGR. 47. B. III.

In praise of the Countess of Derby, married to the Lord Chancellor.*

"This noble Countess lived many years
With Derby one of England's greatest Peers;
Fruitful and fair, and of so clear a name,
That all this region marvell'd at her fame.
But this brave Peer, extinct by hasten'd fate,
She stay'd, ah! too, too long! in widow's state;
And in that state took so sweet state upon her,
All ears, eyes, tongues, heard, saw, and told her honour;
Yet finding this a saying full of verity,
'Tis hard to have a patent of prosperity.'
She found her wisest way, and safe to deal,
Was to consort with him that kept the seal."

EPIG. 6. B. IV.

Of the Wars in Ireland.

"I prais'd the speech, but cannot now abide it!
The War is sweet to those that have not tried it:
For I have prov'd it now, and plainly see 't,
It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.
At home Canary wines and Greek grow loathsome;
Here milk is nectar, water tasteth toothsome.
There without bak'd, roast, boil'd, it is no cheer:
Biscuit we like, and bonny Clabo here.
There we complain of one rare roasted chick;

* Alice widow of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, daughter of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe, remarried to Lord Chancellor Egerton.

Here meat, worse cooked, never makes us sick.
At home in silken sparvers, beds of down,
We scant can rest, but still toss up and down;
Here we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow,
A hedge the curtain; canopy a willow.
There if a child but cry, O what a spite!
Here we can brook three larums in one night!
There homely rooms must be perfum'd with roses,
Here match and powder ne'er offends our noses;
There from a storm of rain we run like pullets,
Here we stand fast against a shower of bullets.
Lo! then how greatly their opinions err,
That think there is no great delight in war!
But yet for this, sweet War, I'll be thy debtor;
I shall for ever love my home the better."

ART. CLXXI. *The First Five Bookes of Ovid's Metamorphosis. Second Edition. Imprinted for W. B.* 1621. 16*mo.* *pp.* 141, *besides Introduction.*

THIS edition of the translation of Ovid by GEO. SANDYS, is unnoticed in all the lists of his works. The title is engraved on a curtain, supported by two flying Cupids; above the curtain, Venus lying on a couch of clouds, holding a burning heart, attended with doves and the god of love, and below a full assembly of the heathen deities. "Fr. Delaram, sculp." A head of Ovid in an oval, with verses beneath, as in the folios. "Ovid defended," is the only article prefixed to this edition, which has a trifling variance from the subsequent ones, as giving

for "Ovid's selfe-censure," a translation of the concluding lines of lib. 15.

Ovid's Metamorphosis, Englished by G. S. Imprinted at London MDCXXVI. Cum Privilegio. Col. *London: Printed by William Stansby,* 1626. *pp.* 326, *preface, &c. Fol.*

This is the first folio edition, and contains the dedication to Prince Charles, King, &c. Marshall's head of Ovid, his life and defence, and the Metamorphosis. The title is engraved in compartments incidental to the work, and the design served for the edition of 1632, but Savery's engraving is executed in a very superior style.

The edition of 1632 has a second title as given in the following article. "Imprinted at Oxford by John Lichfield, &c." At the back, "The minde of the frontispiece and argument of this worke," in verse. Then follows the dedication * to the King, and panegyrics on him and the Queen, as has already been described; next succeeding, is an address to the reader. "Since it should be the principall end in publishing of bookes, to informe the understanding, direct the will, and temper the affections, in this *second edition* of my translation, I have attempted (with what successe I submit to the reader) to collect out of sundrie authors the philosophicall sense of these fables of Ovid; if I may call them his, when most of them are more ancient than any extant

* The unfortunate circumstances of Charles, afterwards made the writer's general positions seem personal.

author, or perhaps than letters themselves. I have also endeavoured to cleare the historicall part, by tracing the almost worne-out steps of antiquitie; wherein the sacred stories afford the clearest direction.—To the translation I have given what perfection my pen could bestow; by polishing, altering, or restoring, the harsh, improper, or mistaken, with a nicer exactnesse then perhaps is required in so long a labour. * I have also added marginall notes, for illustration and ease of the meere English reader—And for thy farther delight, I have contracted the substance of every booke into as many figures (by the hand of a rare workman, and as rarely performed, if our judgements may be led by theirs, who are masters among us in that faculty) since there is betweene poetry and picture so great a congruitie, the one called by Simonides *a speaking picture*, and the other *a silent poesie*."

This volume is too well known to require further extracts from; it contains the fifteen books of Ovid and first of Virgil; a work he "gave over even in the first entrance," but "published this assay in tender of obedience to soveraigne commaund."

A portrait of Sandys was published in Nash's History of Worcestershire, and since copied into the Gentleman's Magazine, with "Brief Memoirs;" having the well-known initials of the respectable editor, Mr. Nichols.

Dryden pronounced him the best versifier of the age; and Mr. Pope declared, in his notes to the Iliad, that English poetry owed much of its present

* The alterations of the text in the first five books are very few.

beauty to his translations.* His account of Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, has since been amply confirmed.

Of the edition, dated 1621, I have never seen any other copy than the one above described. The date of the first edition of the five books yet remains to be ascertained.†

Ovid's Metamorphoses Englished, mythologized, and represented in figures. An Essay to the Translation of Virgil's Æneis. By G. S. (George Sandys.) London: Printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bell in St. Paul's Church Yard, MDCXL. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum hanc Ovidii Translationem.

This work is dedicated to Charles I. and concludes with saying, "Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and glory of your people: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall diadem for an immortall." A panegyric to the King, in verse, follows consisting of upwards of sixty lines; and after that an address, also in verse, from "Urania to the Queene," of about the same length. There is also a short life of Ovid and a defence of him. The translation is in folio, and accompanied with copious notes, collected from various authors, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, and displaying a great deal of knowledge and good sense. The engravings are the originals, from which those were

* Sewell, who followed Sandys in the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, confesses that he was indebted to him for some lines which he despaired of translating better. *Editor.*

† Ovid's Metamorphosis by Geo. Sandys, *eighth* edit. 1690, 8vo.

reduced, which are prefixed to each book of the later translation of the Metamorphoses by Creech, &c. printed in 12mo. in 1717; but in the edition of 1751, the prints are different and much better. As a short specimen of his translation of a celebrated passage, I insert a few lines from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe in the fourth book.

" Now she who could not yet her feare remove,
Returnes, for feare to disappoint her love.
Her eager spirit seekes him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her escap't surprize.
The place and figure of the tree she knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes having chang'd their hew.
Uncertaine, she his panting lims descry'd,
That struck the stained earth, and starts aside.
Box was not paler than her changed looke:
And like the lightly breathed-on sea she shooke.
But when she knew 'twas he, (now dispossest
Of her amaze) she shreeks, beats her swolne brest,
Puls off her haire; imbraces; softly rears
His hanging head, and fills his wound with teares;
Then, kissing his cold lips: woe's me (she said)
What cursed fate hath this division made!
O speake, my Pyramus! O looke on me!
Thy deare, thy desperate Thisbe calls to thee!
At Thisbe's name he opens his dim eyes;
And having seen her, shuts them up, and dyes."

In his translation of the First Book of the Æneis, the parting of Venus from her son is thus described.

" ——————————This said,
In turning she her rosie neck display'd;
Her tresses with ambrosia dew'd expire
A heavenly odor; her inlarg'd attire

Trailes on the ground: her gate a goddesse shows.
The pleased Queen to Paphos then retires,
Where stood her temple: there a hundred fires,
(Whose flagrant* flames Sabean gums devoures)
Blaze on as many altars crown'd with flowers."

From these specimens it will be seen, that Sandys's translation is more close and literal than poetical; and if compared with Dryden's, published only fifty-seven years after, there will be found a greater difference than could be expected in so short a time.

George Sandys was seventh and youngest son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, in whose palace of Bishopthorp he was born in 1577, and died at his nephew, Sir Francis Wyat's house, of Boxley Abbey, in Kent, in 1643.† He was younger brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, of Northbourn, in Kent, who wrote the "Europæ Speculum." George Sandys is better known as a traveller than as a poet. An account of his Travels will be given in a future volume.

M. P.

ART. CLXXII. *Argalus and Parthenia, newly perused, perfected, and written, by Fra. Quarles. Lusit Anacreon. 4to. pp.* 153.

* 2. *fragrant?* "Sabæo—Ture calent aræ," &c.

† Biog. Dict. In the account of him in this work, he is said to have died at *Bexley* instead of *Boxley*. His translation of Ovid is also said there to have been published at Oxford in 1632.‡ My edition was published in London in 1640, and no notice is taken in it of any former edition; and the dedication to the King alludes to troubles which did not exist in 1632.

‡ The first edition seems to have been of the *First Five Books*, in 1621, and again 1627, and 1632. See p. 421. See also *Wood's Ath.* II. 47. *Editor.*

Dedicated to Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and dated from Dublin March 4, 1621, in an Address to the Reader, in which he calls it "the fruits of a few broken hours;" and says it was a scion taken out of the orchard of Sir Philip Sydney, which he has lately grafted on a crab-stock of his own. "Ladies," he adds, "(for in your silken laps I know this book will choose to lie, which being far fetched, if the stationers be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is that you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: she hath crossed the seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them."

I give a specimen from the commencement of the first book.

"Within the limits of the Arcadian land,
Whose grateful bounty hath enrich'd the hand
Of many a shepherd swain, whose rural art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled love) did build to fame
Eternal trophies of a pastoral name;
That sweet Arcadia, which in antique days
Was wont to warble out her well tuned lays
To all the world; and with her oaten reed
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the Daphnian tree,
As his, whose Æneid so proudly sings
Heroic conquests of victorious kings;
There (if the exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that angels may be said to dwell)

There dwelt that virgin, that Arcadian glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modelizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name Parthenia, whose renown'd descent
Can serve but as a needless compliment
To gild perfection: she shall boast alone
What bounteous art and nature makes her own.
Her mother was a lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honour than diseases; sage,
A modest nation, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but liberal of her ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes;
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads;*
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other
Than this? She was the fair Parthenia's mother;
That rare Parthenia, in whose heavenly eye
Sits maiden mildness, mixt with majesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive or kill." &c. &c.

Here follows a description of her person, which my readers will not thank me for transcribing. The works of Quarles are too common to require a further specimen.

ART. CLXXIII. *The History of Great Britanie from the first peopling of this Iland to this presant raigne of o'r happy & peaceful Monarke K. James, by Will. Slatyer. London: Printed by W. Stansby*

* This sounds like a couplet of Dryden.

for Richd. Meighen, and are to be sold at his shop at St. Clement's Church. Fol.

This is in the centre of an engraved title-page, or frontispiece, which is explained by a poem on the opposite leaf. Anthony Wood gives this work the date of 1621. The chronological table ends with the date of 1619.

It appears by a marginal note to one of the prefatory poems, entitled *Authoris Votum*, that Slatyer was born at Tykenham in Somersetshire, not far from Bristol. His birth was about the year 1587, and in 1600, he became, at the age of thirteen, a member of Oxford University. He took orders, and was beneficed as early as 1611. In 1625 he was presented to the rectory of Otterden in Kent, which he had a dispensation for holding with that of Newchurch.* He was also treasurer of the cathedral church of St. David's in Wales. But by his own poem, just mentioned, it appears that he had preferment in both these situations before the publication of his book; and that he had already had a residence both in Wiltshire and London. After speaking of Oxford he goes on:

"Thence silver-founted christal Thames,
His forehead deck'd, clear limpid stream,
With dangling reeds, and flaggy flowers,
Conveyed her down to old Lud's bowers,
Where she beheld with wondring eyes
Both city's pride and courtly guise,
Whom noblest nymphs, that haunt the place,
Gently deign'd more than look'd for grace.

* Rymer's Fœd. XVIII. 647, 665. Hasted's Kent, II. 508.

Next courtly troops, the country trains
Did hear her sing, and those wild plains
That thee, dear DANIEL, so did bless,
And ravishing notions first* impress
Into thy soul! from whence she went
To CAMBERS wild, and flowry KENT,
Rhutupian furthest shores i' th' east.
Old holy *David's*† shrine by west
Did hear her tunes, and odes she ended
In those well-hop'd-of bowers intended
To Phœbus honour, of King James
Nam'd; west of London by fair Thames."‡

He died Feb. 14, 1646, æt. 59, and was buried in Otterden church.§

The following poetical address is worth transcribing.

"*Poetarum facile Principi, ac Coriphæo, Michaeli Drayton Ar.*

περι της των δε των Βιβλων. Ηολυ-Ολβινους και Παλαι-Αλβιονος προς αλληλους παρονομασιας

* "So Master Daniel writes of himself; and *Wilton*, of which Wilton, *Wiltshire*, (alluded to by some from the wild plains, *quasi Wilde-shire*) takes her name; ubi in villa Bedwyn antiquitus totius Comitatus pæne nulli secundâ, nec satis ignobili, tam ob incolarum rusticitatem, quam ob suarum olim celebritatum jacturam, aliquandiu moram traxit."

† "Rhutupiæ, or the coasts of Dover and Sandwich east, and St. David's called *Menevia*, in the west, are, and are ordinarily accounted the utmost limits, those ways, of Great Britain."

‡ "Chelsea College is King James's foundation, and in the patent so called of his name."

§ See Hasted ut supra—and Topographer, I. 406. A list of his other works may be found in Wood's Ath. II. III.

Επιγραμμα!

Φιλιχονδε και υπομνημοσευτιχον.

" Dear divine Drayton, I admire
Thy lays inspir'd with Delphian fire,
On whose plain song seld one more blest,
For Grace's minion, Muse's guest;
Seld one more seen in old Folk-mote,
Descants a most delicious note;
Do not envy me, though I sing
In rural tunes such highest things.
Your lays will live, tho' mine do die,
Sung long erst, I confess it, I;
Thy *Poly-Olbion* did invite
My *Palæ-Albion* thus to write.
Thy songs, mine Odes; thy poesy,
My harsh tunes, notes rude symphony;
Thine ancient *Albion's* modern glories,
Mine modern *Olbion's* ancient stories;
This th' only difference; mine's born dying,
Thine sure on Fame's wing ever flying.
Cease then, my Muse, and yet disclose
A never-dying love to those,
That wish their country well! All-hail
Dear Olbion, may thy fame ne'er fail,
But be grac'd still, till at Jove's call
Heaven crown earth's glories, thine and all
That Britain love, would honour nourish;
May they ne'er fade, but ever flourish!
May be, Albion then with Olbion may
Ken many a fair and happy day!
Whiles Avon's clear source that hears thee sing,
As she slides from her christal spring,
Shall teach our Severn's banks to sound
With echoes shrill to the sea-nymph round,

Thy Olbion's Odes, tuning with joy
Albion's chief pride, Thames and her Troy."*

The author addresses a copy of Latin hexameters to his friend *S. Purchas*, (whose Collection of *Voyages* has preserved his name), in which he gives an amiable picture of his pursuits and the sentiments which they generate. Indeed his Latin poetry is so far superior to his English, that it seems to be rather his want of command of his vernacular language than his deficiency of genius that gives so uncouth and uninteresting a character to his English rhymes. The ensuing extract will justify my remark.

" Vivam igitur quocunque solo, aut ubicunque locorum,
Dissita quamque locis longe, procul inde remotis,
Cambria sive tenet, teneant seu Cantia rura
Propitiâ bonitate Dei, me crede scientem
Vivere contentumque illâque ex parte beatum:
Sic horas fallo, insumo sic temporis annos
Lusibus ingenii, ingenuis quoque mentibus aptos.
Forte equidem dices! Relevaminis otia quærens,
Talia sollicitus; nulli ut mea carmina prosint.
At mihi nempe viden! volat ætas; hinc voco Musas
Quas vereor venerorque volens; sicque invoco Divas;
His vitæ spatiis et verni temporis ævo
Florenti stadio: nec me formidine terrent
Immanes rerum fluctus, quibus æstuat ingens
Hæc hominum domus, ac mundi væsana vorago;
Non livor, levis ira, tumens jecur, atraque bilis
Torquebunt miserum, sapiam modo; sed neque sperem

* Among the commendatory verses are those in Latin of N. Gwin, Jo. Slatyer, his brother, and Tho. Newton.

Deposuisse, vel ante mea ista cadavera ponam
Corpus humi moriens, cineres atque ossa sepulchro:
Cum nemo his vitiis sine nascitur, optimus ille est,
Quem lacerant minime, retrahantve trahantve sequentem.
Sum vacuus curis, a turbine liber, amœnum
Rus geniale colo, lustro, lito, laudo Camœnas
Sylvestreis, quod aiunt, & agrestia, numina Faunos!"

The poem itself is divided into ten odes; and each ode is divided into many cantos.

1. The first ode contains a brief description of Britain and Ireland, with the first succession of Kings from Samothes, descended A. M. 1787, till Albion, A. 2200, by the space of 400 years.

2. The second, a second race of Kings: Albion & Bergion with their descent, with their defeat by Hercules, circa Ann. 2250.

3. The third sets forth the anarchy or interregnum of the giants that succeeded Albion and Hercules from Ann. 2300 to Brute, A. 2850.

4. The fourth, Brute and his succession from A. 2850 till Malmutius Dunwallo, A. 3500.

5. The fifth, Malmutius and his race, till the Roman Conquest under Julius Cæsar, A. 3900.

6. The sixth, from Cæsar's Conquest till Valentinian's days, A. 4400.

7. The seventh, the coming of Hengist, and seven kingdoms of the Saxons.

8. The eighth, the rapines of the Danes, and the kings of England from Egbert to Harold.

9. The ninth, the Norman Conquest to Hen. VII.

10. The tenth, the Union of England and Scot-

land under James I. In the end a brief touch of the Scotish, Irish, and French Histories.

The whole is written both in Latin and English verse, the Latin on one side, and English on the other. I will give the sixth canto of the first ode, as the nearest to poetry, and of the most general interest.

"Εἰδυλλιον σ.

Encomium Britanniæ.

"Sed nimium neque stricta gelu, neque sidere ferves,
Insula, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli,
Sedes antiqua, atque satis famosa Gygantum;
O nostræ regionis opes! O florida prata,
Pascuaque et colles, dumi, campique virentes!
Cincta O frondoso nemore, alta cacumina montium,
Umbrosæque specus, liquentia flumine rura!
Frugiferæ valles, Zephyri prædulcia anheli,
Flamina, sylvarum saltus, fluviique lacusque,
Muscosi fontes, et quæ circumfluus humor
Irrigat arva, hortos, mandataque semina terræ;
Totius ac terræ Tempe celebrata per oras
Thessala! cujus opes si possem, ac ditia dona,
Dicere, si cultus operosos, denique flores,
Ordine contextos et junctos vitibus ulmos!
Arboris aura comas, hominum tua carmina, Aëdon,
Turturis et gemitus dimulcent suaviter aures:
Alma quies, cum mobilibus sopita susurris,
Auræ, inter frondes densas, umbrasque virentes,
Prætentat sensus suadenti languida somno,
Ponere membra, super viridi lanugine ripam,
Prætextum, lene labentis murmure rivi;
Colle Lyæo uvæ, Bacchi pendere racemo;

Vellus ovis manibus tondentis, ut Indica Serûm
Lanugo! Dea Gargaridas succidier uncâ
Falce stupet messes! Tellus mitissima fruges
Producit! nostra O cœloque soloque beata
Insula: quid Scythicis nascens aconiton in oris,
Nescia, quid posset Pontus virosa venenis."

"CANZ. VI.

The quality and richness of the soil.

"Thus lies our Isle, our pleasant seat,
Nor vex'd with cold, nor Cancer's heat:*
Doubtful whether for giants bold,
Or wealth, or war, most fam'd of old!
O our rich flowry fields and plains,
In summer's pride, when Flora reigns;
Green meadows, mountains, dales, and downs,
Whom many a grove with shadows crowns;
Lakes, riverets, floods, and fountains fair,
Where zephyr breathes his sweetest air!
Plenty and pleasure temper'd are,
So sweet, scarce Tempe may compare;
Those famous fields of Thessaly,
With this our pleasant Arcady:
Such beds of flowers and Hybla thyme,
The loving elm and spreading vine,†

* In the temperate zone, the south parts of Britain, about the degree of 50: of north latitude reaching thence 10 degrees north; the longitude thereof being from the degree 17 to 25, or thereabouts. So the degrees of latitude measuring the length, of longitude the breadth of the island.

† That there hath been store of vines and vineyards in England as at Windsor and other places, appeareth in the records kept by the Clerk of the Pleas for that castle, the honours and forests;

Soft gentle air, sweet Philomel,
Kind turtle's moans, and shady cells
Intice one's yeilding ears and eyes,
To taste such daintiest novelties:
Or rest or sleep by river's sides,
Whose streams with gentle murmur glides.
Our land doth yield Lyæan* vines,
The golden fleece, or twist as fine,
Almost as Indian Seres weave;
Pomona's fruit, and Ceres' sheaves;
Thrice happy soil for earth and air,
Scarce knowing what (the less her care!)
To Scythian Aconitum strong,
Or Pontus poisons doth belong."

ART. CLXXIV. *The Glasse of Time in the two first Ages. Diuinely handled by Thomas Peyton of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. London, printed by Bernard Alsop*, 1623. 4*to*. *First Part, pp.* 81. *Second Part, pp.* 83, *interspersed with wood-cuts.*

To this volume are three induction poems by the author, each containing six six-lines stanzas.

where is set down the charge of the vineyard in the little park, and making the wine, whereof tythe was paid to the abbot of Waltham.

* To these praises of the land, for the people's honour, add this as a corollary: since arts taught, scarce any nation more ingenious: since Christianity, more zealously given and religious; witness the many schools of learning, the universities, besides those in Scotland, two in England, comparable with any in the world; the fair churches, buildings, hospitals, monasteries, religious houses and colleges, though a multitude swept away and defaced, in the reign of K. Hen. VIII. yet monuments of the piety, art, wisdom, and industry of our ancestors, in such abundance, as scarce any nation able to equal, at least to surpass them.

"To the illustrious Prince Charles Prince of Wales," sig. "Your Highnesse, in all humblenesse, Thomas Peyton."

"To the Right Honourable Francis, Lord Verulam, Lord Chancelor of England," sig. "Your Lordship's in all humblenesse, Thomas Peyton." "To the Reader, the title described," sig. "Thine to his power, Tho. Peyton."

ART. CLXXV. *Poetical extracts from Gerardo, or the Unfortunate Spaniard. Translated from the Spanish by Leonard Digges.** 1622. 4to.

"*Sonnet.*

"The sun is set, gone down to the cold shade,
(The misted brightness of his piercing eye,
Cover'd with black clouds the red eastern sky:)
My cruel fair, to restfull sleep hath laid:
Now murd'rers walk, and such as are afraid
Of day's clear light: now chaunteth mournfully
The turtle chaste; complaints to multiply
'Gins she, whom crafty Tereus once betray'd.
O night! thou image of sad absence, tell
My Lisis, her two suns are set from me
For ever: if it chance that she do sleep,
(May Morpheus wake her with a dream from hell)
Tell her, of her disdain, my jealousy;
That though I present am, I (absent) weep."

* Younger brother to Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls; both sons of Thomas Digges, Esq. of Wootton Court, in Kent.

"*A Ditty.*

"Thou rotten vessel, that each furious wave
Measur'st with little force, as damage great,
Where thy weak ribs weather and water beat,
Stopping those open mouths that favour crave:
Thou, that enforc't, the current do'st divide,
Fly now to heav'n, then to Abyssus fall:
Strike, now on flats, then on high rocks withall;
Casting out bodies from each splitted side.
Yet happy, thou, whose passenger still lives
In hope of calmer seas, and slacker wind:
But, ah me! hapless, that a love-sick mind,
Impossible to cure, no calm relieves."

"*Sonnet.*

"How do I live, if I have lost my heart?
If I live not, whence feel I all this fire?
If so much heat torment my first desire,
Why, of my glory do I make it part?
If I be all on fire, what need I art
To dry my tears, or make wet grief retire?
Or if a sea of tears, what, to require
Water, to quench the flame made by love's dart?
If looking and a sight may satisfy,
Why do I then so much abhor the light?
If I abhor, why do I seek it so?
Mirac'lous love; the more (in vain) I try
To loosen the hard knot, thy cunning slight,
The more I labour mine own overthrow."

"*Sonnet.*

"Sweet voice! I hear thy pleasing harmony,
Though air resist it, and rebellious wind:

Oh that the glorious angel I could see
That thus enchants mine ear, suspends my mind!
Love, sure, is no base voice, no fancy blind,
Nor feign'd intention, but reality;
A substance and engendered deity,
'Twixt Mars and Venus in adult'rate kind.
Then, if not wholly voice, since body too;
Or, yet, if echo, hark: so may thy fair
Narcissus soft relent and learn to woo:
But why concealed thus do'st thou declare
Thyself like him, self-loving? If not so,
Why art thou nought but voice wrapt up in air?"

"*Sonnet.*

"Betis! * whilst pretty Philomel doth sing,
And to thy silver noise her treble raise:
Whilst gentle Zephyrus his wings displays,
'Mongst well tun'd leaves with whistling murmuring,
Come smooth thy sedge, thy red sands freely fling
On the green bank, that thy o'erflowing stays!
Cast them in golden knots through all the ways
My Nise treads: when she doth nearer bring
Her clearer (than thy crystal) limbs, chastise
Thy swifter course. And may no mutinous air
Then blow, but let the stream glide gently by.
But, draw that ivory curtain from mine eyes;
Unvail thy alabaster (goddess fair)
Though I Actæon, thou, Diana be!"

"*Song.*

"Stay bold thoughts, refrain your will,
Silent be, and suffer still!

* A river.

What? not speak if she be by?
Torment: if you do, you die;
Say, the flame to rise begin,
Tears without may quench within.
Better die in easy pain
Suff'ring, than, if not be slain.
Is there though no remedy?
Silence, then, I'll welcome thee!
And, thou tongue of mine, conceal
What the heart must not reveal!"

" Verses.

" Base Pandora! thy curs'd mind
Is not lofty, nor unkind,
Nor will I a frown allow
Once unto thy falser brow;
These were terms might well appear
Where true love just dealing were.
Language for the chaster fit,
Such as you deserve not it.
Wolfish woman, farewell! Place,
Where I first her false embrace
Felt, farewell! Awake then, Fame,
Loudly my affront proclaim!
What tho' her lascivious fire
Kindled once my rash desire,
And bereav'd my soul? Alas!
I like flax or paper was,
Or bay-leaves that singed were,
Yet their victor's wreath I bear.
Once Adonis like, mine eyes,
Lustful Venus, were thy prize;
And as she, the bloodless youth
Redder flowers beheld in ruth,

So thou joy'st, when as each vein
Flow'd from me, and earth did stain!
But at length in safety I
Swifter thee than Daphne fly!"

"*Elegiac Verses.*

"Pure spirit! that leav'st thy body to our moan,
From whence, now disimprison'd, thou art gone
To thy more happy region, where each field
Eternal April of fair flowers doth yield;
Look, if the soul can downward look, and see
A soul, once thine, all tears for want of thee!
When I was doubly prisoner by thine eyes,
How little dream'd I of *Here Lisis lies!*
Or, when a smile would her Gerardo bless,
Little, that earth thus early should possess
So fair a casket! Little thought indeed,
Base worms on sixteen years sweet flesh should feed!
So fruits are in their blossoms nipp'd by frost;
So a tall ship that oft the seas hath crost,
At last, when gladsome port she leaves behind,
How the smooth waters court her, and false wind;
Till when a sudden gust and storm doth rise,
Rock-dashed, she becomes the ocean's prize.
Live yet, my Lisis, on thy marble tomb,
Whilst time bears date, free from oblivion's doom,
That, when the world's last passenger draws near,
In uncorrupted letters may appear,
Here Lisis lies, that leap'd from vital breath
To meet a lover in embrace of death."

"*Song.*

"At the foot of a mountain white,
Clad all in snow

That doth melt with the sunbeams bright,
Celio, as in a dream,
Beholdeth, how the stream
Drives to and fro.
Little pebbles white, red and blue,
Then doth he see;
And presented are to his view
Sands like Arabian gold,
Near which he may behold
Apollo's tree.
Instead of fishes, Naiades
In chrystal vails,
Lift up their heads from those fresh seas
With different garlands crown'd;
Sad Cygnus swimming round,
His loss bewails.
Young Hyacinthus groweth near:
Adonis too
Acanthus the boy doth appear;
In a flower of his name
Narcissus lost his fame,
That scorn'd to woo.
The Thracian Minstrel riseth then;
His harp he brings,
That attracts birds, beasts, fishes, men;
With the sweet sound he cheers
The list'ning shepherd's ears,
And thus he sings;
'Fenissa the fair now is come;
Swain, weep no more!
With little foot of snow
She trips it to and fro
On grassy shore.
Come then, Fenissa, fair Fenissa come,

Come to the shade
By cool leaves made.
Sing, Celio: Valley, make Fenissa room,
And let Echo sing,
She's the valley's spring:
Fenissa, come!"

"*Song.*

"When young April once a year
Doth with emerald face appear,
Then gives he to each river, he can see,
By Winter's frost imprison'd, liberty.
White and yellow flowers are seen,
Trees and fields are clad in green,
The wild beast leaves his den,
And snakes grow young again.
Then the mournful nightingale
Sings or sweetly seems to rail
On him, that basely in a brother's shape
Transform'd her by his well-revenged rape.
Thus beasts, birds, and every thing
Joys upon th' approaching spring;
But I, the more relief
I seek, the more's my grief."

"*Sonnet.*

"If of a wretched state and all forlorn
That be the wretched'st not at all to be;
(Since in condemned pris'ners we may see,
Though they must die, they'd not, not have been born.)
Then, by (oblivion) to be slowly torn,
Or vext with absence in extremity,
Or plagu'd with rage of restless jealousy,
These nothing are to not being lov'd (a scorn.)

He that's forgotten, yet, a being had;
He that is absent, may return again,
He that is jealous may find constancy.
But still to follow shadows, love in vain;
Still to be hopeless (worse than to be mad),
That never was, is, or shall happy be."

"*Sonnet.*

"The rugged mountain from a friendly vein,
Yields to the greedy merchant, plenteous store,
Ev'n till his bags be full of precious ore,
Or the red blood he drinks till burst again.
The knotty footed corn of golden grain
From yellow neck, and pregnant ear, yield more
To the glad husbandman, than fills his floor:
(Reward to former pains in ploughing ta'en.)
Yet doth not gold, the craving appetite
Of merchant cram, nor wheat of grumbling clown:
For these, the more they have, more covet still,
Like such am I: their steps I tread a-right,
For though I reap desire's fruit, yet (cast down)
My good is lessen'd with increase of ill."

"*Sonnet.*

"He in a vial the sun's atoms takes,
Retorting Echo vailingly offends
To tame with flattering high grown seas pretends,
Or nimbler wind with running swift o'ertakes,
Or whips, to scourge the flames his hands he makes,
Clouds in a net to catch, time precious spends,
Or in a circle looks (where none are) ends,
In Ætna weeps, and thinks that heat he slakes
A mad-man's counsel, or a dumb t' express,
A smile from death, from fortune constancy,

Truth from a poet, from a sick man taste,
Quiet from prisons, troops from wilderness,
From angels tears, from dreams a certainty,
Asks he, that toils to find a woman chaste."

"*Sonnet.*

" A brazen heart, an adamantine mind
(Doubtless) said he, whose restless working brain
First launched our moving houses to the main,
And slippery hinges gave to waves and wind.
Fanatic fury, zeal, aspiring blind,
Had he, who rashly sought to fly (in vain;)
But rasher he, that heav'ns bright car so fair
Down headlong drove (against his father's mind.)
A daring act, a pretty enterprize
'Twas to descend and conquer Erebus,
To bind the triple porter in a chain:
But to presume to venture on her eyes,
Without more note or merit court than thus,
(As greater madness) so, a greater gain."

" *Sonnet.*

" Melting Alcides, that strong club of his,
(That at his feet the twelve said labours laid)
That skin, (a glorious constellation made)
Whose owner (long ago high mounted is;
With Iöle doth change; who, glad of this,
Gives him her reel and spindle (woman's trade)
With which the semi-god grows well apaid;
And to her work to fall, thinks not amiss.
She like a second sterner god of war
Appears; and he of wanton Venus shews
A perfect draught, fond lovers to descry.
Yet I not wonder, since I know there are

Stranger effects that Cupid doth disclose
With blood, stars, words, and pow'rful sympathy."

"*Sonnet.*

"Whether, or fix't, or wand'ring, lights of heaven!
(Though lesser tapers, to the moon, you be)
Bright scutcheons of the gods, and planets seven,
Whose cheerful influence doth best agree
With am'rous minds; a breast most pure and even
Invokes your fair aspects; look down on me,
And (as your pow'rs, me power to love have given;)
Light her I love, that she my thoughts may see.
And oh, thou cold and more than sober night!
That in dull calmness sleep'st until clear day,
In absence of thy sun's all glorious light;
Wert thou like me (sad night) to go thy way
By absence griev'd, to lose so rich a sight;
Tears, sorrow's tribute; and not sleep, thou'dst pay."

"*Song.*

"When fixt Calisto gives up her clear light,
And courtiers lie like lead
In sinking featherbed;
Then make I ready nets for my delight;
And with the smiling morn take gladsome flight,
Setting each bait and gin,
That fish and fowls doth win,
To nibble (caught and cozen'd with my slight,)
Then do I find and follow too,
(Greyhound and flying hare; halloo,
Greyhound) that scarce leav'st print in grass;
Lest then the ambitious flatt'rer his time spend,
(Writing) on foot, so (like a taper) ends.
He envies me, (I know) poor ass."

" *Sonnet.*

" How, art thou, Love, a child, if giant tall?
How, watchful Lynceus, if still painted blind?
How, sometimes frozen, if, all fire by kind?
How, wax, since hard as diamond withall?
How, Atlas art thou, if of suffering small?
How, tyrannous, if of so soft a mind?
How, absent, if we still thee present find?
How Mydas? Alexander liberal?
Love then, if Love thou be, why self-same Love?
Loving and love-less art thou, (contraries
That one should hate, when th' other doth adore!)
Dark thy enigmas are, let none then prove,
What thy confused Babel mysteries
Be, since who knows thee most, needs know thee more."

" *Sonnet.*

" Rash Phaeton, more bold than wise, or blest,
Once long'd, the reins and day's bright coach to guide:
But, for a punishment to empty pride
(Setting) he falls in his untimely east:
Young Icarus mounts to the burning sphere,
Forc'd by the wind that his art's wings doth drive,
Till, when he once to the sun's height would strive,
Those waxt sails for his downfall melted were.
Jove's Thunderbolt dasht Phaeton's design,
Which into nothing with the owner fell:
Blind Icarus the sea waves washt to death.
Ah me! even so, you lofty thoughts of mine,
Like Phaeton's, my love-flames are your hell;
And like Icarian seas, grief stops my breath."

" *Song.*

" Wingless to mount, or sail, 'gainst wind,
Extract from wormwood nectar pure,

Imprison'd in a cave obscure,
Or think the sun's light we see (blind)
An antidote in poison find,
In midst of danger most secure,
(Laughing) the torture to endure,
To say that lightning's light is kind,
Or, that dead men do live:
Such pow'r sole love can give."

"*Ditty.*

"Babel and Syren in thy tongue and tone,
Chymæra in each monstrous diff'rent part,
Hyena, crocodile, in voice, in moan;
Sphinx in thy cruel and ambiguous art.
Thou Cave and Circes, herb to wound the heart
Host Diomed quiet (till trod upon
Serpent unseen in flow'rs, we feel thy smart,)
Fair spring to see to, that turn'st sticks to stone:
Now I thy double dealing plainly see,
And like Ulysses, fix on reason's tree."

ART. CLXXVI. *The Faire Æthiopian. Dedicated to the King and Queen, by their Majesties most humble subject and servant William Lisle. London, printed by John Haviland, at the Author's charge, and are to be sold at St. Dunstan's churchyard in Fleet-street, and by St. Maries in both Universities.* 1631. 4to.

THE Epistle Dedicatory of this volume, to the Lord Admiral, is dated 1596.

Perhaps the two first lines of this long poem will satisfy the reader, as they have done the present writer, without going farther into it.

The following are the happy commencement of this work!

"About the tongues when divers with me wrangle,
And count our English but a mingle mangle." &c.

I presume this author is the same WILLIAM LISLE, whom Ritson records to have published "*The Colonies of Bartas, with the commentarye of S. G. S. Englished by Wm. Lisle,*" 1597, and of whom A. Wood gives the ensuing account.

"WM. LISLE was educated at Eton school, and admitted to King's College, Cambridge, 1584, where in due time he took the degree of A. M. and became Fellow, which he vacated by succeeding to his estates at Wilburgham, in Cambridgeshire. He was afterwards a rare Antiquary, was appointed one of the Esquires Extraordinary of the King's body, and published "A Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament, written about the time of King Edgar (700 years ago) by Œlfricus Abbas, thought to be the same that was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury." &c. London. 1723. 4to. Published from an ancient copy in Sir Rob. Cotton's library, with a large and learned epistle to the readers, set before it by the said Lisle. To this book he added these things following (first found out by Joh. Josselin, servant to Matthew, Archbishop of Canterbury, which had been printed in 8vo. by Joh. Day in the reign of Q. Elizabeth): 1. "A Testimony of Antiquity shewing the ancient faith in the Church of England, touching the sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord." It is the same with "A Sermon of the Paschal Lamb (on Easter Day), and of the

sacramental body and blood of Christ," &c.; before which is a large and learned preface of about sixteen leaves in 8vo. written by the said Josselin, and reprinted by Lisle. 2. "The words of Œilfric Abbot of S. Albans, and also of Malmsbury, taken out of his Epistles written of Wulfsine, Bishop of Scyrburne," &c. 3. "The Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments in the Saxon and English Tongue." He was the same with William Lisle of Wilburgham, Esquire, of the King's body, who collected four books of Du Bartas. 1. The Ark. 2. Babylon. 3. The Colonies. 4. The Columns, or Pillars, in French and English, for the instruction and pleasure of such as delight in both languages. Lond. 1637. 4to. To which is a large commentary put by S. G. B. This William Lisle died in 1637, and was buried, as I presume, at Wilburgham, before mentioned." *Wood's Fasti, I.* 147.

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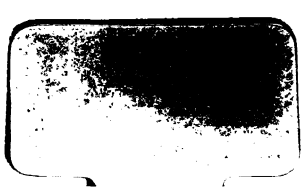
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